EARLY MEMORIES

HENRY CABOT LODGE

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To Freeland
from
Margaret.

December 1913.

BOOKS BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

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BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE

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> *"Quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores*
> *Atque olim missas flemus amicitias."*
> *—Catullus, Carm. XCVI.*

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To

MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
I DEDICATE
THESE MEMORIES
OF MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

PREFACE

To begin a book with an apology is never desirable. Where, however, one writes about one's self or ventures to record one's personal recollections, some slight explanation seems almost necessary. Yet for what is contained in these pages I can give no better warrant or excuse than a passage from a very great writer who, it is to be feared, is not so much read now as he ought to be, or as he once was:

"The life of every man," says our friend Herr Sauerteig, "the life even of the meanest man, it were good to remember, is a Poem; perfect in all manner of Aristotelean requisites; with beginning, middle and end; with perplexities and solutions; with its willstrength (Willenkraft) and warfare against Fate, its elegy and battle-singing, courage marred by crime, everywhere the two tragic elements of Pity and Fear; above all, with supernatural machinery enough, for was not the man born out of Nonentity; did he not *die* and miraculously vanishing return thither?"

Nothing really is easier than to find words of excellent appearance to explain the compelling motives for writing one's memoirs or reminiscences or autobiography. Whatever we may say, however, whatever ingenious phrases we may employ, the main purpose is to write about one's self, and the efficient reasons may all be summed up in the simple sentence: "I do it because it gives me pleasure." In fact, to the well-regulated mind there is no pleasure equal to that of talking about one's self, and one's satisfaction is not diminished by the inexorable necessity of seeming to talk about other people. My preface is already too long, even by these few words, and I will therefore end it here, trusting blindly for what is to follow in the assertion of Leslie Stephen, that "no autobiography is dull."

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EARLY MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

HEREDITY

EVERY one in giving an account of himself would like, I think, to begin with the words of the Duc de Choiseul at the opening of his memoirs: "Je ne vous parlerai pas, Monsieur, de ma naissance. L'on m'a toujours dit que j'étais gentilhomme aussi ancien que qui que ce soit. J'ignore absolument ma généalogie qui est, comme celle de tout le monde, dans les livres qui traitent cette matière." We may still say, with a gentleman and a scholar who lived many years before the Duc de Choiseul: "Honestissimum enim est majorum vestigia sequi, si modo recto itinere præcesserint,"[1] but it must be admitted that times and manners have greatly changed since the minister of Louis XV wrote, with a fine disdain, in this fashion. The little world where "everybody" could find his genealogy in "the books" has departed. The waves of democracy have submerged the old and narrow lines within which the few sat apart, and definition of a man's birth and ancestry has become more necessary. Moreover, Darwin and Galton have lived and written, Mendel has been discovered and revived, and the modern biologists have supervened, so that a man's origin has become a recognized part of his biographer's task. Therefore, he who writes of himself must follow the practice of those who write the lives of people other than themselves.

My father was John Ellerton Lodge, a merchant of Boston, an owner of ships engaged in commerce with China. He was the son of Giles Lodge, who was born in London in 1770, the son of Matthew Lodge, a merchant, and Elizabeth Ellerton. The Ellertons were an old family in the north of England, where a priory on the Swale and an abbey on the Derwent commemorate the antiquity of the race and their devotion to the church, both foundations bearing the Ellerton name. The abbey was still in the possession of the family in 1866. At that time a cousin of my father had changed his name to John Lodge Ellerton in order to inherit the property, which, I think, was of slight pecuniary value, and, as he had no children, he asked my mother to let me take the name of Ellerton and remain in England, a proposition wisely declined without previous consultation of the person most concerned, although I should have cheerfully ratified the decision.

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[1] Plin. lib. V. Epist. VIII, Kukula ed., Leipzig.

According to Burke's "Royal Descents," Matthew Lodge was descended from Francis Lodge, archdeacon of Killaloe at the beginning of the seventeenth century. I find in Dwyer's "History of the Diocese" that the name of the archdeacon was Thomas Lodge, that he was archdeacon from 1624 to 1638, and that he was a graduate of Oxford. There are four of the name in the Oxford lists of about that period, and it was not possible, with such research as I could give, to identify the archdeacon. I should have liked to connect him with Thomas Lodge the poet, but beyond the fact that the arms of my ancestors are identical with those of the poet's father, a rich grocer and Lord Mayor of London in 1563, I could discover no evidence of relationship. My grandfather, Giles Lodge, who, as I have said, was born in London in 1770, was in the West Indies in 1791 on business for his brothers, who were merchants in London and Liverpool. He was caught at Santo Domingo in the rising of the blacks which occurred in

August of that year. Presence of mind and the fact that he spoke French fluently enabled him to escape the massacre and take refuge on an American schooner which brought him to Boston. Coming to Massachusetts by the merest accident, he found a good business opening in Boston, settled there, became a merchant and the correspondent of his brothers, and never returned to England; in fact, he never left America again. In 1800 he married Mary Langdon, the daughter of John Langdon, who had been a stationer, then a captain in the Continental army during the Revolution, and who finally held a place in the customhouse, to which he was appointed by Washington. John Langdon's cousin, Samuel Langdon, was the president of Harvard College at the time of the Revolution, and prayed for the troops drawn up on Cambridge Common on the evening of June 16, just before they set out for Bunker Hill. The Langdons were descended from John and Philip Langdon, who came to New England in the seventeenth century, sailors and ship-captains, and such their descendants continued to be for a hundred years. John Langdon's wife, the mother of Mrs. Giles Lodge, was Mary Walley, the daughter of Thomas Walley, a prosperous merchant of Boston, grandson on the mother's side of Thomas Brattle, one of a family eminent in Colonial times, and on the father's side grandson of John Walley, lieutenant-general of the Canadian expedition in 1690, and later a judge of the Supreme Court.

My grandfather, Giles Lodge, died in 1852 in the eighty-third year of his age. I have been told that he knew me, and was pleased to like me, but of him personally I have, of course, no recollection whatever. His portrait shows that he was fair, and the face which looks out from the picture is handsome, gentle, and refined. The family tradition represents him as a gentleman of somewhat determined character, "whose word was law," and whose laws were promulgated in the most concise form and were subject to no debate. My mother always spoke of him with great affection, and said that he was invariably most kind to her. Apart from his picture, the family tradition, and some business letters, I have nothing which throws any light upon him or his character except his cane and a few books, my father's small portion, I suppose, of the library, which was divided among many children. A cane would not seem to be a very illuminating witness, and yet this particular stick has seemed to me full of meaning. I have never been able to use it; it is not long enough for me—thus showing that its owner was a short man. It is a blackthorn, with a long steel ferrule, and a large irregular piece of ivory fitted tightly down on the top. It is very thick, very formidable as a weapon, very determined in appearance. Altogether, it is a stick with a great deal of sturdy character, like its possessor. It is a cane which might have supported the tottering footsteps of any man, and yet it distinctly suggests, as one grasps it, that its owner never either wavered or tottered in his walk.

The books with my grandfather's name written on the fly-leaves, in his neat, precise hand, tell another story and seem to show another side. Most of them are, as one might expect, eighteenth-century classics: "The Spectator," "The Tatler," "Hume's Essays," and the like. Neat little volumes, good editions, in excellent contemporary binding, they, too, seem characteristic of their possessor. Then there are Pope's translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, also in the "reliure de l'époque," which is much worn by use rather than by time. But the surprising book is a very pretty and complete edition of Spenser, evidently much read in its day and generation. I have often wondered what the element was in my grandfather's temperament which drew him to the great Elizabethan and made him love and read the "poets' poet," so alien to the taste of the eighteenth century and to the pursuits of a hard-working merchant and man of business.

My father's mother I never even saw. She died before I was born, and, except for the fact that my mother was fond of her, I know nothing about her. There is a hard portrait of her in the possession of the family, painted by Rembrandt Peale. The features are clear and well-cut, but my poor grandmother is so disfigured by the turban she has on that it is difficult to tell whether she was good-looking or not. It was a hideous fashion, that of the turban, so prevalent in those early nineteenth-century days, and when I read of the game of whist in which Mr. Pickwick engaged at Bath I used to wonder, most irreverently, if the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph looked like my grandmother's portrait. Now the wheel of fashion has revolved, and I see indications of the renascence of the turbans of our grandmothers.

My mother was Anna Cabot, the daughter of Henry Cabot and Anna Blake, the daughter of John Welland Blake, descended from William Blake, who was a cousin of Robert Blake, the great admiral of the Commonwealth. William Blake came to Massachusetts in 1630, was for forty years town clerk of Dorchester, and left many descendants. My grandmother Cabot died before I was born, but she was one of the women who make such a deep impression upon those about them that I have always felt as if I had known her. Not only in the family, but from all my grandfather's old friends, I used to hear continually, until the last one who remembered her had passed from the stage, of her beauty and grace, her abiding charm and fascinating qualities. Venerable gentlemen, when I had grown up, used to tell me of her many attractions with such emphasis and insistence that I frequently had an uneasy feeling at the back of my mind that they were thinking how unlike she was to some of her grandchildren. None the less, it was pleasant to hear such things said of her, and her bust by Greenough and her portrait painted by an English artist when she was in Europe in 1837 certainly, so far as they can, bear out the tradition.

My grandfather, Henry Cabot, was the son of George Cabot and Elizabeth Higginson, who were double first cousins. In this way my grandfather was doubly descended from the Reverend Francis Higginson, a graduate of Cambridge, England, and the first minister of the first church of Salem in 1630. My colleague, Senator Hoar, was also a descendant of Francis Higginson, and one day he told me, with great satisfaction, that through Francis Higginson we were both descended from the sister of Chaucer. I received the information with due respect because Mr. Hoar seemed so pleased, but I confess the connection struck me as a trifle remote.

The Cabots came to Salem from the island of Jersey toward the close of the seventeenth century. They were a numerous race in the Channel islands, of pure Norman extraction, as Stowe gives one of that name in his list of those who accompanied William the Conqueror to England. From this Norman island stock came the Chabots and Rohan-Chabots and others of the name in France, as well as the Italian branch, including the navigators, or their immediate ancestors, as is shown by the identity of arms and other evidences. The two brothers who settled in Massachusetts married and had many descendants. My great-grandfather, George Cabot, left college in his sophomore year to go to sea, became a sea-captain and successful merchant, and took a large part in the privateering of the Revolution. He then entered public life, was in the

Provincial Congress, in the State constitutional convention, in the State convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States, and was chosen United States senator in 1791. At the end of five years he resigned and retired from public service, declining the secretaryship of the navy to which he was appointed by John Adams when that department was established. He continued, however, to be the leader of the Hamiltonian Federalists in Massachusetts until his death, and in 1814 was president of the Hartford convention. He was the friend of Washington and a very intimate friend of Hamilton, whose measures he strongly supported when he was in the Senate.

Mr. Samuel E. Morison, who has made a most thorough study of the politics of that period, in his paper upon "The First National Nominating Convention of 1808," describes Mr. Cabot's position at that time in the following words:

"The chief support of the Clinton coalition came from Boston. Otis, whose eloquence, it is said, turned the balance in favor of DeWitt Clinton in the Federalist convention of 1812, was equally strong in favor of George Clinton in 1808. Another powerful advocate of coalition was George Cabot. Cabot since 1804 had occupied in his party a position similar to that of Jefferson in the Republican party after 1808. From Brookline, as from Monticello, the active party leaders received letters that spoke with authority. Easily the intellectual leader of his party since the death of Hamilton, George Cabot in his study at Brookline saw what no other Federalist had the wisdom to see, that a page of democratic evolution had been turned, and the days of Federalist ascendancy had passed never to return."

Soon after my graduation from Harvard I published Mr. Cabot's letters, with an accompanying memoir. I omitted, through ignorance of its existence, the description of him given by William Ellery Channing in his article upon the "Union," which I ought to have put by the side of Webster's brief eulogy. I now place it here, because it is the best estimate of Mr. Cabot's character and services by a contemporary that I have ever seen. I will give what Mr. Webster said first, and then Channing's more elaborate analysis. In his brief autobiography[1] Mr. Webster wrote: "To my endeavors to maintain a sound currency, I owe the acquaintance and friendship of the late Mr. Cabot, who was kind enough to think me entitled to his regard."

In his speech before the New England Society of New York in 1843 he said: "And the mention of the father of my friend, Mr. Goodhue, brings to my mind the memory of his great colleague, the early associate of Hamilton and of Ames, trusted and beloved by Washington, consulted on all occasions connected with the administration of the finances, the establishment of the Treasury Department, the imposition of the first rates of duty, and with everything that belonged to the commercial system of the United States—George Cabot of Massachusetts."

Channing, more elaborate, wrote as follows:

"We know not in what manner we can better communicate our views of the Federal party, of its merits and defects, than by referring to that distinguished man, who was so long prominent in its ranks; we mean the late George Cabot. If any man in this region deserved to be called its leader, it was he, and a stronger proof of its political purity cannot be imagined, than is found in the ascendency which this illustrious individual maintained over it. He was the last man to be charged with a criminal ambition. His mind rose far above office. The world had no station which would have tempted him from private life. But in private life, he exerted the sway which is the worthiest prize of a lofty ambition. He was consulted with something of the respect which was paid to an ancient oracle, and no mind among us contributed so much to the control of public affairs. It is interesting to inquire by what intellectual attributes he gained this influence; and, as his character now belongs to history, perhaps we may render no unacceptable service in delineating its leading features.

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[1] Writings, &c., of Daniel Webster, National Edition, Vol. XVII, p. 26.

"We think, that he was distinguished by nothing so much as by the power of ascending to general principles, and by the reverence and constancy with which he adhered to them. The great truths of history and experience, the immutable laws of human nature, according to which all measures should be framed, shone on his intellectual eye with an unclouded brightness. No impatience of present evils, no eagerness for immediate good, ever tempted him to think, that these might be forsaken with impunity. To these he referred all questions on which he was called to judge, and accordingly his conversation had a character of comprehensive wisdom, which, joined with his urbanity, secured to him a singular sway over the minds of his hearers. With such a mind, he of course held in contempt the temporary expedients and motley legislation of common-place politicians. He looked with singular aversion on everything factitious, forced, and complicated in policy. We have understood, that by the native strength and simplicity of his mind, he anticipated the lights, which philosophy and experience have recently thrown on the importance of leaving enterprise, industry, and commerce free. He carried into politics the great axiom which the ancient sages carried into morals, 'Follow nature.' In an age of reading, he leaned less than most men on books. A more independent mind our country perhaps has not produced. When we think of his whole character, when with the sagacity of his intellect we combine the integrity of his heart, the dignified grace of his manners, and the charm of his conversation, we hardly know the individual, with the exception of Washington, whom we should have offered more willingly to a foreigner as a specimen of the men whom America can produce.

"Still we think, that his fine qualities were shaded by what to us is a great defect, though to some it may appear a proof of his wisdom. He wanted a just faith in man's capacity of freedom, at least in that degree of it which our institutions suppose. He inclined to dark views of the condition and prospects of his country. He had too much of the wisdom of experience. He wanted what may be called the wisdom of hope. In man's past history he read too much what is to come, and measured our present capacity of political good too much by the unsuccessful experiments of former times. We apprehend, that it is possible to make experience too much our guide; and such was the fault of this distinguished man. There are seasons, in human affairs, of inward and outward revolution, when new depths seem to be broken up in the soul, when new wants are unfolded in multitudes, and a new and undefined good is thirsted for. These are periods, when the principles of experience need to be modified, when hope and trust and instinct claim a share with prudence in the guidance of affairs, when in truth *to dare* is the highest wisdom. Now, in the distinguished man of whom we speak, there was little or nothing of that enthusiasm, which, we confess, seems to us sometimes the surest light. He lived in the past, when the impulse of the age was towards the future. He was slow to promise himself any great amelioration of human affairs; and whilst singularly successful in discerning the actual good, which results from the great laws of nature and Providence, he gave little hope that this good was to be essentially enlarged. To such a man, the issue of the French Revolution was a confirmation of the saddest lessons of history, and these lessons he applied too faithfully to his own country. His influence in communicating sceptical, disheartening views of human affairs, seems to us to have been so important as to form a part of our history, and it throws much light on what we deem the great political error of the Federalists."

As I conclude this brief outline of my New England ancestry I am struck by the lack of what is usually conspicuous in such pedigrees—the clerical strain. Except for Francis Higginson, eminent indeed among New England divines as the first minister of Salem, and pathetic in his early death, brought on by his devotion to his people and his belief, I find on both sides merchants and sailors, sea-captains and soldiers, men of action and men in business and in public life, but no clergymen. They seem on both sides likewise to have been, as a rule, hardy, active, and successful, taking part in the life of their time, and filling a place in the world, whether large or small, by work and energy.

CHAPTER II

EARLIEST MEMORIES: 1850–1860

I WAS born in Boston, as I have been credibly informed, on May 12, one pleasant Sunday morning in the year 1850. The house in which this event occurred belonged to my grandfather, Henry Cabot, for whom I was named. It was a square stone house of smooth granite, large, comfortable, facing south, and open on all sides. Two short streets called, respectively, Otis Place and Winthrop Place, ran out of Summer Street, and, curving to the left and right, met, and thus formed a horseshoe. At the bottom of the horseshoe stood our house, having on one side a small private lane, which was closed by an iron gate. This lane led to our stable and thence turned to the east and meandered in the form of an alley into Franklin Street. It was not much used except by the owners and as an access to our stable, but it offered a short cut to the business quarter of the town, which was not overlooked by those who were familiar with the neighborhood and anxious to save time. One morning somebody encountered Rufus Choate, who lived in Winthrop Place, hurrying down this alley, and expressed surprise at meeting him there. "Yes," said Mr. Choate, "ignominious, but convenient," and passed on.

Back of the house was a garden, an ample garden, which ran out also beside the house to the street. Here stood a weather-worn marble statue of a garden nymph, which, with the assistance of a young friend, Sturgis Bigelow, I pushed over one happy day, and was thereby involved in an

Iliad of woes, not because of the mischief itself, but because I undertook to lay the responsibility upon my companion, a mean-spirited effort that aroused my father's just anger, which I greatly dreaded, although he never inflicted the slightest physical punishment upon me. The garden was a sunny and sheltered spot, and behind the nymph of bitter memories stood some fine pear-trees, much cherished by my father, and I have still the medals with which their fruit was crowned at various horticultural expositions.

As I recall the old house (it was not really very old, but it was large and solid and spacious, with a fine air of age and permanence) it seems to me that there was an atmosphere about it and its garden, and about the quiet court in front, and the like solid houses surrounding it, which no longer exists in Boston or in any American city. All that quarter of the town indeed was pervaded by the same atmosphere. Hard by was Summer Street, lined with superb horse-chestnut trees, beneath whose heavy shade the sober well-built houses took on in spring and summer an air of cool remoteness. Farther to the east, where Summer and Bedford Streets came together, stood the New South Church, with a broad green in front and trees clustering about it. A little farther still and more to the south of us was Essex Street, which was dignified by great English elms. Two of these elms, a short distance beyond the house where Wendell Phillips lived, lingered on long after trade had taken possession of the whole region. They seemed, in their last days of gaunt survival, like a melancholy protest against the destruction of the old town.

It was long before I reasoned out the underlying meaning of all this, long after our old house and garden had been swept out of existence by the new street which was pushed through into the quiet court to make way for the roaring tides of business, which now ebb and flow over the spot without anything resembling a private house to be seen anywhere in the neighborhood. The fact was that the year 1850 stood on the edge of a new time, but the old time was still visible from it, still indeed prevailed about it. I do not think that it was in itself a very remarkable year, and it has always seemed to me most noteworthy on account of the extreme and disagreeable ease with which one's age could be computed from it, but the year 1850 came nevertheless at a memorable period and had memorable companions. I have often said and written that there was a wider difference between the men who fought at Waterloo and those who fought at Gettysburg or Sedan or Mukden than there was between the followers of Leonidas and the soldiers of Napoleon. This is merely one way of stating that the application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication made a greater change in human environment than had occurred since the earliest period of recorded history. The break between the old and the new came some time in the thirties, and 1850 was well within the new period. Yet at that date this new period was still very new, hardly more than a dozen years old, and the ideas of the earlier time—the habits, the modes of life, although mortally smitten and fast fading—were still felt, still dominant. The men and women of the elder time with the old feelings and habits were, of course, very numerous, and for the most part were quite unconscious that their world was slipping away from them. Hence the atmosphere of our old stone house, with its lane, its pear-trees, and its garden nymph, indeed of Boston itself, was still an eighteenth-century atmosphere, if we accept Sir Walter Besant's statement that the eighteenth century ended in 1837. At all events, it was an atmosphere utterly different from anything to be found to-day.

The year 1850, too, stood well beyond the zenith of the romantic movement, which in outward seeming continued in full control, but which was in reality upon the downward slope, as one can easily see to-day. On the other hand, the unrest, which was apparent in all directions, and the revolt against the reaction of 1815, was just culminating. Two years before, in 1848, the outbreak had come in Europe, and the movement which was to result in the consolidation of the United States and of Germany, in the unification of Italy, the liberation of the slaves, the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and the wide extension of democratic and representative government, was resuming its sweeping and victorious march, which had been checked at Waterloo. It was the day of the human-rights statesmen just rising to power, of the men who believed that in political liberty was to be found the cure for every human ill, and that all the world needed in order to assure human happiness was to give every man a vote and set him free. Thus it happened that the year 1850 came at the dawn of a new time, at the birth of new forces now plainly recognized, but the meaning and scope of which are as yet little understood, and the results of which can only be darkly guessed, because the past has but a dim light to throw upon the untried paths ahead. Yet, none the less, that which was first apparent to the child born in 1850, as he came to consciousness during the next ten years, was the old world which still surrounded him, for a child, happily for himself, sees only what is near to him—his present seems to have existed always and is haunted with no shadow of change.

In 1850 Boston had a population of one hundred and thirty-three thousand, which by 1860 had risen to one hundred and seventy thousand, about one-fourth of the present population of the city proper, if we take the average for the decade. The whole State of Massachusetts had only a million people in 1850, less than one-third of its population to-day, much less even than the population now gathered in Boston and in those suburbs which can be distinguished by no outward sign from the city itself. The tide-waters of the Back Bay still rose and fell to the west of the peninsula, and that large region now filled in and covered with handsome houses had no existence. The best houses of that day were in Summer Street and its neighborhood, then just beginning to yield to the advance of trade, or else were clustered on the slopes of Beacon Hill. Opposite to us in Winthrop Place, for example, were two large stone houses with yards or gardens like our own, one occupied by Joshua Blake, my great-grandfather's brother, the other by Samuel Cabot, and later by George Bancroft, the historian. On one side our neighbors were the Hunnewells and on the other the Bowditches. In Winthrop Place lived Rufus Choate, and close by in Summer Street or its immediate vicinity were the houses of Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, of the Grays, Gardners, Frothinghams, Bigelows, Lees, Jacksons, Higginsons, and Cushings. The list might be indefinitely extended, but I have mentioned names enough to show, especially to Bostonians, the character of that quarter of the town now extinct except for purposes of trade and commerce.

Boston itself was then small enough to be satisfying to a boy's desires. It was possible to grasp one's little world and to know and to be known by everybody in one's own fragment of society. The town still had personality, lineaments which could be recognized, and had not yet lost its identity in the featureless, characterless masses inseparable from a great city. I do not say that this was an advantage; I merely note it as a fact. Local character may easily be repellent. Many of us prefer not only the interests and pleasures which only very large cities can give, but also the unmarked vagueness which is typical of huge hordes of people as it is of the wastes of ocean. Whatever its merits or defects, however, Boston in the first decade of the second half of the nineteenth century had a meaning and a personality, and even a boy could feel them. It may have been narrow, austere, at times even harsh, this personality, but it was there, and it was strong, manly, and aggressive. It would still have been possible to rally the people in 1850, as they were once rallied against the British soldiers on a certain cold March evening with the cry of "Town born, turn out!"

Yet again, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of this condition, Boston in those days offered for a small boy an opportunity to live contentedly within its limits. We could play in each other's gardens or yards, for generous gardens and large yards still existed, a bequest of the eighteenth century, when there seems to have been more land and more leisure for city gardens than there is to-day. Best of all, we had the Common, where we could disport ourselves as of right. There we played all the games, rising, as we went, on to football and baseball. There in winter we coasted on the "Big Hill" and on the long path running from the Park and Beacon Street corner, very near to the other "Long Path" made memorable by the "Autocrat," but which was less suitable for sleds than for lovers. We skated, of course, on the Frog Pond; and on the Common we also waged Homeric combats with snowballs against the boys from the South Cove and the North End, in which we made gallant fights, but were in the end, as a rule, outnumbered and driven back. What was more serious, the ever-increasing number of our opponents gradually by sheer weight pushed us, and still more our successors, from the Common hills and the Frog Pond to seek coasting and skating in the country. This was luckily not such a heavy infliction as might be supposed, for between 1850 and 1867, when I went to Harvard, the country was reached as soon as one stepped outside the city limits. One had but to cross the mill-dam to attain to the country, for the towns close to Boston were in those days small and rural and had not yet become paved portions of the big, absorbing capital.

I have spoken first of that which is most important to a well-constituted boy, as I hope that I was—the opportunities for play and amusement. But what is technically called education began at the same time. I remember distinctly hearing my father say one evening: "That big boy is five years old and cannot read. It is time that he went to school." The statement gave me no pleasure; quite the contrary. My world, I thought, was very well as it was. However, the command had gone forth from the Olympians, and to school I went the following autumn. A friend of my mother, Mrs. Parkman, had formed the idea of getting together the sons of a few of her friends who were about the same age as her own boy, and thus making a little school which she could teach herself. The plan was carried out with marked success. The school was small, the boys were picked. Mrs. Parkman took an intense, affectionate, and personal interest in each one of us, the kind of interest that no money could buy; and then she was herself very different from any school-teacher I have ever known or heard of before or since. A descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, of the best New England stock on both sides of the house, she was a well-bred woman in the fullest sense, and, what was rarer perhaps in those days, a woman of the world in the best sense. She possessed unusual abilities, real learning, and was widely read. When I was at her school I regarded her with the settled hostility with which I think most vigorous boys regard any one who tries to teach them anything which is not a sport. In later years, after I had graduated from Harvard, married, and settled in Boston, Mrs. Parkman became one of my best and dearest friends. There are few friendships which I look back to with more pleasure. She was one of the cleverest and wisest women, one of the cleverest and wisest persons, I have ever known. I delighted to talk with her about everything which was interesting me as a young man. She had both wit and humor, wide knowledge of men and books, and intense beliefs, as well as strong likes and dislikes, but she never meant to be intolerant or unfair. She died prematurely and made a great gap in my friendships, one of the kind which time closes perhaps but never fills.

I suppose that I then learned to read and write, because I have no clear remembrance of a time when I did not possess those two accomplishments. I am certain that I was taught the rudiments of arithmetic, because such acquisition as I effected was painful, both at the moment and in recollection. Anything relating to figures or mathematics I regarded with a settled hate, both then and afterwards. I also remember that I began the study of French, which I liked, and I think I recall it chiefly because the teacher, Doctor Arnaux, tall, thin, grave, dark, and solemnly polite, presented a figure the like of which I had never seen before upon my little Boston horizon. These were some of the things I learned or which were thrust into me, but of education in its true sense I got nothing except a single sentence from Mrs. Parkman: "Use your mind. I do not care what you answer if you only use your mind." At the time her words seemed to me merely the outcry of a very natural irritation, a distinctly hostile utterance, yet in some way the phrase clung to my memory, and in years long after I came to think that to know how to use one's mind comprises pretty nearly the whole of education. There is, however, one recollection connected with this first school, although very far removed from any idea of tasks and lessons, which I must record. Mrs. (Fanny) Kemble at that time lived much in Massachusetts, where she was warmly admired and had many friends, especially among the women of my mother's age. One of her closest and most intimate friends was Mrs. Parkman, and I remember Mrs. Kemble's coming to the school and reading to us. I had forgotten that there was another reading at Mr. Ticknor's house for the benefit of the children until my old friend Henry Parkman reminded me of it. She read that noblest of old ballads, "Chevy Chase," which I recall, and no doubt other poems or plays the recollection of which has perished. How she looked I cannot now picture to myself, for the first image is blotted out by a much later one obtained when I heard her read in public on several occasions and when she was an elderly woman. What I retain of that earliest time is the memory of her deep, melodious voice and a sense which lingers with me still that she was an awe-inspiring personage at whom I gazed in round-eyed wonder.

But Boston and winter—although I loved the heavy snow-storms and the coasting and skating—Boston and winter and school and what passed for education were not only the lesser but the worser part of life. The joy of living in its full sense was united indissolubly with the summer and the sea. I had something of the sea in Boston, for my father was a China merchant, and, after the fashion of the merchants of those days, had his office in the granite block which stretched down to the end of Commercial Wharf. His counting-room was at the very end in the last division of the block, and from the windows I could look out on the ships lying alongside the wharf. They were beautiful vessels, American clipper ships in the days when our ships of that type were famous throughout the world for speed and stanchness. I wandered about over their decks, making friends with the captains, the seamen, and the ship-keepers, and taking a most absorbing interest in everything connected with them. They brought me from China admirable firecrackers and strange fireworks, fascinating in appearance, but which I could not "make go" at all. From them, too, came bronzes and porcelains and pictures and carved ivories, which I was wont to look at wonderingly, and ginger and sweetmeats and lychee-nuts (then almost unknown here), of which I used to partake with keen delight. For the teas and silks which filled the holds I cared nothing, but the history and adventures of the ships interested me greatly. I was indifferent to those which my father had bought and which rejoiced in such names as the *Alfred Hill* and *Sarah H. Snow*, but I cared enormously for the others, which he had built and named himself. One was the *Argonaut*, his "luckiest" ship, in which he told me I had an interest or share. I still have a stiff picture of her painted by a Chinese artist in the Western manner, and a very beautiful ship she must have been. Second only to the *Argonaut* in my affections were two named for the heroes of one of my father's best-loved books, the *Don Quixote* and the *Sancho Panza*. Then there were still others, crack ships in their day, whose names appealed to my imagination—the *Kremlin*, the *Storm King*, the *Cossack*, and the *Magnet*. But over all was the mystery and the fascination of the sea, and those who have been born at its edge and have fallen under its spell are never happy when long parted from the ocean and the ships. Longfellow has given once for all in verse what many a New England boy, born by the sea, has felt and, having once felt, has never forgotten:

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
  And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
  And the magic of the sea."

Such I know was my feeling, and I can see now the look of the wharf and the men and the ships as I gazed at them from the window of the counting-room or wandered about their decks.

I am happy to find that I am not alone in my memory of the wharves and ships of those early days. In his charming book about "Boston New and Old," my friend and contemporary Russell Sullivan says: "Here, at Commercial Wharf, too, and at Lewis Wharf, came in the merchantmen. The lofts and ground floors of the buildings were stored with products of the Indies; midway, sunny counting rooms overlooked the water, the loading and discharging vessels. There, where the merchants spent their days, the wide, comfortable spaces fitted with time honored furniture, with paintings of clipper ships upon the walls, had a look of well-ordered repose, and, between cargoes, were, indeed, at times so quiet that the gentle lap of the harbor-waves could be heard against the wooden piers below. There was always a fragrance of mingled spices in the air which tranquil dignity pervaded. They had their rough and tumble days, to be sure, when bags of ginger, cases of nutmegs and flat bales of dusty palm-leaf swung up from the hold so fast that the tally-clerks lost count, confusion reigned and tempers went by the board. The troops of small boys who came collecting foreign postage stamps and the decorative shipping-cards of elaborate design which were in vogue, must have been a pestering nuisance, yet were civilly endured. Only a few ill-natured consignees hung out signs warning off these youthful mendicants."

I remember one product of the Indies discovered by Columbus which Mr. Sullivan fails to mention, although it was an import from which the youth of the period drew an immediate revenue. On India Wharf, and no doubt on others, were frequently gathered in serried ranks lying side by side large groups of great hogsheads filled with West Indian molasses. Those who came to buy not infrequently left the long stick with which they tested the contents standing in the bung-hole of the cask. To draw forth this stick dripping with molasses was simple, then, regardless of dirt and impurities, to run the finger along it and convey the finger to the mouth was the work of a moment. It is not a form of gluttony which would attract me now, but my friends and I enjoyed this black molasses hugely, although not even theft could add to its intense and cloying, if dirty, sweetness.

Of the boys who went stamp-collecting I was also one, and have no doubt that I was frequently a "pestering nuisance," but it was a fascinating pursuit although rarely successful. There were no "philatelists" in those days. I doubt whether even Shakespeare's "well-educated infant," if he had lived then, could have defined the word. We had to get our stamps where we could, from good-natured friends and relatives who received foreign letters, by exchange, or by purchase from each other. There were wild legends of rare stamps having been obtained from the offices of foreign merchants on the wharves, and we wandered about asking for them with splendid and seldom-rewarded perseverance, buoyed up by the hope that we should find some office where the value of postage-stamps was unknown, and where the precious triangles of the Cape of Good Hope, or the rare issues of Mauritius or Australia or Java, would be poured into our outstretched palms. It only happened now and then; the dream seldom came true; but there was a lively excitement about these expeditions and the eternal charm of treasure-hunting, as well as a sense of adventure in prying into forgotten corners and going into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, which was very gratifying to boy nature. A favorite spot in the quest for stamps was the rooms of the Missionary Society, which occupied the top floor of a house in Pemberton Square. Never by any chance did we get anything there. The gentlemen engaged in converting the heathen had, I think, an accurate conception of the value of the stamps affixed to letters coming from the distant islands with which they corresponded. But we were repaid for our toilsome ascent of several flights of stairs by the little museum maintained by the society. It was a Polynesian collection—feather capes, war-clubs, spears, hideous idols, and endless curiosities which rejoiced our hearts. I hope that collection has been preserved, and if I knew where it was I would go to see it even if I was compelled to take an elevator to ascend to its resting-place.

I can see, too, in the backward glance at the old wharves and counting-rooms, that which begot them, the shipyard at Medford, long since departed, and Mr. Lapham, the ship-builder, and the vessels on the stocks. It was one of the most exciting joys of my life to drive out to Medford with my father and stroll about the shipyard while he inspected the ship in process of construction. I am far from decrying steel and iron, but for mere grace and beauty the old clipper ship from the day she spread her wings and set out under full sail can never be approached by anything made of metal with smoking chimneys and military masts.

I have drifted with the ships far away from the summers of my boyhood, but the mention of my drives with my father to Medford brings me naturally back to them, because in the spring it was his habit on Sunday, the one day he had free from business, to drive down to Nahant to see our little place and inspect the gardens, in which he took a keen interest. There were no Sunday trains in those days, and electric cars were still in a remote future, so that the only way of reaching the desired spot was to drive. Our vehicle was a large buggy. We changed horses at Lynn, leaving our own horse there to be fed, and went on to Nahant with a horse from the livery-stable. At Nahant we lunched, bringing our luncheon with us, examined the work on the place, and wandered about by the edge of the sea and among the closed houses, which only took off their shutters and opened their eyes when summer came. These empty, shut-up houses gave an air of remoteness and solitude to the little peninsula much more tangible than if it had been merely uninhabited. To a small boy the whole expedition had a taste of adventure which was very satisfying. The part, however, which I liked most was the drive. My father was the best of companions. He had that somewhat rare gift of being perfect company to a child. He was the kindest and most generous of men. I never remember a harsh word from him except on one or two occasions, when he spoke to me sternly because he thought I was not telling the truth or was exhibiting either physical or moral timidity. He was a man of great courage, entirely fearless, and was said to have had a high temper, but although I realized his courage I never knew that he had a temper until one night, when, as we were going to the theatre, at a dark place on the Common, two men pushed into us; there were words, I saw something glitter in one man's hand, and then he was knocked down in the snow by my father, who merely said as we passed on: "I think that fellow had a knife." My confidence in my father was so absolute that at the moment the whole affair appeared to be altogether commonplace and natural. As I look back upon it now it does not seem quite so simple. There had been a storm and the weather was just clearing. I can see the shine of the distant gaslight on the new-fallen snow, the sudden collision of the two men with my father, then one of them on his back in the white drift with something glittering in his hand. Then we were walking quietly along again, and I have no recollection of either fright or excitement. My faith in my father was too great to admit such emotions. Perhaps I shall be pardoned if I say a few words here about him, for he filled a dominant place in my earliest years. He was open-handed and generous in the highest degree to the poor, to all who were connected with him, to any one whom he could help. When the war came he was unable to go, for he was not only too old, which he would not admit, but he had injured his knee in a fall from his horse, could not walk freely and rode with difficulty. But he was an intensely loyal man and gave to the support of the war in every way. It was the habit to subscribe money to equip regiments. John C. Ropes, afterwards an eminent lawyer and distinguished military historian, raised a great deal of money for this purpose. He told me that my father always gave, and on one occasion when there was some especial need my father handed him a check signed in blank and told him to fill it up as he pleased. Mr. Ropes said it was the only blank, signed check ever given to him. My father enjoyed above all things the power of giving. He was overwhelmed, overburdened with business cares, which broke him down and caused his premature death. My mother begged him to retire, as he had an ample fortune for those days, but his reply was: "If I retire and live on a fixed income I shall not be able to give as I do now, and I want to be able to give without stopping to think about it."

But it was not his generosity, although he was continually giving to me, which made those Sunday drives so fascinating. It was his companionship. To the simple, short, and familiar journey he contrived to impart a charm and an interest which never failed in their attraction to the small boy who sat beside him. The little incidents of the road assumed the proportions of adventures, illuminated by the jokes they provoked and the riddles and conundrums they suggested, which, unlike a true Yankee, I was very slow in guessing. Like most men of well-balanced minds, my father had his pet superstition—the very ancient one of picking up a horseshoe as the bringer of good luck. I am inclined to think that he cultivated the superstition for my benefit, because keeping a lookout and occasionally seeing and gathering in a horseshoe gave an added excitement to the drive, and brought the precious sensation, when fortune favored us, of "treasure-trove." The propensity thus acquired I have both resisted and indulged all my life. Then we would speculate about the horse we should get at Lynn when we changed, and on our arrival there the business of changing horses and the conversation with Mr. Goldthwaite, the proprietor, were to me an unending source of pleasure and made me think that I was having the same experiences as those which befell Mr. Pickwick in his immortal travels in stage-coaches. My father also talked freely to me and we held long conversations. He talked to me about his ships, and about the place at Nahant, and about his cotton-mill, and about politics, and above all, he used to repeat poetry to me, not only nonsense jingles, or the simple rhymes of the school-room, or the verses of Cowper and Mrs. Hemans, of Campbell and Southey, but he would recite to me long passages from Scott and Gray, and above all from his two favorite poets, Shakespeare and Pope, a queer combination. I then first heard and learned the noble and beautiful verses of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," but my father's favorite among Gray's poems seems to have been for some unfathomable reason "The Bard." So deeply were its lines impressed upon me as a child, that to this day I cannot repeat

> "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
> Confusion on thy banners wait!"

without feeling the thrill which the words gave me when a little boy. I cannot remember the time when I did not know the "Universal Prayer," or when I could not recite "The stag at eve had drunk his fill," and

> "Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
> To low Ambition and the pride of kings."

My idea of what the last poem meant was as vague as my knowledge of Bolingbroke, but the swing and the ring of the verses greatly caught my fancy. Then, too, it was that there came to me the first intimation of the existence of Homer by hearing that

> "Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
> Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn,"

and that heroes called Achilles and Hector and Ulysses had many fights and adventures, all described in the like formal and sonorous fashion. It was in this way that I acquired an affection for Pope's rolling and balanced lines, which was found quite odd when I grew up, because Queen Anne's poet had long been out of fashion. My father was fond of books and liked to talk of them to me, young as I was, and my own reading took, of course, the line of my father's fancies. He was very fond of Cervantes, and I early became familiar with our illustrated copy of "Don Quixote," pored over the pictures and read all that I could understand. He was a lover of Scott, and in my tenth year I read all the Waverley Novels through from beginning to end. I have repeated the performance more than once since, but the joy of that first reading can never be felt again. The pleasure of living in that other world filled with adventure and with fascinating people was beyond description. I understand that Scott is now no longer read and that the young and wise regard him as a poor creature. If this be true, the loss is the world's and the present generation's, and

> "Out of the day and night
> A joy has taken flight."

In the same way I was led to an early admiration of Macaulay and to a far earlier reading of Hawthorne, Dickens, and "Robinson Crusoe." I am inclined to think, as I set down the names of these books, which I turned to because my father talked about them, that his tastes were conservative, that he was not appealed to by the romantic or transcendental movement going on about him, and that, apart from Shakespeare, his particular adoration, he was very eighteenth century in his tastes. I am confirmed in this by the fact that among his books, and he had many, there was a particularly handsome and very complete set of Horace Walpole, for whom he seems to have had a peculiar affection.

I am afraid that what I have just written will give the impression that I must have had the most precocious literary tastes, which was not at all the case. These books I have mentioned I was led to read in part at least by hearing my father talk of them, and Scott was purely voluntary reading on my part, as was likewise the case with "Peter Simple" and "Midshipman Easy"—a very great work. But I also devoured eagerly all the children's books of the time, especially fairy tales, for which I had an inexhaustible appetite. I lovingly perused all the works of Jacob Abbott, as well as "Sandford and Merton," one of the most preposterous books ever written, but which had an undoubted charm that I find it hard to explain. I was familiar with the poems of Jane Taylor, and accepted as perfectly natural the ferocious punishments therein meted out to youthful transgressors. The extremely humorous side of those poems, quite unintended by the authoress, has been, I may add, a source of real pleasure to me all my life, as I have been able to recall those jingling verses better than many more valuable things. I also read all Miss Edgeworth's writings—"Parents' Assistant," "Frank," "Harry and Lucy," and "Rosamond and the Purple Jar." At that time the intolerable didacticism of the stories did not bore me, nor did I have the satisfaction of appreciating the brutal immorality of such persons as Rosamond's mother in her treatment of her luckless and deceived offspring.

But I have spent a long time in getting to Nahant and my summers there. I have drifted away on the sea of literature as I did before on the clipper ships. Neither perhaps is so very distant, for Nahant has been much connected with literature, and from her bold headlands she has watched "the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill" from the days of the long, low boats of the Vikings to the huge steamships throbbing and smoking as they come up out of the ocean or start forth to Europe. A rock-bound peninsula of singular beauty thrust out into the sea between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, the home from the early part of the seventeenth century of a few fishermen and farmers, Nahant at the beginning of the nineteenth century began to draw from Boston people who sought for life out of doors, by its fine sea air and by the chance for fishing and shooting. In the early twenties gentlemen from Boston built a stone hotel on the extreme point of the peninsula. Cottages followed, built here and there on the cliffs and headlands, and the place was fairly launched as a summer resort. It became well known, sharing with Newport the distinction of being one of the first and most famous of New England watering-places. Willis, and later Curtis, described it in prose and Whittier pictured its beauties in verse. It finds a place in more than one of Longfellow's poems, for he lived there always in summer; and Emerson gave it a stanza:

"All day the waves assailed the rock,
I heard the church-bell chime,
The sea-beat scorns the minster clock
And breaks the glass of time."

Prescott and Agassiz made their homes at Nahant in summer, and Motley and Sumner came there every year. Then Mr. Paran Stevens, forerunner of the promoters and combiners of a later day, cast his eyes upon it and determined that he could make it a great watering-place like Newport, a destiny for which Nahant was too small and altogether unsuited. But this experiment was in full tide when my earliest memory begins. The picturesque stone hotel had given way to a huge wooden barrack containing hundreds of rooms, ugly, tasteless, with no quality but size. A telegraph line was run to Lynn, "hops," concerts, and balls were of frequent occurrence, and various attractions were generously furnished. After the hotel had practically failed and was on the eve of extinction, in 1860, an imitator of Blondin named John Denver came to Nahant, and I remember him well wheeling a man over a tight-rope stretched high across one of the coves which indented the shore. There was at the outset, however, a brief period of gayety and success, the hotel was full, and fashion seemed to justify the anticipation of Mr. Stevens. Its fame indeed even travelled across the ocean. On September 7, 1858, Henry Greville writes in his diary: "An amusing letter from Fanny Kemble, dated Nahant, U. S. (a favorite sea-bathing place near Boston), received to-day, says: 'How you would open your eyes and stop your ears if you were here! This enormous house is filled with American women, one prettier than the other, who look like fairies, dress like duchesses or *femmes entretenues*, behave like housemaids and scream like peacocks.' " The glimpse through English eyes is not flattering, but it is vivid and interesting, perhaps not without value even now.

So far as my own knowledge is concerned I remember only dimly that the Olympians of the family used to go to the hotel for various entertainments, that there was music, and that I was taken there once to see Signor Blitz (why Signor?) and his trained canaries. The only other recollection connected with the hotel in its brief hour of splendor is of the first diplomatist I ever saw. I have met many since those days, some most interesting men, but not infrequently I have found them, especially when they were what is called "trained," quite arid and unprofitable. Lord Napier, minister from England to the United States in 1857, was very distinctly of the former and most interesting class. He brought letters to my father, and he and Lady Napier dined often at our house and drove with my mother. A boy of seven notes not at all the appearance of persons so old as to be friends of his parents, but I have been told since that Lady Napier was both charming and handsome. An old photograph which lies before me, despite its imperfections, certainly justifies the latter adjective. There were also two Napier boys, who made a far stronger impression upon my mind than did their parents. I remember playing and fraternizing with them very cheerfully, although I had a wholly vague, but none the less deep-rooted, hostility to England. This feeling was traditional and in the air, but I am sure that I derived mine from my father. He had been in England several times when a young man. I have his passport, issued to him by Governor White, of Louisiana, the father of my friend, the present chief justice of the United States. My father then lived in Louisiana, where he was engaged in business, but the governor of a State as a source for passports curiously illustrates the alteration in the power and position of the States since the early thirties.

He had enjoyed his visits to England, where he was very kindly welcomed by his uncle and cousins, and I never heard him speak harshly of any one whom he met. Nevertheless, he resented deeply the attitude and policy of England toward this country, as well as the contemptuous abuse heaped upon us by her writers, and this resentment became more intense when England's feeling toward us was revealed by her conduct at the beginning of the Civil War. But although my opinions were strong and sound as to Great Britain, I played cheerfully and contentedly with the sons of the minister and found them excellent companions.

The passing glamour of the big hotel, however, was only an incident in the first summers which I remember. It was Nahant itself that I cared for. Many, many years afterward Senator Hoar said of me and to me in a speech at Clark University, that I had suffered from one serious misfortune—I had not been brought up in the country. I told him after the speech-making was over that I had one great compensation in being brought up by the sea, and he admitted the truth of what I said as a fact which he had forgotten. The love of the sea which a child acquires who has been reared at its very edge deepens through life, and nothing can ever replace it. I played upon the beaches and climbed about among the rocks; I loved the sea smiling and beautiful in the midsummer heats, and I loved it even more in the great gales of the autumn, when the huge waves broke over the cliffs and ledges, filling me with interest and excitement as I watched them by the hour together.

Nahant not only meant the sea and summer and out-of-door life, but there was no school there, and, instead of lessons, I learned to swim and in time to row and sail a boat, accomplishments really worth having and one of the rare portions of my education which have been of use and pleasure to me my whole life through. There was, too, a certain enchantment about the place—the mystery and magic of the sea, I suppose—and such dreams and imaginings as I had were all connected with Nahant and not with Boston. It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson once declaring that "every child hunted for buried treasure," Henry James replied "that he never had," to which Stevenson made the obvious answer: "Then you have never been a child." I was not at all imaginative, but I constructed an elaborate romance of treasure hidden at Nahant. Little as I knew it then, I was in a region peculiarly adapted for such dreams. Captain Kidd and other pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but especially Captain Kidd, are popularly believed to have buried treasure all along the New England coast. As a matter of fact, they probably concealed some of their plunder at various points, for little deposits have been found here and there. The belief, however, was magnificent and wide-spread, even if the treasure was small, scattered, and uncertain. Not far from where I lived, although I never heard of it until much later, at a place called Dungeon Rock, in the Lynn Woods, a worthy family, under the direction of mediums and spirits, slowly and painfully, with hammer and chisel, drove a tunnel into the solid rock in search of a cave where an Indian princess, an Indian chief, and sundry pirates had been imprisoned with all their treasures by a landslide or earthquake, of which geology, differing with the spirits, gave no indication. The work of these poor people afterward became an attraction to sightseers, and they earned a living by the fees they received for exhibiting the labors of their wasted lives.

I also got a glimpse of the Captain Kidd belief many years later. One summer in the eighties a good-looking elderly man came to me and asked permission to dig on my place at Nahant, near East Point, just by the edge of the cliff. He said that the spirits had told him precisely where the treasure was buried in large pots packed in a great chest. Mindful of my own early visions, I gave him the required permission, but after his excavation had reached such a size that it began to threaten serious damage I told him to stop and sent him away. He went obediently, but came back at night secretly and dug more and deeper, enlarging the hole to the serious distress of my gardener, and naturally finding nothing. He was a fine-looking, sturdy man who had worked all his life as a bridge-builder and contractor, and his hard-earned savings were being absorbed by crafty mediums who were encouraging him in his search for buried treasure.

I have strayed far from my own early imaginings, which were as innocent of any knowledge of Kidd and seventeenth-century buccaneers as they were of spiritual manifestations and designing mediums. Mine was simply the boy's dream of buried treasure. I made up my mind that, on the side of one of the cliffs near the house where I then lived, there was a cave which had been closed up by the fall of a rock suggested by a long crack and a projecting shelf. I fixed the place in my memory by slipping there one day when I was pounding the rock, and as I fell I brought my teeth sharply together, biting clean through my tongue, an incident as real as my cave was imaginary and a good deal more painful. But although I made no impression on the hard surface of the rock, I pictured the cave in my mind and fitted it up and filled it with treasure, greatly to my own satisfaction. I became finally so pleased with my invention that I confided an account of it to my companion and contemporary, Sturgis Bigelow, who has reminded me that I peopled the cave not with every-day pirates, but with the leading characters in the "White Chief," a thrilling work by our favorite novelist, Mayne Reid. Bigelow was so interested that I gave him to understand that I had seen all these wonders, and I produced an old and rusty shotgun which I had found in the garret as something which I had brought from the cave. He was duly impressed, so much so indeed that he told his father and then informed me that his father said that there was no such cave and that the gun had probably belonged to my grandfather. What defence I made I do not remember, but this unpleasant scepticism not only impaired my reputation for truth, but also wrecked my own belief, and I do not recall that I sought further to develop my cave, which was a loss I have never ceased to deplore. My only other attempt to carry out my dreams of buried treasure had an equally unfortunate ending. Russell Sullivan, Russell Gray, and I and one or two other boys put some of our hard-gotten quarters and half-dollars in a small box and buried it deeply in a sand-bank which ran along the edge of the marshes where Arlington Street now is. Then from time to time we would go secretly and mysteriously and dig up the box and examine it. The pleasure of this performance is almost as hard to explain as that of Stevenson's "Lantern Bearers," but I can testify that it was quite as real and quite as exciting. One sad day, however, we found that our box had been broken open and rifled. Sullivan and I, quite unjustly I think, suspected one of our fellow treasure-hiders and treated him with marked coolness. I am inclined to believe that some more practical treasure-seeker from the "South Cove" had observed our movements and had profited accordingly. But in any event this melancholy experience terminated my effort to acquire or to pretend to acquire buried treasure.

CHAPTER III

THE "OLYMPIANS": 1850–1860

THESE memories of my first ten years all melt together. I cannot pick them apart and date them, as other more fortunate writers of reminiscences seem able to do. I can only give them in mass as they arise before me out of the dead years. But some of the figures of that time stand forth very clearly before my mental vision, both those who made my little world and those whom I afterward knew to be of importance in the larger world of men and whom I still distinguish salient and defined despite the uncertain and fluctuating lights of one's earlier memories.

I have already spoken of my father, who was so much to me as companion and friend. In the little home world my mother filled the largest place, and for fifty years her devotion, affection, and sympathy never failed me. She was a clever, high-minded, high-spirited woman, very well educated according to the standards of Boston in the thirties, and had made a long tour with her family through Europe in 1837, something not so common at that time as it is now. She was a great reader, and from my earliest years is associated in my mind with reading and a love of books. It was from her that I first heard of Byron and Shelley. She was one of the early admirers of Browning in the days before his popularity, and it was to her that I owe my first acquaintance with the poet, who among all those near my own time or contemporary with it, during a long period, meant most to me. My only sister was seven years older than I, a great gap when one is under ten, but I was extremely fond of her as she was of me. I looked up to her, of course, and felt bitterly at times her very natural preference for older society than mine, but I rejoiced exceedingly whenever I could be with her.

Last but by no means least in the household was my grandfather, Henry Cabot, for whom I was named. He was over seventy when I first recall him clearly; a tall, erect, very fine-looking man who gave no impression of age or feebleness. He went to his club (the old Temple Club) and down-town every day, although he had no business, having long since retired from the bar, and he was a zealous theatre-goer. When not at the theatre he was always at home in the evenings and used to sit up very late, reading, as I was told. He certainly got up late in the morning and I seldom saw him without a book. It seemed to me as if he knew everybody and that everybody knew him. His friends were constantly coming to see him. I thought at the time that they were all of his age, which I regarded as enormous. I learned later that some of them were young men, the fact being that he was a very agreeable and charming man who attracted both young and old. He had, as I look back on it, most perfect manners, and left the reputation of an excellent talker, although of that I could not judge. He was always very kind to me, but I looked up to him with awe, for he impressed me with an air of distinction which I could not have defined then, but which I fully realize now. I do not know why I had that feeling of awe, because he was always most gentle in his manner, and as he had a way, if I asked him for money, of pulling out a handful of change and letting me take my choice among the coins I felt a peculiar affection for a person addicted to a method of giving quite unexampled in my experience. I used to try his patience, I fear, by urging him to tell me how he hid under the sideboard and watched Washington at breakfast with his father when the President stopped at my great-grandfather's house in Beverly, on his journey through New England in 1789.

Many years afterward there came to me in a curious way a written reminder of this little incident which had strangely enough escaped destruction. When I wrote my memoir of George Cabot in 1876 I went carefully through the Washington papers in the State Department and took copies of all the correspondence between Washington and Mr. Cabot. I did not find anything relating to the Beverly visit, nor indeed was there any reason why I should have found anything. Some fifteen years later my friend, William Endicott, then in the Department of Justice, was directed to examine all the papers in the archives relating to the acquisition of the District of Columbia and the laying out of the city of Washington, in order to settle some question which had arisen in regard to the title to the Potomac flats. There was an immense mass of papers, including many letters from Washington, all official and all relating to the establishment of the Federal city. Yet in this unlikely company Mr. Endicott discovered my great-grandfather's letter inviting Washington to stop at his house in Beverly. Washington preserved everything in the way of correspondence, but how this little note from a friend had strayed into such a collection has never been explained. I will give it here because it is connected with my story and also because it seems to me to have the pleasant grace of the elder day when Horace Walpole was writing letters and Gibbon was telling the story of the Roman Empire.

BEVERLY,
October 24, 1789.

SIR: The public papers having announced "that the President of the United States is on his way to Portsmouth in New Hampshire," it immediately occurred to me that your route would be through *this village,* and that you might find it convenient to stop here and take a little rest: should this prove to be the case, permit me, Sir, to hope for your acceptance of such accomodation and refreshment as can be furnished in my humble dwelling, where two or three beds would be at your disposal.

I am fully aware that by indulging this hope I expose myself to the imputation of vanity as well as ambition and therefore should hardly dare to have my conduct tried by the cool maxims of the head alone, but would rather refer it to the dictates of my heart, which, in the most affecting concerns of life, I believe to be a sure guide to what is right.

I have the honor, Sir, to be with sentiments of the most profound respect your devoted and most obedient servant

GEORGE CABOT

The President of the United States

I have always liked since to think, as I have recalled this trifling anecdote, that I have known and talked with some one who had seen Washington. But this was the only incident of the past I ever extracted from my grandfather. I used to importune him to tell me stories of the distant time when he was a boy and especially all about his father. I remember well his kindly refusal and his then adding: "My boy, we do not talk about family in this country. It is enough for you to know that your grandfather is an honest man." It is a regret to me now that I never could get more from him, for he had seen much of the world and had known many interesting people. He entered Harvard in the class of 1800, but became involved in one of the absurd outbreaks common in those days and known as college rebellions, and did not graduate. He was at Cambridge long enough, however, to be a member of the Porcellian

Club, and I remember how glad I was to find his name on the list when I became a member of the club myself, more than seventy years later. Washington Allston was in the same class, and my grandfather kept up his friendship with him always.

Mr. Cabot was also a lifelong friend of Daniel Webster, personally as well as politically. They were both fond of gun and rod, and I have a long letter from Webster telling my grandfather about a day's fishing and describing the trout he had caught, which is I think worth giving here for the glimpse that it affords of the sport of many years ago:

SANDWICH, *June* 4,
Saturday mor'g
6 o'clock

DEAR SIR: I send you eight or nine brook trout, which I took yesterday, in that chief of all brooks, Mashpee. I made a long day of it, and with good success, for me. John was with me, full of good advice, but did not fish—nor carry a rod.

I took 26 trouts, all weighing	17 lb	12 oz.
The largest (you have him) weighed at Crokers . .	2 "	4 "
The 5 largest	3 "	5 "
The eight largest	11 "	8 "

I got these by following your advice; that is, *by careful & thorough* fishing of the difficult places, which others do not fish. The brook is fished, nearly every day. I entered it, not so high up as we sometime do, between 7 & 8 o'clock, & at 12 was hardly more than half way down to the meeting-house path. You see I did not hurry. The day did not hold out to fish the whole brook properly. The largest trout I took at 3 P. M. (you see I am precise) below the meeting-house, under a bush on the right bank, two or three rods below the large *beeches*. It is singular, that in the whole day, I did not take two trouts out of the same hole. I found both ends, or parts of the Brook about equally productive. Small fish not plenty, in either. So many hooks get everything which is not hid away in the manner large trouts take care of themselves. I hooked one, which I suppose to be larger than any which I took, as he broke my line, by fair pulling, after I had pulled him out of his den, & was playing him in fair open water.

Of what I send you, I pray you keep what you wish yourself, send three to Mr. Ticknor, & three to Dr. Warren; or two of the larger ones, to each will perhaps be enough—& if there be any left, there is Mr. Callender & Mr. Blake, & Mr. Davis, either of them not "averse to fish." Pray let Mr. Davis *see* them—especially the large one—As he promised to come, & fell back, I desire to excite his regrets. I hope you will have the large one on your own table.

The day was fine—not another hook in the Brook. John steady as a judge—and everything else exactly right. I never, on the whole, had so agreeable a day's fishing tho' the result, in pounds or numbers, is not great;—nor ever expect such another.

Please preserve this letter; but rehearse not these particulars to the uninitiated.

I think the Limerick *not* the best hook. Whether it pricks too soon, or for what other reason, I found or thought I found the fish more likely to let go his hold, from this, than from the old fashioned hook.

Yrs.

D. Webster.

H. Cabot, *Esq.*

I cannot close these imperfect recollections of my grandfather without a word as to his only sister, Elizabeth, the widow of Doctor Kirkland, sometime president of Harvard College. She died in 1852, so that I have no memory of her, but she was a remarkable woman—clever, given, I fear, to speaking sharply, with more attention sometimes to wit than to the feeling of others, possessed of great strength of character and entire courage both in conduct and opinion. She married Doctor Kirkland after her father's death, and when her husband resigned the presidency of the college they went abroad in 1829. They travelled widely, going to Syria and

Egypt, where she was the first of American women certainly to ascend the Great Pyramid. They saw many interesting people; I have letters to them from Lord Jeffrey, Lord Holland, James Martineau, and others in England. Some years since I published a selection from Mrs. Kirkland's letters in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society." They give an interesting picture of travel in Europe in 1829-31. Childless herself, she centred her love and hopes upon my uncle, George Cabot, and when he died, in 1850, she transferred her affection, at once intense and concentrated, to me. I was taken every day to see her in her apartments in Summer Street, not far from where we lived, and I have been told that I returned her affection as strongly as was possible for a little child. When she came to die she ordered every one to leave the room, as she said that she wished to die alone. I could not be persuaded to pass the house afterwards until I was permitted to go through her rooms and satisfy myself that she was gone away, "all gone," as I then expressed it. Mrs. Kirkland is not even a dim memory to me now, but as I recall those early days I cannot pass by in silence one who gave to me at the dawn of life so much love and care.

Among the people who were constantly at the house I well remember Charles Sumner. He was the friend of my grandfather and of my father, too. He came frequently to dinner when he was at home and passed several weeks with us always at Nahant, a habit which he maintained until his death. But in those first ten years he is only a figure in memory—tall, solemn, impressive, and looked at by me with distant awe. He is vivid to me in that period upon only one occasion, and then he stands out on the background of memory very sharply indeed. It was not long after Preston Brooks's attack upon him in the Senate chamber. Brooks, as is well known, came up to Sumner sitting at his desk, with his knees under it, and beat him over the head with a loaded cane, while other Southerners stood about ready to prevent interference. Sumner struggled to his feet, tearing the desk from its fastenings, tried to seize his assailant, and fell senseless. The brutality of the deed was only equalled by its thorough cowardice. To come suddenly upon a defenceless man and beat him over the head with a loaded cane while friends stand about to prevent interference requires a courage about on a level with that displayed by a boy who tears off the legs and wings of a fly. Yet this performance was lauded throughout the South as not only proper but gallant. The South was full of brave men, but slavery had so perverted them that they could applaud this cowardly and savage deed.

In the North the assault excited deep indignation. Anson Burlingame, then a member of Congress from Massachusetts, one of the most brilliant of the younger leaders in the anti-slavery movement, conspicuous alike for courage and eloquence, denounced the deed of Brooks in fitting language. Speaking in the House of Representatives on June 21, 1856, he said:

". . . Sir, the act was brief, and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the Constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of civilization which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize-fighters respect. What! strike a man when he is pinioned—when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that?"

Thereupon Brooks, who was also a member of the House, challenged him. Burlingame accepted the challenge, named rifles as the weapons, and an island in the Niagara River outside the jurisdiction of the United States as the place of meeting. Brooks, who apparently had no love for arms of precision or an undisturbed meeting, declined, alleging that he could not pass safely through the Northern States. This refusal was as characteristic as the assault. He died not long afterwards. It must be admitted, however, that Brooks achieved the success which he no doubt sought, for he secured a place in history just as Ravaillac and Felton and Bellingham had done before, and as Wilkes Booth did not long afterwards. A place in history indeed is always to be had if a man will go deep enough into infamy. In this way Brooks remains, "a noteless blot on a remembered name." His assault upon Sumner roused the fighting spirit of the North, and was one of the potent causes of the war, so that the South had good cause to rue the hunting of that day.

My friend, Mr. J. M. Cochran, of Southbridge (Massachusetts), with whom I had the pleasure of serving in the legislature in 1880—my first session—has kindly sent me the following verses, which will illustrate the feeling of the North at that moment. I find that curiously enough they were written by William Cullen Bryant, and are given with four others in Godwin's Life.

"To Canada Brooks was asked to go
To waste of powder a pound or so,
He sighed, as he answered, 'No; No; No;
They might take my life on the way, you know,
For I am afraid, afraid, afraid,
Bully Brooks is afraid.'

"'Beyond New York in every car
They keep a supply of feathers and tar,
And they put them on with an iron bar,
I should be smothered before I got far,
And I am afraid, afraid, afraid,—
Bully Brooks is afraid.'"

Very characteristic was Sumner's revenge, which he took first in the midst of the war and again years afterwards when the cause in which he had suffered and to which he had given his life was triumphant, when slavery had perished and the South was beaten and crushed. On May 8, 1862, he offered a resolution declaring it inexpedient to place upon the regimental flags the names of victories won over our fellow citizens. Three years later he opposed placing in the Capitol "any picture of a victory in battle with our own fellow citizens." In 1873 he introduced a resolution to remove the names of battles with our fellow citizens from the Army Register and the regimental flags. He wished, he said, to obliterate all trophies and monuments of civil war. He was far ahead of his time. The bitterness of the strife was still undiminished, and his own legislature in Massachusetts censured his action. But, looking into the future, Sumner had as little sympathy with the hatreds bred by the war as he would feel to-day with the false sentimentality which would have the government at its own expense erect monuments to the men who tried to destroy it, and draw no distinction between those who saved the Union and those who fought to tear it asunder. When he died a distinguished Southerner, Mr. Justice Lamar, eulogized him in a speech that startled the country, which then learned from the lips of a former foe what generosity of soul and largeness of mind had been shown by the victim of Brooks's brutality when he stood forward first of all to plead for a true reconciliation between the people of the States so recently at war.

Of all the details of the Brooks assault and of its deep significance I knew nothing at the time. My memory is merely that one afternoon my father took me to the State House, to the point which was then the corner of Mount Vernon and Beacon Streets. He lifted me up and placed me on the coping of the terrace wall so that I could look over the heads of those about us. Thence I saw a crowd stretching far away and filling the streets in every direction. Presently an open carriage drove up with some gentlemen seated in it and stopped near the spot where I was placed. Then a tall man, who I knew was Mr. Sumner, stood up in the carriage, and at the sight of him a shout rose from that crowd the like of which I have never heard since, and I have heard, in the course of my life, many crowds, and some mobs, cheer and yell. Then memory drops the curtain and I remember no more. In after-years I spoke of this recollection many times, both to my family and to others, but nobody seemed to recall the incident, and I began to think that it was all a trick of memory, which is so fond of tricks. At last Mr. Pierce's biography appeared, and there at the proper point appeared an account of the scene which I remembered. Years afterwards I found among my mother's papers a copy of the *Boston Atlas* for Tuesday, November 4, 1856. In that veracious chronicle I read that Mr. Sumner had passed the previous Sunday at the house of Mr. Lawrence in Brookline. The next day he drove to the Roxbury line, where he was received by the mayor and Mr. Quincy. There the procession was formed and marched to the State House. Then the reporter continues: "The scene at the State House was beyond description. The area in front, the long range of steps leading to the capitol, the capitol itself, the streets in the vicinity, the houses, even to the roofs, were packed with human beings. The assembled thousands greeted him with long-continued cheering." Of what followed, according to the newspaper, such as a speech by the governor and the like suitable performances, I remember nothing. But I can still see the tall figure standing up in the carriage; I can still hear the shout of the crowd, and I know now why that cheering, as the *Atlas* called it, branded itself on my young memory. It was the note of fierceness in it, of deep-seated anger, the cry for vengeance of a people who had been insulted, outraged, and wronged. It would have been well for the South if that scene and sound had made the same impression upon the Southern people which it made upon the boy of six, although I fear that they would have understood it as little as I did. Yet it might conceivably have caused them to think, a useful exercise in which they did not much indulge during those bitter days.

Some time afterwards—it must have been in 1859 or 1860, because the scene was not in Winthrop Place but in our new house on Beacon Street—Mr. Sumner, who had been in Europe, came, as was his habit, to dine with us. In the middle of the dinner he arose from his chair and stretched himself upon the sofa because the pain in his back was so severe that he could not sit up longer without resting himself. He never fully recovered, I think, from the effects of the assault, for the spine was more or less permanently affected.

Thus it came about that my first impressions of politics were tragic, and I imbibed in this way an intense hatred of slavery, which I connected with Southerners and Democrats. The details were misty and the reasoning vague, but the sentiment was vigorous and the general result fairly accurate.

Another figure that I recall in the Winthrop Place days was Rufus Choate, sometime Whig Senator from Massachusetts, always a great lawyer and advocate, a speaker of remarkable originality and compelling eloquence, a real scholar, and a man of exceptional brilliancy and charm. He lived near us in Winthrop Place, and one evening in early summer, when my bedtime was drawing on, the maid said to me, as we sat by the window: "There is Mr. Choate." I looked and saw a tall man with black hair and dark, deep-set eyes stroll slowly by, his hat pushed back and his coat-sleeves drawn up as if for coolness. That is all, and as it stands it is not a very interesting contribution to our knowledge of Mr. Choate, and yet that his figure should be vivid to me across all these years, that a single glimpse of him should have left such a lasting picture on a child's mind, shows, I think, what striking qualities the man must have had, so impalpable and yet so powerful that, piercing the vesture of decay, they fastened themselves indelibly upon the memory of a little boy. I do not remember ever seeing Mr. Choate again, and this one vision of him must have been shortly before his death, as he died prematurely in 1859. It is rather odd that I do not recall him on other occasions, for my father greatly admired Mr. Choate, and we all knew the family well. A cousin of mine much older than I married one of Mr. Choate's daughters, and in after-years, through which their friendship has been one of my best possessions, I have seen in her and in her sister, Mrs. Bell, the charm, the cleverness, the brilliancy and the unending humor for which Mr. Choate was famous.

Mr. Choate's power with juries was universally known in his lifetime, but this side of a great lawyer's career is unfortunately evanescent, like the glories of celebrated actors, which of necessity rest only upon tradition and upon what was written about them by their contemporaries. I was, of course, born too late to have seen Mr. Choate before a jury or to have heard him speak in public, but his reputation was still all-pervading at the bar when I studied law, and from the lawyers of that day and from his memoirs I have come to the conclusion, after comparison with the accounts of other great lawyers, that he ranks with Erskine and advocates of that class, and that he has never been surpassed before a jury except by Webster in the single speech at the White murder trial. Mr. Choate left behind him not only this great reputation, but also countless anecdotes of his wit and humor and picturesque habit of speech. These, for the most part, have been published, but there are one or two of the many I have heard which I think are not in print, and are certainly not well known.

There was a story famous in its day, and given in his "Life" by Mr. Brown, of Mr. Choate cross-examining a man who had turned state's evidence against his companions, who were charged with murder on the high seas and whom Mr. Choate was defending. This man was the most important witness for the government, and Mr. Choate drew out of him the story of how the murder was planned and then asked: "How did they induce you to join?" "Why," said the witness, "they told me that we should be all right because, even if we were caught, there was a man in Boston named Choate who would get us off if we were found with the money in our boots." There was a roar of laughter in the court-room, and at this point the story always stopped. An eye-witness told me that Mr. Choate waited, perfectly undisturbed, until the laugh had subsided, then proceeded, and working on the reply just made, broke the witness down and greatly impaired the weight of his testimony. In fact, I believe that he secured the acquittal of his clients.

Another story which was always a favorite of mine, because the touch was so light, was that relating to a client in a great patent suit. After the junior counsel had thoroughly prepared the case he took the client, who wished to state his case to Mr. Choate personally, to see the senior counsel. The client began: "Of course, Mr. Choate, you understand the principle of the Jacquard loom?" "Certainly," said Mr. Choate, who had never heard of the loom before; "of course, of course. But assume, for the moment, that I do not understand the principle of the Jacquard loom and expound it to me as a preliminary."

There is one more story, and it shall be the last, which I am sure has never been printed and which I heard in a curious way. When I was in Congress, General Butler, whom I had fought for years politically and whom I had never met, came one morning into the House. I happened to be passing near where he was standing, and Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, stopped me and introduced me to him. After a few words General Butler asked us to come over to his house, which was near the Capitol and is now the office of the Coast Survey, and lunch with him. We had a very pleasant luncheon, but the one thing in the conversation which I remember was this story of Choate. It was apropos of a certain claimant who just then had a bill before Congress to pay him for some improvement in rifles which he had made at the time of the war. "He was always inventing things," said General Butler. "When he was a young man he invented some baking machinery and set up a factory equipped with it in New Hampshire. The invention wasn't worth a damn, and the concern failed, and, of course [I liked General Butler's 'of course' at this point], it burned down. The insurance companies refused to pay, and the claimant retained Mr. Choate and me to sue them. I took charge of the case, but the claimant insisted on seeing Mr. Choate, and so one day I took him to Mr. Choate's office and the claimant told his story. When he had gone I said to Mr. Choate: 'What a liar our client is.' Mr. Choate, looking at me with his melancholy eyes, replied: 'I would not say that, Mr. Butler; call him an inventor rather.' " I have again wandered far from my early days, but Mr. Choate is always a temptation whenever one speaks or writes of him, and his early death prevented my ever knowing him after I had grown up.

With Mr. Motley (the historian) the case is different. He stands out very distinctly among my earliest memories, and I came to know him very well in later years. He and Mrs. Motley were intimate friends of my grandfather and of my father and mother. I used to call them "uncle" and "aunt," although there was no relationship, and when they were not in Europe they, with their daughters, used to pass several weeks with us every summer at Nahant. Mrs. Motley was a very handsome woman, strong in her affections and her dislikes, enthusiastic, earnest, and full of charm and fascination. I know that she charmed a small boy who became very fond of her, and years only served to confirm the boy's opinion. Mr. Motley I used to look at in those days with round eyes and loved to hear him talk, although naturally I did not understand very well all that he said; but he was so handsome, so spirited, with such an exciting and inspiring manner, that he compelled the vagrant attention even of a boy to whom the "Dutch Republic" and the "Beggars of the Sea" then first appeared above the mental horizon.

Mr. Longfellow lived at Nahant and I saw him from earliest boyhood, but for some reason not explicable now he did not become real to me, although I knew many of his poems, until much later. On the other hand, Mr. Agassiz is one of my earliest and strongest remembrances. This was the case partly, I suppose, because Mrs. Agassiz was an intimate friend of my mother, partly because my sister went to Mr. Agassiz's school in Cambridge, but chiefly, I think, because whenever a strange fish was caught off our shores my father always said that he was going to show it to Mr. Agassiz, who would know all about it. This struck me as an evidence of surprising wisdom, as indeed it was, although I did not know that it implied that the question was to be asked of the greatest living authority on fishes, past or present. Moreover, Mr. Agassiz was a man who impressed a boy just as he did every one who came in contact with him. His fluent English with the marked French accent, quite strange to a child; the atmosphere of strength, both physical and mental, which seemed to pervade him; the large, genial, kindly presence, the sense of power; all alike were at once imposing and reassuring, leaving a mark on the young memory not to be effaced.

I cannot recall the time when Benjamin Peirce, the eminent mathematician and a professor at Cambridge, was not at once familiar and impressive to me. Mrs. Peirce was a cousin of my mother and the "Professor" was constantly at our house. His successful criticism of Leverrier's computations of the variations of Uranus and his discovery of the fluidity of Saturn's rings had already made him famous and laid the foundation of that international reputation to which the long list of honors conferred upon him by foreign societies, as duly set forth in the Harvard catalogue, bears imposing witness. Of all this I knew nothing then, and the names of his mathematical achievements are all that I have learned since. But he made a profound impression on my imagination. I heard him spoken of always with admiration, and I gathered that he was a man of vast and mysterious knowledge, not understood by most people, which was true enough, but the effect on my mind was to make me regard him as a species of necromancer or magician. His appearance fostered the idea. He wore his black hair very long, after the fashion of his youth. He had a noble leonine head and dark, deep-set eyes. His voice possessed a peculiar quality. It was without any metallic or ringing note, but as if slightly veiled, and very attractive for some reason which I have never clearly defined. Altogether he had a fascination which even a child felt, and all the more because he was full of humor, with an abounding love of nonsense, one of the best of human possessions in this vale of tears. I know that I was always delighted to see him, because he was so gentle, so kind, so full of jokes with me, and "so funny." As time went on I came as a man to know him well and to value him more justly, but the love of the child, and the sense of fascination which the child felt, only grew with the years.

Among the companions of my uncle, George Cabot, at the Latin School, was John Fitzpatrick, who became greatly attached to my uncle and kept up his friendship with our family after the latter's early death. Fitzpatrick rose to be Bishop of Boston, which was far from being then the Irish and Catholic city it has since become. He was known to every one as "Bishop John," and was a most excellent man, very popular, and greatly beloved. He came a great deal to our house, especially in summer, for there was no Roman Catholic church at Nahant then, and he or Father, afterwards Bishop, Healey used to celebrate an early Mass in our "Union" church which had never been consecrated and of which my father was warden and treasurer. "Bishop John" was not only very kind to me, but the best of companions, genial, affectionate, and sympathetic. He had a high regard for my father, who used to help him very liberally with his poor people, and was especially generous to the orphan asylum, for whose head, Sister Ann Alexis, my father had deep admiration.

Yet another whom I remember well at that time was Doctor Henry Bigelow, the father of my friend, Sturgis Bigelow. He belonged, in common with my own parents and all those of my friends generally, to what Mr. Kenneth Grahame has so happily called the "Olympians," the grown-up persons who wield a despotic, unquestioned, and apparently unreasoning authority over the destinies of small boys. But I distinguished him as different from the others, not merely because I heard my father speak of him with admiration, but because of the personal impression he made upon me. He was an ardent sportsman, and his house was full of dogs and guns and firearms of all descriptions, which were, of course, irresistibly alluring to any properly constituted boy. But there was something about the man himself which makes him stand out in the past as I try to revive the boyish recollections. I think it was mainly his extraordinary clearness of statement, the feeling of finality in all he said, qualities which always give a sense of power and mastery. I knew of course that he was a doctor. I did not know that he was the greatest surgeon of the day in our country. Still less did I know, what many, many years after I was to learn, that by his introduction of the system of reducing dislocations of the hip by manipulation and by his revolution, then in the distant future, in the operation of lithotrity, he was to relieve an incalculable amount of human suffering. I say that I came to know these facts, but they are not generally known even by the people who have profited by them. The distinguished physicians and surgeons, who by their discoveries and their self-sacrifice have done more than all others to mitigate the physical miseries of humanity, are less recognized and remembered, I have often thought, than any other benefactors of the race. Their names may have an unpleasant association with a disease or an operation, but they themselves pass out of sight, although the lives they led and the work they did, and their observation of human nature, are more interesting than those of many of the men about whom volumes have been written. In Doctor Bigelow, whom I knew well and saw constantly until his death in 1890, there was also a remarkable dexterity and lucidity of mind, as well as a capacity for rapid and brilliant generalization, which as a boy I always felt while listening to him and which as a man I could define and appreciate.

Such were the men, seen by me now in the backward look, who impressed me in those early years as in some undefined way more interesting than the rest, and who were to my mind in their effect upon me, or in what I heard, of greater importance than others. Yet this serious sense of their importance, although strongly felt, did not put them at all in the class of those who were heroes to me at that moment. It merely set them apart. My heroes then were at once nearer and better understood, more familiar and more admired.

The event in which I think I felt the most passionate interest at that time was the great fight between Heenan and Sayers. The manner in which the English crowd broke the ropes, when Heenan had finally got Sayers in chancery and in another minute would have broken his neck or won the fight, filled me with an anger which I still think just, but at which I now smile and wonder. It seemed to me that no greater injustice had ever been committed than this act of violence, which led to the declaration that it was a drawn fight. It was my first experience of what is called fair play in England, and I do not think that I ever wholly recovered from it, although I have seen so many instances of it since that I have come to appreciate what it means. From this vivid recollection of the famous battle, it may be gathered what sort of persons appeared really heroic to me when I was a small boy. They were men whose feats were chiefly physical, great prize-fighters, athletes, riders, hunters, and adventurers by sea and land, of whom I read, and their more humble exemplars in the stable, by the river, or on the playing-field, with whom I loved to associate and whom I watched admiringly from a distance.

CHAPTER IV

BOYHOOD: 1860–1867

I MUST begin this chapter after the Shandean manner by going back and telling what happened during the period covered by its predecessors and which was there omitted. There were various incidents before the year with which this chapter begins which I cannot pass over in silence, because they were so important to me and loomed so large in my small life at that time.

In the year 1858 we were obliged to leave Winthrop Place, as Devonshire Street was opened through from the rear and passed directly across the site of our house and garden. My father, therefore, bought No. 31 Beacon Street, and thither, when he had practically rebuilt the house, we went to live in 1859, after some months at the Revere House, necessitated by the delays occasioned by the alterations. Thirty-one Beacon Street had belonged to Mr. Samuel Eliot, a well-known and greatly respected citizen in the Boston of those days. He had served in Congress as a conservative Whig from one of the Boston districts, and going into business late in life had lost all his property when the firm with which he was connected was carried down in the panic of 1857, a disaster so wide-reaching in its effects that I well remember the feeling of gloom which seemed to oppress every one during that year. Thus it came about that Mr. Eliot's house and all that it contained was sold for the benefit of his creditors. My father in buying it tried to do everything in his power to soften the blow which had fallen upon Mr. Eliot. He offered to take, and took, at the valuation which the family caused to be placed upon them, any articles in the house which they wished to dispose of. But my father was especially distressed at the thought that Mr. Eliot would be compelled to lose his library. He therefore made inquiries, indirectly, to find out whether Mr. Eliot would accept the library if it were bought from the assignees and presented to him. Being satisfied on this point, he went to some of Mr. Eliot's friends, raised the money, bought the library and gave it to Mr. Eliot. None of the subscribers allowed his name to be known except my father, who could not avoid doing so as he was obliged to represent the others and make the presentation. So much time has passed since then that there can be no harm in giving the correspondence, which affords a pleasant glimpse of the Boston of those days and of the ways of her people. On a note from Mr. Eliot's son (afterwards the distinguished president of Harvard University), which said that his father would be gratified to receive his library, my father had written:

> You will see by the above that Mr. Eliot is willing to receive the books as proposed.
>
> J. E. L.

Then on the next page he had the names (most of them autographs) of the gentlemen who subscribed to buy in the library. As I have just said, they would not permit their names to be known at the time; but now there is no longer a reason for any concealment of their friendship, and good-feeling, even delicacy as sensitive as theirs, would not be shocked at allowing the left hand to know what the right hand had done. The names are as follows, a very excellent Boston list, as well as a great tribute to Mr. Eliot and to the high and affectionate regard which was felt for him by every one:

Nathan Appleton,
William Appleton,
William Sturgis,
Ozias Goodwin,
Henry Cabot,
John E. Lodge,
John Bryant,
David Sears,
William Amory,
William H. Prescott,
Josiah Bradley,
Francis Bacon,
I. Davis, Jr.,
W. H. Bordman,
N. Thayer.

The two following notes complete the little story:

March 9th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:—

The receipt of the books which were moved to my present residence yesterday renews the feeling of which I have had frequent experience lately, of gratitude to my friends. As I do not know to whom I am indebted for this act of considerate kindness and marked generosity I must beg of you, to whom I owe the suggestion, I believe, to communicate to the parties my thanks in a suitable manner and to assure them that a new association will be formed with my books, more valuable than all the wisdom or beauty they contain and that I hope to make a proper use of them and to leave them to my children as an evidence of the liberality and thoughtfulness of those with whom I have lived and whom I am proud to call my friends.

With grateful esteem,
Yrs

SAM'L A. ELIOT.

JOHN E. LODGE, *Esq.*

Wednesday

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your note of yesterday shows me that your friends did not err in supposing that you had a hearty appreciation of your beautiful library and also that we did not overrate the cordial welcome you would bestow upon it, a welcome such as we only accord to our old and most valued friends.

I am but an humble instrument in the performance of this most agreeable act, but I shall be most glad to assure your friends whose happiness it was to assist in it, that greatly as they enjoyed restoring to you these silent and yet eloquent monitors and friends, their pleasure was equalled by yours in receiving them.

With great regard

etc etc

J. E. LODGE

HON. SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Another pleasant association with this purchase of 31 Beacon Street has come to me suddenly out of the past, and I add it here. In looking over some papers of her grandfather, Mr. Prescott, Mrs. Roger Wolcott recently came across this allusion in a letter written on February 22, 1858:

"The last item that I have heard is that Mr. Lodge has bought Sam. Eliot's house in Beacon St. for $50,000. I mean John E. Lodge, and I am glad that it has fallen into the hands of an old acquaintance."

This change of houses brought us into an entirely different quarter of the city. Winthrop Place was in the old part of Boston, that low land which lies between the hills and the sea, while Beacon Street, although not by any means just opened or recently built upon, was the portion of the town from which the new residence quarter was destined to spring, pushing its way to the westward over the flats of the Back Bay, still at that time marsh and water and bridged by only one road, known as the Milldam, which stretched across the inlets to the mainland at Longwood.

Thirty-one Beacon Street, where I passed many happy years and where my mother continued to live for more than forty years, until her death in 1900, stood on the crest of the hill, not far from the State House and next to the famous and historic home of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. The Hancock house was a fine example of its period, good architecturally, built very solidly of granite in the Colonial style of the eighteenth century, and was raised above the street on a series of terraces. It was my father's ambition to buy the house when it came into the market and give it to the State, but he died a year before the house was sold. Governor Banks had recommended the purchase of the Hancock house by the State some years before, but when the opportunity came the country was plunged in civil war, and the government did not feel able to spend money on what seemed a mere sentiment. So it was sold to private persons and torn down in 1863. Thus perished by far the finest and historically the most interesting of our Colonial houses, the building best worth preserving, as a specimen of eighteenth-century domestic architecture, which existed in New England or perhaps anywhere in the old thirteen States. I was convalescent from scarlet fever when the house was taken down and used to sit at the window of my play-room and watch the men slowly pry off one block of stone after another, for the masonry was so solid that it could be accomplished in no other way. I hated to see this done, for I was attached to the old house and had often been in it and over it with Charles Hancock, one of the sons of the last owner.

Our house, as I have said, stood on the crest of Beacon Street and looked south over the Common, with its fine trees, while from the side windows in the first years we could see the street across the Hancock garden, filled with lilac bushes, the perfume of which, in our tardy spring, loaded the air with fragrance. Ours was a spacious house of generous width and full of sunshine. I thought then, and think still, that it was one of the pleasantest of situations and that few city houses have one at all comparable to it.

The other great event in my life contemporary with removal to a new house was my leaving Mrs. Parkman and going to a new and, what was far more momentous, a man's school, which was kept in a large room under Park Street Church. It was a small private school, and the master was Mr. Thomas Russell Sullivan, a grandson of James Sullivan, governor of Massachusetts at the beginning of the nineteenth century and grand-nephew of John Sullivan, the distinguished Revolutionary general. Mr. Sullivan had been a clergyman before he became a schoolmaster and was an accomplished man. He always seemed to me sad and oppressed with care, owing, I suppose, to the fact that his health was giving way. But he was a thorough gentleman, kindly and good, and, although I regarded him as a natural enemy at the time, I find now that I recall his memory with affection and respect.

This change of school was to me a great event and appeared in the light of a promotion, as I fancy the first man's school always seems to a boy. Yet I left Mrs. Parkman's with secret regret, for I had the unmanly weakness, as I considered it, to be fond of her, and I was much attached to the boys who had been my companions in her house. I do not know that one's schoolfellows are of much interest to anybody except themselves, although I have always enjoyed the accounts of Lamb's and Coleridge's schoolmates, most of whom are rescued from oblivion merely by that association. I think, however, that all schoolboys have the charm at the moment which possibilities always possess, and afterward develop the interest which is inseparable from looking backward and seeing how these possibilities of school and college finally worked out, and how constant the rule is in these cases of the unexpected happening. There is pleasure as well as pain in such retrospects which disclose the spectacle both of success and failure, and the humor of the early memories is often clouded by the pathos or the tragedy with which the little stories end—

> "Some with lives that came to nothing,
> Some with deeds as well undone;
> Death came silently and took them
> Where they never see the sun."

Just as it happened to Galuppi's Venetians. It is a very old and very familiar story.

With those of my school companions at Mrs. Parkman's who have lived, I have maintained my friendship and continued to know them more or less intimately all my life. Among them were Sturgis Bigelow, doctor, man of science, lover of art, public benefactor and friend of a lifetime; Henry Parkman, successful and trusted business man and lawyer, head of a great bank; Arthur Mills, successful likewise in business, maker of his own fortune, dead in 1907; Livingston Wadsworth, my especial crony in those days, who died when he was only fourteen, bringing me my first boyish sorrow for a friend; his younger brother, Herbert; my cousin Harry Lee, who died young; another cousin, Samuel Cabot, odd, genial, lovable, who made an unexpected fortune by his own inventions and became a Shakespearean scholar because he was bewitched by the Baconian absurdity. They all seem very vivid and real as I write their names, and it is pleasant to think that these first friendships, made so long ago, remained unbroken except by death.

At Mr. Sullivan's, made memorable to me by the fact that I was there ferruled for the first time, while my friends lurked outside the door to count the blows, and see whether I cried, I remember but few of the boys. I think I lost sight of most of them after our brief two years together, but there were a few whom I first knew there and whom I have known ever since. One was Frank Hubbard, a cousin and an intimate, with whom I shot and fished and travelled, but of whom I saw little in later life, as he did not go to college. A second was Frank Jackson, also a kinsman, who went on with me to my next school and thence to Harvard. A third was George Lyman, a strong, active boy, ready for any sport or adventure; in these later years a leader in our Republican politics, chairman of our State committee, a member of our national committee, and for twelve years collector of the port of Boston. A fourth was Frank Chadwick, a friend and companion at Nahant, with me at my next school and in college, of whom I shall have more to say later. Yet another of them was Russell Sullivan, son of the master, writer of plays and novels and charming stories, a friend long years afterwards of Robert Louis Stevenson, one of my intimates then, sharing my love of the theatre, the most delightful of men and a lifelong friend. Still another intimate of those days, whom I had known from the beginning as a neighbor, was Russell Gray, younger brother of the eminent justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Horace Gray. He was just my age, but like most of his family so phenomenally clever at his books that he was two years ahead of the rest of us, both at school and college. None the less he too has been the friend of a lifetime and he figures largely in the memories of my boyhood. So also do the two Sargents, Horace and Lucius, sons of General H. B. Sargent. Lucius, the younger, became in later years one of my closest and best-loved friends. He was a handsome, gallant boy, and was a gallant and handsome man, full of humor, charm, and fascination.

In thus mentioning a few of the boys whom I knew at the beginning of life, I am led to say something to which I have long desired to give utterance, purely for my own satisfaction, of boys in general and of boy nature, a much misunderstood subject, so far as my observation goes, especially in literature. The misunderstanding arises, I fear, not from ignorance so much as from unwillingness to tell the truth, just as happens in the attempts of literature to describe the lives of young men. Thackeray came nearer to it than any one when he told the story of Pendennis, and yet he did not, and I think he admitted that he did not, dare to tell the whole truth. "There are subjects, my dear," said Major Pendennis to his sister-in-law, "about which a young fellow cannot surely talk to his mamma." It is eminently proper that there should be such a restriction. It is equally true that there are some things that no man says to young girls or to innocent children, but when you assume that literature must be framed according to those restrictions the truth of literature to life is apt to be defective. The episodes in "Pendennis" of Fanny and the Fotheringay and of Warrington's marriage were as far as Thackeray had the courage to go in indicating a side of nearly every man's life which those who write the English language think it due to the great fetich of respectability to suppress. Fielding and Smollett, living in a time of much less "respectability," were more truthful and are now thought coarse, but the nineteenth century in England and America preferred suppression, although, as Mr. George Sampson remarked of the under petticoat: "After all, you know, ma'am, we know it's there." From this attitude there has been of late years a revolt, conducted, unluckily, for the most part by such inferior hands that the result is even less lifelike than when Victorian "respectability" set its burdensome limitations upon all writers. In France they have suffered from the hypocrisy of vice, as in England and the United States from the hypocrisy of virtue, and the result has been nearly as deforming. The youthful Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, is almost as rare among young men as the blameless prig and is as unreal as a hero of the Romantic period like Pelham.

In the same way, although not for the same precise reason perhaps, we have suffered from the *suppressio veri* in regard to boys. The best analysis of boy nature at large that I have ever seen, and I read it long after I had ceased to be a boy, is that of Mr. Howells in "A Boy's Town." This analysis is limited by the fact that it relates to boys in a small country town in a newly settled country, and there is some slight suppression, but the essential features are all set forth. Mr. Howells points out the close resemblance of boys to savages or primitive people as shown by their queer adhesion to meaningless customs, such as doing certain things only at certain times of the year, their odd superstitions wholly unconnected with religion, their loyalty to some code peculiar to themselves and alien to every one else, and their ready hero-worship, often misdirected but at bottom generous and fine. He describes the mad enthusiasm and excitement with which they rush into any new pursuit and the ease with which they tire of it and thrust it aside, lacking, like savages, both foresight and tenacity of purpose, something very different from obstinacy, in which boys abound. All these points are at once subtle and true, speaking, as we must, of boys as a class and not of the exceptional boys who prove the existence of the rule.

Most of these qualities are entirely overlooked by those who have undertaken to write about boys. Consider, for instance, the Jacob Abbott books. Heaven forbid that I should underrate those works, for I read them over and over again, and they had the same unfailing attraction for my children. The charm, I think, consists in the extreme realism of the incidents, a realism so dry and unrelenting that it leaves the greatest of modern realists far behind. It is, however, just this dry realism which children like, although at the same time they adore fairy stories which appeal only to their imagination. But the boys and girls who are the heroes and heroines of these tales, from Rollo down, are, like Dryden's Mexicans, beings who never really existed anywhere on sea or land. To the adult mind they are humorous, but children accept them seriously and are fully content with the matter-of-fact incidents of their lives.

Take another example: a book which was the favorite with all boys of my time, "School Days at Rugby." Up to a certain point no better book describing boys was ever written. Tom Brown and Harry East are real boys, real in their activities, in their habit of regarding the masters as their tribal enemies, in their shirking of lessons, in their courage at games, in their complete lack of any sense of responsibility, in their loyalty to their own code of honor, and in the cheerful paganism of their lives. The story goes to pieces when Arthur appears. When I read the story as a boy I lost all interest after Arthur took control, and revolted against it. I could not analyze my feeling then or explain it, but the reason is obvious enough. To the average healthy boy Arthur appears to be a prig, which he was, and a hypocrite, which he probably was not, but the great defect is that he is unreal and untrue to boy life. Such boys no doubt exist, but they do not convert other boys and send them to head masters to experience a religious revival, because most boys are natural and not artificial. The demon of respectability conjoined with the then prevailing fashion of "muscular Christianity" took this means of marring an otherwise excellent book.

The boys whom I knew, closely resembled Tom Brown and Harry East before they held their camp-meetings with

Doctor Arnold. They were as a rule the reverse of timid; they fought a good deal among themselves and with others; they learned their lessons after a fashion, some very well, some very ill; they had a portentous activity in mischief which occupied much of their time; they had a large and ignorant curiosity as to sexual relations, not morbid, merely characteristic of the young animal; they all tried to smoke and were cured, for the time at least, by being made violently sick, and they had a strict sense of honor according to their own strange code. They were in an odd way intensely conservative. Youth is radical and revolutionary, but the child is conservative. It is not the conservatism of age which knows that changes are inevitable and instinctively bears and resists them. The child contemplates no change. He regards the arrangement of his little world as final and resents any other view. Hence his superstitions and his attachment to certain seasons for certain games or sports. It is interesting to watch a child gradually outgrow these traits of the infancy of the race. The boys I knew loved secrets and useless mystery, and, as Stevenson says in "The Lantern-Bearers," indulged in much "silly and indecent talk"; they were natural idlers, like savages, and, like savages, they had a tendency to be cruel, which disappeared as they grew up and began to think. They were as a rule generous, and they were certainly improvident, again until they began to think, for the absence of connected thought among boys, their inability, to put it more exactly, to think coherently, makes foresight impossible and allies them with savages, who represent the boyhood of the race. Boys, as I knew them—and I speak always of the average and of the majority—were adventurous—an excellent quality—and would run huge risks for trivial objects, which was much less excellent. The boys with whom I lived and played would habitually venture their necks climbing over the roofs of high houses or "shinning" up trees, in the one case for mischief, in the other for birds' eggs. They would run every sort of risk on the water or in it, or when the ice broke up in spring, just for mere excitement. They had an unbridled love of explosives, and few indeed were those who had not burned themselves more or less with gunpowder. I was personally very fortunate in this respect, for I think I was naturally cautious. Except for pitching out backward and head first from an express cart which I had not been invited to enter, and knocking myself senseless on the stones of the gutter, and on another occasion burning all the skin off my hand with a train of gunpowder which I ignited with a view to imprinting my immortal initials on a window-sill, I came off unscathed. Pain from accidents like these boys bear as a rule with savage stoicism, but their moral is very inferior to their physical courage. They shrink from going contrary to the public opinion of their own world, although they will defy that of their elders with a fine indifference. That all men are liars we know upon high if hasty authority, but although boys entangle themselves in deceptions and do not always respect as they ought the division between *meum* and *tuum*, those whom I knew were as a rule fairly truthful, especially to each other, and a boy who broke his word was regarded with marked disfavor and contempt. They also resembled savages or people of a low civilization in their destructiveness. They liked to destroy for the mere pleasure of destruction. A large part of the waking hours of my friends and myself was given up to mere mischief, from ringing door-bells and breaking windows and street-lamps to much more serious undertakings. We were in consequence anything but popular in the neighborhoods which we graced by our presence, and we went in perpetual fear of householders whom we had wantonly injured, and of policemen who, as we fancied, were on a constant lookout for us. I know that, like Mr. Swiveller, the number of streets which were closed to me steadily increased, not as in his case on account of debts, but from the dread of just retribution at the hands of those whose property I had injured.

Such were boys as I knew them, young heathens and little Gallios for the most part, but rarely hypocrites. If the outline I have drawn is not flattering, it is, I believe, correct, and these same boys by a large percentage turned out well and became honest men and useful citizens. I do not believe that they differed much from well-born, well-cared-for boys with the same race traditions anywhere else. They were at least pleasant to live with, if you were one of them, although I can conceive that they might often have been a sore trial to those charged with their bringing up, as well as to other adult persons who had the misfortune to be their neighbors. If they were frequently harsh, or even cruel at times, to the timid or the weak, they had a wholesome dislike of the youthful prig—especially if he was a religious prig—for they felt that such boys must be insincere and they drove them out from among them.

Before I come to my next school I must tell of an incident which befell me at the end of my first decade, and as my life has been singularly destitute of adventures I may be excused for narrating this one. It is not a tale of adventure by flood and field, but of a crime of which I was an involuntary and, as it proved, an important witness.

In the summer of 1860 I was as usual at Nahant, and among my playmates was a boy slightly younger than myself named Charles Allen Thorndike Rice. His father, Mr. Henry Rice, and his aunts, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Guild, were all friends of my father and mother. They lived in summer with their mother, Mrs. Rice, and with the many children of the household I habitually played. The young

Grants and Guilds I had always known. Allen Rice was a new acquaintance and much prized by me. To explain the situation I must first state some facts which were not known to me at the time. Mr. Henry Rice's marriage had been an unhappy one, and he and his wife had recently been divorced in Maryland, where he then lived. The Maryland court had awarded the custody of the child to Mr. Rice. When Mr. Rice came to Massachusetts for the summer his former wife applied for a writ of habeas corpus in order to get possession of the boy. Judge Bigelow of the Supreme Court, in an elaborate opinion, delivered on August 1, 1860, gave the custody of the child unconditionally to his father. Mrs. Rice, who was a passionate and determined woman, was bent on gaining possession of her son and had already made one attempt to abduct him. Charlie Rice, as I called him, was always accompanied by a negro servant, a powerful man, named Jackson, which seemed to me odd, but which in the easy fashion of childhood I accepted without question. As a matter of fact, the negro was armed and was there to protect the child. He was always with him except in the house or when the boy was at school. The only moment, therefore, when it was practicable to kidnap the child was when he was actually in school, which I suppose his father thought impossible, but which, as it turned out, was just the occasion when the abduction was effected.

The school in question was a small one, kept by a Mr. Fette, and lasted only for two or three hours in the morning. It was not considered necessary that I should improve my mind by lessons in summer, a deprivation which I bore with philosophy, but as most of my friends enjoyed this educational advantage I was in the habit of going to the school about noon and waiting at the door for them to come out. The school was held in a church, a building of the Greek temple type, with a Doric portico after the fashion of the first years of the nineteenth century, when classical buildings were much in vogue. So one fine summer morning (Saturday, August 4, three days after the decree of the court) I seated myself at the base of one of the aforesaid columns to await the escape of my companions from their prison-house, which was to occur in a few minutes. I was not a conspicuous figure in the landscape, but I was an idle and observant one. As I sat there, looking up and down the quiet and perfectly empty country road—for Nahant was a small place in those days, and the great hotel, of which I have before spoken, had failed and was closed—my wandering attention was attracted by a buggy, rapidly driven, which passed the church and went on to the end of the road. There it turned and came back, turned again and repeated the same movement. My father was a lover and owner of horses and, as I shall explain later, I had a fine natural taste for horses myself. The horse in this particular buggy caught my eye and I set him down as very handsome and very fast.

Meanwhile I noticed another buggy which had stopped farther down the road without coming to the church at all. From this second buggy two men alighted, walked up the street and stopped on the corner opposite the church. Idly watching them I noticed that one was a smooth-faced, dark-skinned young man with black hair and that the other was a stoutly built, older man, with reddish hair and beard. Just as I was looking at them the first buggy came back and drew up in front of the church close to where I was sitting. A large man with brown hair, mustache, and flowing whiskers of the style made famous by Lord Dundreary jumped out, the other two men crossed over, and all three rushed into the church. In a moment, as it seemed to me, the large man with the whiskers came out with Allen Rice in his arms, put him into the buggy, drew the boot over him, and drove away at top speed. Another moment and the other two men ran out and up the street toward their buggy, with the schoolmaster, his Newfoundland dog, his pupils, and I all in hot pursuit. The men reached their buggy and got away before we could overtake them, and that was the last I saw of Allen Rice for nearly twenty years. His mother disguised him as a girl, and after some narrow escapes managed to reach Florida, where it was possible to conceal the child, and thence contrived to make her way to England, where young Rice was educated, going, I believe, to Oxford. As for me, I went home from the scene of action full of excitement and told all I had seen to my family, for it had naturally made a profound impression upon my little mind. That night as I was going to bed I heard voices outside the house, and listening attentively distinguished Mr. Rice saying something to my father which sounded like "Cabot knowing all about it." What this might portend I did not know, but I remember a slight feeling of anxiety similar to that most familiar sensation which was wont to beset me when I thought that some scrape of mine was on the eve of discovery. Little did I realize what importance I had suddenly assumed, but the fact was that I was the only person who had got a good look at the large man and who was capable of identifying him, because the other two men, when they seized the schoolmaster, had kept themselves between him and the captor of the boy.

Two or three days later I was taken to Boston by my father. We proceeded to the Charles Street Jail, where we met Mr. Rice and some detectives. I was told to walk around the whole range of cells, look into each and if I saw any one of the three men engaged in the abduction at Nahant, to point him out. I walked around as I was bidden, looking into some forty cells and some very evil faces. When I reached the last cell, number one, I stopped and said: "That is the man who took Charlie." As he had meantime shaved off his hair, mustache, and whiskers, the identification was unusually prompt and complete. The man's name was Nickerson. He was a livery-stable keeper, and he had been employed by Mrs. Rice and her mother, who had become by a second marriage Mrs. Bourne, and who was a woman of large wealth, to kidnap the child. There was no telegraph from Nahant in those days, and no police, so that by driving straight to Boston the kidnappers had four miles or half an hour's start. With great speed Boston could be reached over the road in a little more than an hour, although the distance was fifteen miles, but in this way the train and the delay at the Lynn station were avoided. Nickerson had taken a well-known trotting-horse which belonged to one of his customers and which was valued at twenty-five hundred dollars, a large sum in those days, and in this way he got the boy to Boston before the news reached any one capable of action. Incidentally, as I remember, he killed the horse by overdriving, and Mrs. Bourne I suppose paid for it.

The reddish-haired man was named Smith and was a hack-driver in the employ of Nickerson. He was arrested and identified by Mr. Fette, although I also subsequently identified him in court. The third man was never caught. I remember being taken one day by the chief detective to a shop where rope and twine were sold. On the way he said: "Now you are my little boy. We are going to buy some kite string, and I want you to look well at the young man who sells it to us and tell me if you saw him at Nahant." I was delighted to buy kite string and carried out my share of the plot perfectly. The salesman was young, dark-haired, and smooth-faced, but he was not the third man. I told my pretended father so as we walked off, the ball of kite string tight under my arm. He seemed disappointed, but I think it gave him confidence in my other identifications, as showing that I had a decided memory. The third man, as I have said, was never taken, and I have no doubt that this participant was Mrs. Rice herself, for she was entirely reckless, and her presence was probably necessary to make sure that the right boy was picked up in the scramble.

Then came the proceedings of the law. I went before a grand jury and told my story. There was a technical flaw in the indictment and I went before another grand jury and told it again. Then, nearly eighteen months after the kidnapping, the case came on for trial at Lawrence, one of the county seats of Essex County. Up to that time I had enjoyed myself hugely. I had been treated as a person of importance. I liked to go about with detectives and visit jails and buy kite string in an assumed character, and tell my story to a few grand jury men in a quiet, empty room, and then pocket witness fees which represented a large amount of wealth to me at that time. But when it came to facing a crowded court-room it was a different matter. My imagination had time to work, and as the day approached I became very nervous and thought that I should break down. My father was ill and could not go with me, but he promised me that if I told my story well, as I had told it to him, and behaved creditably on the witness-stand, he would give me a gold watch. Even this alluring prospect did not cheer me, and I went with my mother to Lawrence and sat trembling in the witness-room in a very doleful frame of mind. At last I was called, went out into the crowded court-room, took the stand, and was sworn. The scene rises vividly before me, for I seemed like a drowning man to see everything at once—Nickerson and Smith, whom I immediately recognized, judge and jury, counsel and spectators. It was a brilliant winter's day, and the court-room seemed full of light and people. For the first time I noticed how differently a crowd looks when you are one of the crowd, and when you are the object of the crowd's concentrated gaze. Mr. Ives, the district attorney, a very clever man, examined me in chief—that is, he let me tell my story, which I did honestly I know, and clearly I think, without either diminution or embroidery. I had a good memory, the facts to which I was to testify had made a sharp impression, and I had also told the tale many times. Mrs. Bourne (or Mrs. Rice) had employed strong counsel for the defence: Judge Abbott and Mr. Charles Blake, then a rising man at the Boston bar. Mr. Blake cross-examined me. He did not shake my story, for there was nothing that could be shaken, so he resorted to an old device to confuse me. He asked me where the second buggy stood. That I told him exactly. Then: "Was the curtain in the back up or down? How far away was it? Was it fifty yards? Was it seventy-five? Might it have been a hundred yards?" and so on. To all which I replied truthfully: "I don't know." Suddenly I heard a deep voice on my right say: "Mr. Blake, I think that will do. It is perfectly evident that the boy is telling the truth." It was the judge—Judge Lord, very well known in his day; a man of sharp wit and rough tongue, called in capital cases a "hanging judge"; respected but feared by the bar and afterward raised to the Supreme Bench of the State. He was a strong and able judge and a sound lawyer. He may have been rough with members of the bar, but he was very kind to me. At all events, he ended Mr. Blake and I left the stand. I had hardly reached the witness-room when I burst into tears—I was only eleven—and said: "Oh, I made a mistake; I must go back," and without waiting I rushed again into the court-room, where, regardless of everybody, I addressed the judge, whom I looked upon as my next friend, and said: "I made one mistake. May I correct it?" "Certainly, my boy," said Judge Lord; "say anything you please." So I corrected the mistake, which I have entirely forgotten—it was something quite trivial—and then left the court-room for the second time, much elated.

In due course I received my watch, an English Frodsham with a hunting-case, which I began to wear when I was eighteen and have worn ever since, and which had my name and the date of the trial engraved on the inside. Mr. Rice also gave me a seal ring, so that I felt very proud of my performance and very rich owing to my witness fees, which, as I have said, represented to me at that time untold wealth. Nickerson and Smith were convicted and got seven years apiece, which they avoided by jumping their heavy bail furnished by Mrs. Bourne, and thoughtfully betaking themselves to Canada. That I might have incurred their hostility, for I was a fatal witness, did not occur to me at the time, but some years afterwards, curiously enough, it came over me that they might return, the last thing they would or could have done, and take an exemplary revenge upon my precious person. This gave me some uneasy moments, especially at night just before going to sleep. I suppose those two men never thought of me again, except as a bit of ill luck in their estimable careers. The hero of the little drama came again into my life many years later. Returning from Europe Allen Rice bought the *North American Review*, and converting that sober quarterly into a monthly, filled it with conspicuous names, articles of current interest, and made it very successful financially and for the purposes of its editor. He took an active interest in politics, was a strong Republican and a warm admirer of Mr. Blaine. By President Harrison he was appointed minister to Russia, and died suddenly in New York just on the eve of his departure for his new post. I saw Allen Rice on various occasions, dined at his house and wrote for his *Review*. He seemed glad to renew the acquaintance of boyhood, and we came together like old friends who despite this fact had never met before and had no past in common. The incidents connected with our last sight of each other were, I need hardly say, never alluded to.

The court-room at Lawrence was my first appearance in public. I have faced many audiences since then, but none which I have dreaded, and very few where my utterances were so efficient in immediate results as they were at this trial. It was my first and last appearance as a witness in court.

CHAPTER V

BOYHOOD—MY LAST SCHOOL: 1860–1867

In 1861 I left Mr. Sullivan's and went to Mr. Dixwell's private Latin school, where I was to be prepared in due time for college. Mr. Dixwell had been head master of the Public Latin school, the famous and historic school founded in Boston at the very beginning of the Puritan settlement. He had left that position to establish a school of his own, in which undertaking he was highly and deservedly successful. For five years he was a very important figure in my daily life, and I remember him well both at that time and afterwards. I regarded him then, of course, as a tribal enemy with whom there was necessarily perpetual war; but I am sure that I always respected him, which was by no means true of some of my other masters, both in school and college. Mr. Dixwell was a direct descendant of John Dixwell, the regicide, who sensibly took refuge in Connecticut when the estimable Charles II came to the throne. I have thought since, perhaps fancifully, that a certain stiffness and rigidity which were observable in my master, who was a good deal of a martinet and given to severe sarcasm at the expense of stupid or disorderly boys, may have been inherited from his conspicuously Puritan ancestor, who had passed sentence of death upon a king. But what I never doubted was that Mr. Dixwell was a thorough gentleman, albeit a rigorous one, and that he was also a scholar and an accomplished man. I can see him now, a slight, active figure, walking briskly into the school in the morning, always most carefully although quietly dressed, and then mounting the platform and calling the school to order in a clear, dry voice. I looked upon him with hostility owing to our official relations, but that hostility was tempered, as I have said, with respect and also with a little fear. He exercised, I am sure, a good influence upon me, for he had no patience with slovenliness of mind; he also taught well, as I found when I reached the top of the school and came under him. He was an especially good critic and instructor in declamation, which occurred once a month, and was an exercise in which I began very badly and ended by doing very well, finally winning the highest marks, thanks to my master's ministrations. I am sure that I write dispassionately of Mr. Dixwell, for I was never in favor with him, and indeed there was no reason why I should have been. The first year that I was in the school, mainly I think to gratify my father, I worked hard and came out first in my class and third in a school of over fifty boys. I found in an old school-book belonging to my friend Sturgis Bigelow a list of the class at that time with appropriate comments appended to each name by some other youth. These comments were without exception unfavorable, and I was described as "A miserable little dig," an unfeigned tribute to my scholastic eminence, which I soon ceased to deserve, for my high rank ended with that first year. I found that I could do "well enough" with very little effort, and as very little effort suited my tastes I stood "well enough" during the rest of my school years, but never again upon the high places; while on the conduct list, in company with one or two other choice spirits, I sank to the bottom, a pre-eminence which I readily maintained.

I received the usual amount of what was then called education, and which was certainly quite as good as what is called education now. The old system was in force. We spent a great deal of time on the Latin and Greek grammars and mastered them thoroughly. We learned to read and write Latin and to read Greek with reasonable ease, going as far as Virgil, Horace, and Cicero in the one and in the other concluding with Felton's Greek Reader, which contained selections from nearly all the principal poets and prose-writers of Greece. To show the range of Felton's selections I will merely mention that when I was examined for admission to Harvard I was called upon to construe the famous fragment of Simonides describing Danaë in the chest. In addition to the classics we were drilled in algebra and plane geometry, and were given a smattering of French as well as a course in Greek and Roman history. That we should learn anything of modern history or of the history of our own country was thought quite needless.

All those dreary hours spent over the Latin and Greek grammars seemed then a waste of time, and yet as mere discipline they were, I think, as good as anything else, and gave at least a solid foundation upon which to build a knowledge of the classics if the recipient were so inclined. Sturgis Bigelow said to me not long ago: "After all, we were pretty well educated. We learned to swim and ride, to box and fence and handle a boat." As a commentary upon our education nothing could be better. We really learned "to swim and ride, to box and fence and handle a boat," quite apart from school, and they were all things well worth learning. We also made many enduring friendships in the school which went on through life. Among the boys whom I saw most at Mr. Dixwell's were Frank Chadwick, who had been with me at Mr. Sullivan's, destined to be an artist, then and now one of the most delightful of companions, a friend of much earlier days, and a neighbor at Nahant, as I have already said; Frank Amory, one of my lifelong friends, whom I had known more or less before, but now we sat on the same bench, and when we went to college we roomed together for the last three years; Edward Burgess, dead in his prime, distinguished later as an entomologist, and still later of world-wide fame as a great yacht designer. There too was William Lawrence, now Bishop of Massachusetts, whom I had also known before, but at Mr. Dixwell's school we were to sit side by side for six years, as we did later for four more years in college. It would take too long to name the many others above and below me in the school whom I first met then and with whom I became intimate. It is more interesting to try at least to give an account of what Gyas and Cloanthus did than simply to catalogue the fact that they existed and were strong.

Bigelow's description of our real education was in the main correct; it was largely physical and very enjoyable. We all swam at an early age, and at Nahant we passed most of our time in the water or on it, for we also at an early age learned to row and to sail a boat. Swimming was the favorite amusement. We would strip and plunge in anywhere and at any time. I well remember one occasion when some of my friends and I, having partaken of a heavy luncheon at my house, were just leaving the table; my father asked what we were going to do. We replied that we were going in swimming. There was protest from the older persons present, who had a queer elderly idea that violent exercise, and especially swimming, immediately after eating was likely to produce unfortunate results. Finally my father said: "Go and ask Doctor Bigelow; if he does not object you may go in." Off we hastened to Doctor Bigelow, who was then living near-by. We found him and put our question. He looked at us with a quizzical smile and said: "I should not do it myself, but nothing hurts boys. Yes, you may go in." So we ran off, thinking Doctor Bigelow a very wise man despite the fact that he was old, and straightway went in swimming.

No evil results followed. The diagnosis was accurate. "O fortunati nimium!" If boys could only realize the inestimable good fortune of being a young, healthy, growing animal perhaps they would cherish it more than they do. The swimming was also accompanied by the joy of lying naked on the warm rocks under the hot sun, and thus gradually tanning our skins a dark brown. Later in college there was much competition among the studious youth in coloring as black as possible clay or meerschaum pipes, but it was far better sport to color our skins in the air and sunlight, as well as infinitely more healthful.

I do not remember the exact time when I first had a sailboat, but it must have been when I was about thirteen years old, and I had a boatman who went with me and taught me, and from whose guardianship I was, as a matter of course, eager to escape. One day Frank Chadwick and I were out with him, and he, wishing to go ashore, tied the boat up at the wharf and departed, after making us promise to wait just where we were. The promise broke as soon as the boatman was out of sight, and we cast off and began tacking back and forth in the bay. While thus pleasantly and happily engaged to our own complete satisfaction a big New York yacht, *The Idler*, came in, and as she was running wing and wing, her great sails took all the wind out of our little one just as we were crossing her course. We lost steerageway, and *The Idler* saw us too late to sheer off. We beheld Fate rushing upon us, knew not what to do and did nothing. I saw a gentleman whom I knew, Mr. William Otis, run up to the bow of *The Idler*. He recognized us and called out "Jump overboard!" Having no views of my own, over I went and Chadwick after me, our little boat being swept aside by the yacht and not seriously injured. I remember a bad moment before I rose to the surface, when it flashed over me that I might come up under the yacht; but in an instant I had my head out of water, saw the big black hull gliding by, and then was quite at my ease. We paddled about and were picked up in a few minutes, and I remember Mr. Otis saying that he had alarmed the people on the yacht when he told us to jump overboard, but as he knew very well that in the water we should be quite safe he did it without hesitation. I and my friends soon learned to sail a boat very competently, and later I became the owner of a little sloop upon which I passed many hours every summer until I left college.

We boys in those days went also much into the country, for there was real country then within easy reach of Boston, and we gave many spare hours to walks and expeditions of various sorts, often, I am sorry to say, in pursuit of birds' eggs, to which we were wont to devote our Saturdays and holidays. Then later we went shooting on the cape and elsewhere, and some of us, like Bigelow and Chadwick, became capital shots, which I never did, although I gave a great deal of time to both the shotgun and the rifle. These weapons were put into our hands very early, as it seems to me, and, as I guess, through the influence of Doctor Bigelow.

Altogether, when I look back upon it I think that we had a great deal of vigorous outdoor life, which is better than many forms of education. We also played all games assiduously—football, baseball, hockey, and the rest, varied in winter by coasting, skating, and savage snowball fights on the Common with boys from the South End and the back of Beacon Hill, whom we called "muckers," and who usually defeated us owing purely to superior numbers, as I have always religiously believed. I was never very apt or successful at these games and sports except in steering a double-runner which I had built and planned myself and which I managed with skill, but I engaged in them all with the utmost energy, and that, after all, is the really important thing. The merit of athletic sports is not what they bring to the nines and elevens and eights who are pictured and advertised in the newspapers. Indeed, to the champions I am inclined to think that they are often harmful, both from the physical strain and the fleeting notoriety. The true value of athletic sports is to the average boy like myself, who never arrives at any distinction, but who in this way learns to like rough-and-tumble games and to be fond of vigorous and wholesome exercise and of outdoor life.

I have left to the last the form of outdoor sport which I liked best at the beginning and which has been my friend and my enjoyment all through my life, and that is riding. My father owned and drove fast trotting-horses and also rode regularly with my sister, so that we always had a stable full of horses of various kinds. As far back as I can remember I used to be put upon one of my father's or sister's horses and allowed to ride it round the yard at Nahant. Then came riding lessons in Boston under the instruction of Mr. Thuolt, a follower of Kossuth, a living and very robust reminder of the nearness of the great year of 1848. He was a Hungarian and had served in the Austrian cavalry, a tall, large, fine-looking man, very kind to small boys. He also gave us lessons in the broadsword, and I kept for a long time the wooden representative of that weapon with which I used to practise the cuts and passes.

At last, in 1861, my father gave me a horse of my own. He was a small horse, as big as a polo-pony, of pure Morgan stock, the famous Vermont strain, very handsome, very spirited, very fast in all gaits, and very intelligent. He learned to know me as if he had been a dog, and would do anything I asked of him. I was, as I have said, fond of firearms and I trained "Pip"—he was named Pip because my father said I had such "Great Expectations" of him—to stand so that I could fire a pistol from his back, which not only satisfied my sense of the general fitness of things, as derived from Mayne Reid, but also enabled me on one occasion to kill a dangerous dog which used to spring out at me on a certain country road. I cannot resist saying as much as this about one of the best and best-loved friends of my boyhood. I rode him for many years, and when I outgrew him drove him in a light wagon. He lived to a ripe age; he was never "sick or sorry" for a day, so far as I remember, and he never refused a fence or declined to go anywhere when I asked him, either to take a jump or to follow me.

The epoch-making summer when Pip was presented to me was also marked by the fact that we passed it at Newport instead of at Nahant. I think my father had an idea of buying a house there and wanted to try the place for a summer. But that which makes Newport in 1861 truly memorable to me is that there I really learned to ride, for when I had got a firm seat Parker, our English coachman, put up some bars in the lane behind our house and taught me to jump, for which I have always held him in grateful remembrance. Newport itself was not to my taste at that time. Its character and its life were much the same then as now, but the scale of living was far more modest. The great houses and small palaces of the Newport of to-day had then no existence, although there were some handsome villas, the most considerable being that of Mr. Bareda, the Peruvian minister, which, with its terrace, excited my youthful admiration. Bellevue Avenue was not yet entirely built up. Bateman's Point was reached by a long country drive among outlying farms destitute of houses, and everything else was proportionate. The bathing was the same as now; the gayety, the society, the "dull, mechanic pacing to and fro" which was called driving on the avenue, were all much as they are at the present time. There was a great deal of fine dressing, an abundance of handsome horses and carriages from four-in-hands down, and all the paraphernalia which have since been developed to such an amazing degree. But if the scale was smaller in those days there was, I believe, better taste as well as less vulgarity and ostentation than are seen there to-day. The large hotels with which every American watering-place has begun its career were not yet extinct. The Ocean House, the Fillmore, and the Bellevue were still in active existence, but the Atlantic House was being prepared, I think, for midshipmen, as, owing to the war, the Academy was to be transferred from Annapolis to Newport. The Academy was not formally transferred until October, 1861, but the midshipmen were at Fort Adams, I believe, and when I was again in Newport, in 1864, they were occupying the old Atlantic Hotel.

How my family enjoyed their summer there I do not know, but I regarded Newport with great disfavor. I missed my friends, I disliked the artificial life, I preferred the rocks of Nahant and deep water to swimming in bathing clothes from a flat beach. I found some compensation in catching bluefish and in sailing about the harbor, but the alleviation was slight. It was therefore with joy that I returned to Boston, especially as the vacation was not quite over and I was able to go to Nahant for a few days' stay at our gardener's house, which I particularly liked to do, and pass my days with Chadwick. While I was there, on the night of September 11, the huge wooden barrack of a hotel with which Mr. Paran Stevens had intended to convert Nahant into a fashionable watering-place took fire and burned to the ground. A very splendid fire it was, seen far up and down the coast and by distant vessels out at sea as it blazed up on its lonely promontory. I say politely "took fire," but the hotel had been wholly unoccupied for some weeks, and I fear it may be said, as General Butler remarked of the baking machinery, "It was a failure and of course it burned." The hotel had failed utterly, and Mr. Paran Stevens, as Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, said to me years afterwards, "got out in what is civilly called an adroit manner," leaving his partners with the property and the debts. After the fire the estate came on the market and my father made an effort to induce some of his friends in Nahant to join in buying it in order to rebuild the old small hotel. The attempt came to nothing, because in that war-time nobody wished to buy Nahant land, so my father bought it himself, gave up all idea of going to Newport, and began to prepare the place for his own house. He did not live to carry out his plans, but in later years my sister and I built our houses there, left our old villa which belonged to my grandfather, and have lived at East Point ever since.

My account of sports and outdoor life has led me to Newport and back to the Nahant hotel fire, but I would not have it supposed, as I wish to give all the influences which were at work on my life, that I had no other occupation than sports and athletics, supplemented by general mischief and destructiveness in my idler moments.

There was, in the first place, one occupation neither athletic nor physical in its nature from which I derived much excitement, a great deal of amusement, and I venture to think some real information and instruction. This was going to the theatre, for which I came by accident to have unusual opportunities. The first time I was ever taken to the theatre was to see the pantomime and ballet of "Cinderella." I remember the scene of the kitchen and the child by the fire, then the pumpkin turning into a coach, and then nothing more. I was told long afterwards that at that point I fell heavily asleep, and in that condition was carried home and put to bed. But after this first broken recollection, the date of which I cannot fix definitely, theatrical memories grow very numerous. Those which fill the largest space relate, of course, to the Ravels, the famous brothers, four at first, and then gradually dwindling as each retired until only one remained. The rope-dancing and tumbling, the athletic feats, and the ballets, which formed part of the performances, were like everybody else's, and although they filled my childhood with wonder I have seen all these things done a thousand times, and done much better and with greater difficulties and larger risks. But the Ravels themselves in their pantomimes I have never seen equalled, and I have watched such performances carefully in many places. Their agility, their humor, their dumb show were not only perfect in themselves, but of extraordinary dramatic quality. Any one who recalls François or Gabriel in the two little plays entitled "Pongo" and "Jocko," or the "Wonderful Apes," will understand what I mean, for in those impersonations it was not the feats of dexterity and agility which they performed, but the acting which impressed one most. Antoine Ravel was the best and most comic clown I have ever seen, and I have seen many. All his fun, too, was in pantomime, so that he had to amuse his audience solely by action and play of feature, without the aid of the aged, clumsy, and sometimes coarse jokes of the clown of the circus ring. In the "Magic Trumpet" and the "White Knight" he was especially effective, but I also remember being thrilled by the exciting scenes of "Bianco," by "Raoul, or the Magic Star," by "Robert Macaire," and by "Mazulm, or the Night Owl," all long since vanished from every stage.

The first serious play I ever witnessed was "Julius Cæsar." My grandfather took me to see it at the Howard Athenæum, because he said that I ought to see that play when given by such a company. I was very young at the time, but I enjoyed it all hugely and was deeply stirred. It was indeed a remarkable cast. E. L. Davenport, a first-rate actor of the old school, was Brutus, Edwin Booth was Cassius, Lawrence Barrett was Mark Antony, and John McCullough was Cæsar. They were all young men except Davenport, and all rose to the first rank, Booth, of course, being the greatest and even then the star. I did not fall asleep that afternoon, and every part of the performance is as vivid to me as if it were yesterday. I have seen the play many times since, but I doubt if it has ever been given better than on that occasion, so memorable to me as my first experience of a great play worthily enacted. Brutus and Cassius, of course, impressed me most, but I have never forgotten Antony in a green toga delivering the great oration. How well Barrett did it I do not know, but I remember that it made me eager to join the Roman mob and avenge the death of Cæsar on the spot.

My father and grandfather took me to see the Ravels and Shakespeare, and having thus acquired a taste for the theatre I soon began to gratify it independently. Those were the days of stock companies, of standard plays, and of changing bills. "Long runs" had not yet become predominant, and the stage was not then filled, as it so largely is to-day, with comic operas of various degrees of inanity, with variety shows and exhibitions of chorus girls' figures and dresses, or of the absence of both. The Boston Museum had an excellent stock company, the chief figure in which was William Warren, a comedian of the best school and highest order. He was finest in high comedy, but he was also admirable in farces; and many a one by Morton, whose debt to Labiche I did not then realize, have I seen him give. I must not, however, confuse early recollections with the later ones of a time when I was better able to appreciate Warren's delightful art. What I preferred in those young days was melodrama. I discovered that a seat in the gallery cost only twelve and one-half cents, or ninepence, as it was called at that time, and many a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, in company with Frank Jackson or Russell Sullivan, whose fondness for the drama corresponded with mine, did I betake myself to the somewhat heated atmosphere of the upper regions of the Museum and revel in the performance of "Jeanie Deans" or the "Colleen Bawn." Those happen to be the plays which recur to me most vividly, although I do not know exactly why it should be so. In thinking of the former I still feel a thrill when I recall the scene on the heath or that in which Jeanie meets Queen Caroline. Perhaps my affection for Scott made the play clearer to me. As to the "Colleen Bawn," we were so captivated by it that Russell Sullivan and I rigged up some scenery in my play-room and there gave an abbreviated version of Mr. Boucicault's work, consisting chiefly of the attempted drowning of the Colleen Bawn and her rescue by Myles na Coppaleen, or "Myles of the Ponies," as the play-bill carefully informed those who were so unfortunate as to be unfamiliar with the Irish language. In this performance Russell Sullivan, destined to write for the stage more than one successful play, took the part of the Colleen and I played that of Myles. Who was induced to take the necessary part of the villain, Danny Mann, I do not recall, but nothing less than the hero satisfied me, and as the proprietor of the theatre I laid claim to it. The audiences I think were small, consisting of a few other boys and friendly servants, but I am sure that the drowning and rescue with the plunge of Myles into the water, represented by parallel strips of paper of proper color as on the stage, gave great satisfaction to the performers, if to no one else.

I have indeed very tender recollections of the old Museum as the source of many pleasures. It had, besides the theatre, a real museum filled with all sorts of curiosities, strange pictures, and oddities of every kind brought chiefly from Polynesia and Africa. The museum part served to soothe the susceptibilities of persons from the country who thought it wrong to go to a theatre but not to a museum. If a theatrical performance happened to be going on within the precincts of a museum these worthy people could under that condition witness it without endangering their spiritual or moral welfare. All along the front of the museum building ran three or four rows of lights, gas-burners in white globes, and thus illuminated it seemed to me a place of splendor and enchantment, full of a vast promise of strange and mysterious delights. When the building was torn down, some years since, I felt a real pang at the disappearance of those lights, for I knew that no others existed or ever would exist which could give me the same sensations or awaken the same fascinating associations. Just before the final disappearance of the building I noticed one day, as I was passing by, the red flag of the auctioneer. I dropped in and found that the old properties of the theatre were being sold. It was a strange collection: worn-out dresses of velvet and tinsel in which courtiers had once strutted in brief and gas-lit brilliancy, musty costumes of peasants, old guns, halberds, drums, and all the panoply of mock war, pasteboard goblets from which the gilding had dropped away, a strange and motley collection, sordid, worn, dirty, valueless. I thought how often these melancholy relics must in their day have dazzled and deceived my eyes, and I confess I turned away with sad reflections in my heart and a wish that I had for a moment the gift of Charles Lamb so that I might have done justice to all these poor old vanities and pretences, dusty and decayed, lying there in the harsh, unsparing light of day, and to the tender sentiment, the pleasant memories which they inspired in at least one of those who were idly looking at them in the hour when they were despised and rejected of men.

Let me not forget here another species of performance far removed from the legitimate drama in which I took an almost equal interest. This was the negro-minstrel show, for that was the heyday of negro minstrels. They had regular and permanent establishments in all the large cities. The one in Boston was that of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, and many an hour have I passed in their intellectual society, to the great detriment of my limited pocket-money. "Billy" Morris, the "bones" of the company, I think, was one of the well-known figures of Boston. He was a tall man, with the largest black mustache I ever saw on a human being. He dressed in the most resplendent manner, with a huge diamond cluster pin in his shirt-front, and I used to stare at him, when I passed him in the street, with no little interest and admiration. He was most gorgeous and conspicuous in winter. Sleighing, when good, was one of the favorite winter amusements of Boston, and there was a great deal of racing on the old Brighton Road, where some very fast trotting was indulged in. That road on a good day was one of the sights of the town, and we boys used often to go there either legally in a family sleigh or on foot, or quite illegally by "cutting on behind" the sleighs of other people. All the sporting men and owners of fast horses were there to be seen, but none was so brilliant as "Billy" Morris in black furs driving a very fast horse, and with his great mustache, which looked like part of the furs, visible from a long distance.

All that I have thus far written of my early theatrical experiences relates to the period preceding that supposed to be covered by this chapter, and it was also before 1860 that an event happened which gave me the unusual opportunities of which I spoke at the outset. The Boston Theatre was built in 1853–54 by a company composed wholly, I think, of gentlemen who desired to have a place where operas, for the performance of which no suitable building then existed, could be given. The return to the shareholders on their investment was to be in the form of seats, as is the case with many opera-houses. The subscribers carried out their project on the most generous scale and built one of the largest theatres in the world. It seated over three thousand people, and had a really superb stage, exceeding in width and depth, I believe, any then existing. The theatre was also amply provided with lobbies and foyers, and possessed two large exits on a level with the street. The acoustic properties were perfect; Joseph Jefferson said, when he first tried it for "Rip Van Winkle," that he could "hear his whisper creep round the walls." The proprietors, knowing that it would have to be both theatre and opera-house, built it without boxes in order to save space. The new theatre was, in fact, everything that it should have been, but it did not succeed. Boston could only support grand opera for a few weeks even at the comparatively modest prices of those days, and for a stock company, which, after the prevailing fashion, was to occupy the stage during the rest of the year, it was far too large and could not be filled by them sufficiently to pay. At all events, whatever the reason, the theatre fell into financial difficulties. In this state of affairs my father was chosen president of the board of directors, and although, like every one else, he only owned a few shares, and although he was already burdened with too many heavy business cares, he threw himself into the work of saving the theatre with his wonted zeal and energy.

His theory was that the only way to make the theatre self-sustaining was to let it out to the travelling companies for a few weeks at a time, and especially to those which produced pantomimes, melodramas, or spectacles requiring a large stage. In this way he thought that the theatre could be maintained at the minimum of expense and with an assurance of a constant variety which would fill the house. As with most innovations, there was an anxious period at the outset, but some time before he died the theatre was paying, and the same system pursued under subsequent ownership has made it very profitable down to the present day.

My father's thus taking control of the theatre not only gave me free entrance to all performances and to the directors' box, but enabled me to extend my operations to every part of the theatre. Together with my friend Sturgis Bigelow, who had tastes in this respect just like my own, I quickly established close alliances with all the employees of the theatre, and especially with the keeper of the stage-door and the property-man, so that we were soon as familiar behind the scenes as in front of the curtain. One of the companies most popular at that period was a hybrid organization which combined circus and drama—drama of a large, scenic, and spectacular kind in which horses played a conspicuous part. The performance opened with a regular circus, for the stage was large enough to accommodate a ring, and then followed the play. The two plays I remember best were the "Cataract of the Ganges" and "Tippoo Sahib." The former culminated in the heroine's escape from the wicked priests by way of the falls, down which real water flowed and which nature had arranged with low steps so that an educated horse could gallop up them. "Tippoo Sahib" was a thrilling presentation of the criminal career of that monarch, including live elephants in the procession, and the final capture of his stronghold by a charge of cavalry after the manner of Lord Peterborough's famous exploit in Spain, only more exact and realistic. These dramatic works I witnessed many times, but the occasion I remember best was at a performance of the

"Cataract of the Ganges," when Bigelow and I hid ourselves behind the canvas statue of some Indian god and watched the scene in the cave from that point of vantage, peeping out around the edges of the flat and deceptive deity to look at the audience.

We also took advantage of our opportunities not only by wandering about behind the scenes, examining the stage machinery and learning to make thunder and red fire, but by seeing some excellent plays and much good acting. There was at that period (1861–63) a very strong company organized by Henry Jarrett and also an independent combination formed by some of the best actors of the day who divided the profits among themselves and were not engaged or controlled by any manager. In these two companies were John Gilbert and Mark Smith, J. W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport, L. R. Shewell, George Vandenhoff, W. R. Blake, Thomas Placide, John E. Owens, William Wheatleigh, who played the young heroes, Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. Skerritt, and others. They were all good actors and brought out the old comedies and some more recent ones with an evenness of excellence which is very rare. I then saw not only the "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "She Stoops to Conquer," which may still be seen at intervals even now, but many others like "Speed the Plough," "The Heir at Law," "London Assurance," "Jane Shore," "Money," "The Poor Gentleman," "The Toodles," "The Serious Family," "The Hunchback," "The Road to Ruin," and "Wild Oats," all of which I am sorry to say seem to have disappeared entirely. I also saw, but not at that time, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," with Davenport as Sir Giles Overreach. He played the part better than any one except Booth, and quite as well, I think, as Booth. It was a good bit of education to have seen all these old comedies well given before their final departure from the stage, for they possessed, as a rule, literary as well as dramatic merit, and literature is more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence on the popular stage of to-day. There are, of course, good modern plays, quite equal to and often better than many of these old comedies, but they do not command the popular stage to the same degree as the old comedies did in my boyhood. This I think is true in England as well as in the United States, although it must be confessed that our theatres have sunk lower, certainly have declined, in the character of their performances more universally than the English.

At the same time Wheatleigh brought out the first part of "Henry IV," taking the part of Prince Hal himself, and with Hackett as Falstaff—the best Falstaff of the day. I remember few plays which interested me more as a boy, and I wish it were played oftener. It connects itself in my mind also with the excitement of the war-time. On every bill and poster announcing the play were printed the King's words after the fight at Shrewsbury:

> "Rebellion in the land shall lose his sway,
> Meeting the check of such another day.
> And since this business so fair is done,
> Let us not leave till all our own be won."

When delivered on the stage these lines were greeted with rounds of applause, and in the same way the audiences would receive with cheers and shouts the King's fierce utterance in "Richard III":

> "Cold friends to me!
> What do they in the north,
> When they should serve their sovereign in the west?"

Less thrilling but very amusing was John E. Owens as "Solon Shingle," an excellent bit of character acting.

It was at about this same time that I saw Forrest as "Metamora." He impressed me deeply in the part of the noble savage, and I did not mind his rant or his marked mannerisms. He was a very striking-looking man, large, powerful, with a voice of great depth and compass. His faults were obvious enough, in fact everything about him was obvious, and he was generally condemned by my elders, to whose opinion I deferred and from whom I concealed my admiration for the chief of the Wampanoags. But when I saw him in later years, although he was then an old man, I perceived that despite his ranting and his crudity, due to lack of training, he was a really great actor of unusual force and power. Altogether these remembrances of the stage are among the pleasantest and most vivid of my boyhood, and I am glad that I had such large opportunities in that direction.

There was also one incident, not theatrical, connected with the Boston Theatre which interested me greatly at the time. It was there that the ball was given to the Prince of Wales when he came to Boston, and my father, being president of the board of directors and responsible for the building, was, of course, most anxious that all should go well. He went early to see that everything was right, and in this way I was able to see the theatre and all the decorations before any one arrived. It really looked very well, I think, and it certainly seemed very splendid to my inexperienced eyes. The whole pit was floored over, making, with the stage, an immense ballroom, and the galleries were profusely decorated with flags and flowers. I was allowed to stay and witness the entrance of the royal party and the opening of the ball by the prince, a fair-haired boy, who seemed to me altogether too simple in appearance, for I had expected robes and crowns, the kings with whom I was acquainted on the stage and in books usually appearing either with those adornments or else in full armor. As I remember no more of the festivity, I imagine that at this point I was sent home to bed.

In addition to the drama, legitimate and otherwise, my friends and I were unfailing attendants at the performances of all the jugglers and conjurers who came to the city. I remember particularly "Professor" Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," who had a vast amount of machinery and paraphernalia and very little sleight of hand, and the elder Hermann, who was just the reverse. From watching Hermann we learned, after long practice, to throw or scale cards. He was able to throw a card from the stage into the top gallery of the Boston Theatre, a really remarkable feat of strength and dexterity. It was at this time, too, that Doctor Bigelow took Sturgis Bigelow and me to see Artemus Ward with his panorama, and hear him lecture. I remember Artemus Ward with great vividness; his rather pale face, his slightly delicate look, the large mustache, the very quiet manner, and the perfect solemnity with which he said the most amusing and most ridiculous things. His writings I had read, laughed at, and admired, and his personal appearance and manner enhanced his humor and puns. He was a true humorist, and unlike most of those who had a brief notoriety and success at the time is still readable, for there was in some things that he said a touch of the humor which is eternal because it pertains to human nature and is not concerned merely with the events of the passing day.

But theatres were not my only interest apart from sports and outdoor amusements. Although in common with many young gentlemen of my own age I exercised extraordinary diligence in getting through school with as little mental effort and as large an evasion of rules and discipline as possible, yet I did not leave my mind wholly unemployed. If a good fairy stood by my cradle she conferred upon me one gift which has been a great possession to me all my life and which grows even more precious as age begins to settle down. That gift was a love of books and of reading. It is a solitary habit, but it was a very fixed one with me and always indulged in without restriction when I was alone. I have already spoken of the delight I experienced in reading the Waverley Novels when I was nine years old, and from that I proceeded to many other works, great and small. I read, of course, the current "boys' books" by Mayne Reid and Ballantyne, by Kingston and "Oliver Optic," and others to whom I am indebted for many happy hours. "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson" I read over and over again, and prized them both equally, I think, my literary judgment being still undeveloped. All fairy stories, from the "Arabian Nights" down, were read many times, and likewise Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonderbook," as well as Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry" and "Age of Fable," four volumes from which I really gathered some knowledge of Greek mythology and of the Arthurian legend. Cooper I read thoroughly, and I did not then find him verbose and diffuse. Leatherstocking was of course one of my heroes. I read all of Dickens, and "David Copperfield" was one of my favorite books, that is the first part; the last part rather bored me except when it came to the death of Steerforth, the downfall of Uriah, and the triumph of Micawber. All of Marryat's books and Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" and the "Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost" were very dear to me, but anything in the form of a story had an irresistible attraction. These books which I have mentioned were all permitted works, but I also managed to read surreptitiously "Jack Sheppard," by Ainsworth, who is described by the worthy Mr. Allibone as the "Tyburn Plutarch," and "Peregrine Pickle," old copies of which I found among some books at Nahant.

There was also another kind of forbidden fruit in the literary orchard which I gathered freely, and pretended to enjoy, simply, I think, because it was forbidden. These prohibited works were the dime novels published in vivid orange colors by Mr. Beadle and another series known as Novelettes, large although thin quarto pamphlets, dressed out in vivid colors very arresting to the gaze of the small boy. The former dealt chiefly with frontier life and deadly combats with "redskins"; the latter were a far-off echo of the Valois novels of Dumas, and were peopled with gentlemen in the costume attributed to Charles II, and by ladies dressed in the Victorian fashion, like the characters in "La Traviata" as presented in those days. Both series were quite harmless; they could not have brought a blush to any cheek, least of all to that of a boy; and the objection to them on the part of parents and guardians was merely because they had never read them. As a rule they were sensational and extravagant, and being destitute of art or imagination were really dull. Secretly I thought so at the time, and much preferred the permitted stories of Scott and Cooper, Defoe, Marryat, Dickens, and Poe. But I would not have confessed my real opinion for worlds, because it was felt to be fine and manly and a little wicked to read, with dark precautions, these quite uninteresting but enticingly forbidden books.

Stories and fiction were not, however, all my reading, although they formed the staple of it. My grandfather had a strong taste for travels and voyages, and among his books I read Mungo Park and Captain Reilly's narrative. He also bought all the new books of travel and exploration. Kane's expedition to the North Pole had excited great interest, and I well remember the talk about it and about the book which followed. Livingstone's first volume also appeared about that time, as well as Gerard's "Lion Hunter" and Barth's "Travels in Africa." The last is a formidable work—I still have it—but I read a good deal of it and much enjoyed the pictures, as I did still more those in Perry's "Expedition to Japan," which I looked over again and again. These early studies in the literature of African discovery caused me to take a keen interest in Du Chaillu's gorillas when his collection was exhibited in Boston not long afterwards. There was at that time much doubt felt as to the veracity of his narrative and the genuineness of his collection, but the explorations of later years have fully confirmed and justified all that he wrote, and show that the doubts expressed were as unjust as they were ill founded.

I loved ballads and Homeric poetry of any and every kind. I cannot say how many times I read Scott's poems, especially "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." I also read "Richard III" and parts of the other plays, as well as "Don Quixote," because I saw my father reading them so often; but "Richard" and "Don Quixote" I really liked and they took a strong hold on my imagination. My father and grandfather had a fairly large library, and I wandered about in it on rainy days looking into books, examining pictures when there were any, and reading wherever a passage caught my vagrant attention. I have always been grateful to Doctor Johnson for his defence of "desultory reading," and I think that most of the education which I picked up in those days was obtained from my own unaided efforts in that direction. One piece of really important reading I also accomplished at that time, and accomplished thoroughly, owing to an accident. To mitigate the rigors of compulsory attendance at church I made a treaty with my mother that if I sat quiet I might read the Bible instead of listening to the sermon. The treaty thus ratified was easily executed, for the high-backed pews of the old Brattle Street Church were well adapted both to concealment and to study. It was a fine old eighteenth-century church with a square tower, in which was imbedded a cannon-ball said to have been fired and lodged there by the American batteries at the siege of Boston. The interior was in the classical style of Wren, much in vogue in the province in the days of Anne and the first Georges. A huge mahogany pulpit, the gift of John Hancock, towered up darkly in the centre of what would have been called the chancel in any other than a Puritan church. I remember well the occasion when the Reverend Cyrus Bartol, very small and thin, with a shrill voice, popped up one Sunday from the depths of the great pulpit, and with hardly more than his head showing over the edge piped out his text: "Lo, it is I! Be not afraid." Very few preachers, however, gave rise to such pleasant incidents, and most of the sermons (the church was then Unitarian) were long and serious, and although no doubt often able, were rather beyond the capacity and attention of a boy. In this way, however, my biblical studies began, for I regret to say that, speaking frankly, the Bible was not a form of reading which I should have voluntarily selected if it had not been so much better than sitting silent in uncomfortable restlessness while some one preached. Thus it came to pass, at all events, that I read the Bible thoroughly from beginning to end, "bating the Apocrypha," as a countryman said in some now forgotten story of my youth, which Apocrypha, lacking unfortunately in my edition, was, if I had only known it, the repository of some of the best and most charming of the biblical stories. I have never quite understood why the books of the Apocrypha were not intrinsically as much entitled to a place among the canonical books as many now found there. Much of the Bible naturally I did not then understand, much I found wearisome; but the historical books, full of fighting and of battle, murder and sudden death, all the beautiful stories and the Four Gospels, the most beautiful of all, became to me a great delight. I do not know that my morals or my religious views were improved, as they no doubt should have been, by this course of reading, but I am certain that I became familiar with persons and stories which are part of the life and thought of our race, and that reading over and over again all that splendid English could not but have had some unconscious effect even upon a boy and may have bred in him a respect for the noble language which was perhaps his best inheritance.

Such in outline, traced not for criticism or analysis, but merely as a picture of life at the time, were the occupations and amusements which made up existence for me in those days. But my first years at Mr. Dixwell's school were darkened by two sorrows which fell upon my family and brought sharply home to me the serious nature of life. In September, 1862, my father, worn out and broken down nervously by too much work, too many cares, and too many responsibilities, died suddenly. The blow fell like a bolt of lightning. He joked with me as I ate my supper, and then went up to his room, not feeling very well, and dropped dead. I can hear the murmur of the frightened servants, "Poor child!" as I made my way up-stairs. I can see him in his coffin; I can recall my being sent to Mrs. Guild's house to be out of the way of all the dark necessities of such a time. I can see the crowded church at his funeral and all the poor people whom he had helped standing in the aisles. I was overwhelmed with grief and did not comprehend what had happened. Not until long afterwards did I know what a loss it had been to me at twelve years of age. Then I recovered with the elasticity of childhood, although I remained deeply conscious of a great blank in my life.

I will venture to give here two letters in regard to my father from men who knew him intimately, and which may serve to show what was thought of him by others who were not bound to him by the close ties of family affection as I was.

BOSTON, 14th Sept., '62.

MY DEAR MRS. LODGE—

You cannot doubt how sincerely I have grieved with you and your family. I have lost a friend, true and firm. There are few losses greater.

I am so glad that I saw him on Wednesday last and had such a pleasant conversation with him, so gentle, kind and hospitable, which I can never forget.

I shall go to the Church tomorrow, and wish that I could do anything to testify my sympathy with you and my respect for his memory.

May God bless you and comfort you in this great affliction and keep fresh the recollection of those manly virtues and affections for which he was remarkable.

Believe me
dear Mrs. Lodge
Ever sincerely yours
CHARLES SUMNER.

VIENNA
Oct 28 1862

MY DEAR ANNA,

Mary wrote to you by the first post that left this place for America after we had received the sad news which has plunged your household in affliction. You can well believe that she most deeply regrets her inability to be with you in this trying hour, as it seems to her almost unnatural that she should be away from you and from your father in a time of distress.

I think you will not object to a few words of sincere and heartfelt sympathy from me, although I am perfectly aware that all words are idle, and there is no consoler but Time for such a grief as yours. I claim however, a portion of your sorrow, for never since I had first the pleasure of making your husband's acquaintance, has there been anything but kindness between us, and, I trust, mutual regard and esteem.

I can at least answer for myself that I always entertained the most sincere respect for his many admirable qualities, that I ever valued his friendship, and that it gives me now a true consolation for his loss to reflect that never from first to last, have I had a moment's misunderstanding with him or a word of unkindness, and that I and mine have treasured in our memories a long list of deeds of disinterested and most active friendship toward us.

I claim to have had as true an appreciation of him as any one out of the immediate circle of his nearest relatives. I never saw more self devotion, more inexhaustible friendship than that of which he was capable—as I am sure your father and your dear mother always so thoroughly believed.

I can hardly now accept the fact that all that zeal, energy and intelligent activity has been so suddenly suspended, nor do I comprehend how you, or your children or your father can exist without that constant and untiring care with which he seemed to envelop you all.

Others can do better justice to his honour, intelligence and his fortunate intrepidity in the commercial pursuits to which he devoted his outside life, but I for one can bear witness to his virtues in the interior life, which is so much more important to our happiness. I feel that I too have lost a friend, and a most valued one, in this calamity which has stricken you and most deeply do I regret that I cannot be at home at this moment, to do my best to comfort your father, who has always been as kind as a father to me, and whom I honestly love like a son.

I think it would be a relief to him to talk with one, who so sincerely appreciated your departed husband, over his many manly virtues—and I am sure that if Mary could be with you all, you would find a sympathy which could never fail you. I will say no more, perhaps it had been as well if I had said nothing, for what are words, especially written ones to alleviate sorrow. I don't dare to think of Lillie's grief, any more than of her mother's or grandfather's. Poor child, I am aware that she idolized her father—and for the best of reasons.

Good bye and God bless you. I trust that God will enable you to bear the blow with fortitude and that Time will mitigate your grief. Give my best love and sincerest sympathy to your father. Mary and Lily join me in words of affection to all and I remain ever most sincerely your friend

J. L. Motley

Two years later, in 1864, my grandfather died. He was nearly eighty-two, and his last years were years of suffering. His mind remained perfectly clear; he was as kind and gentle as ever, he never complained, but he grew more silent and the end came peacefully. He was too old to have been as near to me as my father was, but I missed him greatly, and although I could not then put the thought into words, I knew that a very noble and gracious presence had gone from my little world.

The year after my father's death was made memorable to me by my first journey. In 1863 we went to New York, a great event to me, and stayed there some time. We went to a hotel, now vanished, the Saint Nicholas. Far down-town it would seem now, but then, although fashion was already pushing up beyond Madison Square, it was not yet wholly in the business quarter, as the block which it largely occupied is to-day. Sturgis Bigelow happened to be there at the same time, and the two idle schoolboys together enjoyed themselves very well after their own fashion. We took full advantage of the opportunity for varied eating offered by a hotel on the "American plan," then nearly universal, and gorged ourselves on every possible occasion like young boa-constrictors. We passed our days chiefly in wandering up and down Broadway, looking into the shops and also into a disgusting exhibition called "Kahn's Medical Museum," which I wonder should have been permitted to open its doors for the delectation of boys. We also went much to a more innocent place, Barnum's Museum, then situated where the Herald Building afterwards stood, on the corner of Broadway facing north toward the City Hall Park. We found our way to the Battery, at one end of the city, and to Central Park, then quite new, at the other. But our chief pleasure was the theatre, to which we were allowed to go in the evening, as there was no school necessitating early rising.

Almost opposite our hotel was "Bryant's Minstrels," brilliant at night with the name in colored lights made by a series of small cups filled, I think, with oil. Some of these were always being blown out, but the general effect was very satisfying to our simple tastes, and we frequented the performances to which we were so radiantly invited. Just above our hotel, on the other side of Broadway, was Niblo's Garden, a famous theatre in those days, and very far uptown as it then seemed was "Wallack's," where was gathered the best stock company in the country, headed by Lester Wallack himself, an admirable actor, and where we saw some really good plays.

The following summer we took another journey, which seemed to me a very extensive one indeed. We went to Trenton Falls, now ruined by conversion into power, and thence to Niagara. At Trenton I had an adventure which nearly terminated my promising career. In company with a Mr. Rand I walked far up the river gorge above the principal falls. It was a beautiful walk by the side of the dark-brown, swift-rushing stream, but very hard going over the rocks, and we decided to climb up the steep cliffs which formed the side of the ravine, where we then were, and return to the hotel by the road above. Each of us started at a different point and proceeded to scramble up. I got nearly to the top very successfully when the little ledge of rock or earth upon which I had put my foot suddenly gave way. It was a bad quarter of a minute, because below me was a sheer drop of considerable height down to the rocks of the river. Luckily for me a small tree grew outward from the edge of the cliff just above me. I grasped it desperately with a sickening doubt as to whether it would give way. Fortunately it held as I hung to it with both hands, swinging over space, and then it was easy to draw my light weight up, get astride of it, and scramble in to the top of the cliff. I was a badly frightened boy when I rolled over on the grass and looked down into the ravine below. My companion had had no difficulty. Boylike, I had selected the shortest, most perpendicular, and most dangerous route with a cheerful confidence in my powers of climbing anything and with no knowledge of the importance of footholds on the face of cliffs where rock gradually merges in earth.

From Trenton we went to Niagara, which I explored thoroughly and enjoyed immensely, but I have read too many "first impressions" of the great falls to attempt to add my own.

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR: 1860–1865

I COULD not in the last chapter say anything of the terrible ordeal through which the country was passing during my first four years at Mr. Dixwell's school. It was too great and too solemn to be mixed up with random memories of boyish sports and school experiences. It was overshadowing then, even to a boy. I do not mean to say that people did not go about their business and that boys did not learn their lessons and play their games through all those weary years just as the people of Paris went about their own little round of labor and filled the theatres nightly during the Reign of Terror. The daily life of men, the common cares and toils of existence, are the hardest things in the world to stop. Nothing less than absolute destruction by nature or by man can arrest them for more than a few hours. But while the Civil War was raging it was certain that no one forgot it and that its shadow hung dark over the land. I was only ten years old when the war began, only fourteen when it ended, and yet in the history of that great period of conflict, it has seemed to me that the impressions of a boy, living safe-sheltered in a city and a State where no enemy ever set his foot, are not without importance, because everything which may serve to explain or characterize or illustrate a struggle so momentous ought to have some value to those of the future who would seek the truth about the past.

My people had been from the foundation of the government Federalists and Whigs. My grandfather, Mr. Cabot, and my father were both Whigs, but had left their party after Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech, although in my grandfather's case it was, as I have said before, the rupture of a lifelong friendship. They became "Free-Soilers," for they were both strongly opposed to slavery, my father extremely so because he had lived many years in New Orleans, engaged in business there, and had imbibed, from close observation, an intense hatred of the system. The old negro servant whom he had bought and set free was a living witness to this experience in his life and was also one of the cheerful recollections of my childhood. When the Republican party was formed my grandfather and father both joined it and supported Frémont and Dayton in 1856. My father had never taken part in politics, but he was so profoundly stirred by the slavery question that he went down to the wharves where his ships were lying and made a speech to the sailors, longshoremen, and stevedores in behalf of Frémont. My first political recollection is that I "hollered for Frémont," which is all I now remember of that campaign. Four years later, in 1860, I remember a great deal more. I had heard Mr. Sumner talk much at our dinner-table; I had been with my father to see him at his house in Hancock Street, I think soon after the John Brown raid, about which I had been told a great deal and which excited my imagination; and I knew well how deeply my father was interested in the success of Lincoln. So I wore a Lincoln badge and was told by some of my playfellows, in accents of deep scorn, that my father was a "black Republican" and a friend of Charles Sumner, and I suppose that I retorted in kind.

The struggle in Massachusetts, so far as I knew of it, was between Lincoln and Hamlin, on the one side, and Bell and Everett, who were the candidates of what remained of the Whig party,[1] once all-powerful in the State, on the other. There were also Douglas Democrats and pro-slavery Democrats, but of these I knew nothing beyond believing that all pro-slavery Democrats were criminals of the darkest dye. The fact is that the Democrats, never very strong in our State, were divided, and although the Douglas Democrats polled more votes than the conservative Whigs, who hated the slavery agitation, the latter were still strong with people of property and the business interests. Mr. Everett, a great orator and one of the most distinguished and respected of our public men, also brought local support to the ticket which bore his name. I think a majority of the boys whom I knew were for Bell and Everett, but Lincoln carried the State overwhelmingly. Respectable Boston, for the most part, was out of step at the moment of the crisis and before the final division was declared, but Massachusetts, as usual, was right at the crucial moment.

The event which I remember most vividly in that campaign was the great Republican torchlight procession of the "Wide-awake Clubs" just before the election. The Common, where they assembled, was a sea of tossing lights, very striking to look upon, and made an even sharper mark in my memory than the long march past with the banners and transparencies, the fireworks and the cheers, all of which I thoroughly enjoyed and from which I sagely concluded that we should win, because we had a longer procession and made more noise than the Whigs. I have since come very clearly to the conclusion that no more idiotic way of carrying on a political campaign was ever devised than that of torchlight processions, marching clubs, red fire, and rockets, with all their noise and waste of money. I am happy to say that this silly habit is apparently disappearing, and will,

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[1] It was called the "Constitutional Union Party," but it was chiefly composed of former Whigs.

I trust, soon be entirely extinct. But in 1860 the idea was comparatively new, and the whole thing was done with real enthusiasm and gave a vent for the excitement of the time which was anything but perfunctory. The torches of the "Wide-awakes" flashed against a darkened sky, their cheers rang out across a troubled air. Men knew that the country was driving forth upon a stormy sea, and the wisest could not shape the course or guess the future. Every one felt the pressure of coming events, and most of those who carried torches soon exchanged them for muskets and rifles, which proved more illuminating in certain dark places of the earth than the torches they replaced.

I do not intend to trace the history of the war as I know that history now. I shall merely try to tell what I remember, and my recollections are of scattered events with long blanks between. My object is not to give my history of the Civil War and my views upon it, but simply, so far as I can, to show how it struck a contemporary of ten to fourteen years of age.

Of the terrible winter which followed the "Wide-awake" procession, when the country was in imminent danger of being wrecked through the treason and weakness of Buchanan and his cabinet before Lincoln could even have a chance to save it, I recall nothing except my father's anxiety and the fact that political talk was going on constantly about me. The first actual event which I really remember in 1861 was the firing upon Fort Sumter. I had heard of Major Anderson and had begun to look upon him as the hero of the time, so that the news that the fort had been fired upon and had surrendered filled me with sorrow and anger. That it was capable of affecting so strongly a boy not yet eleven years old shows, I think, how deeply that attack, by which the South deliberately plunged the country into war, went home to the North. My simple hope and my one desire was that we should now go on fighting until we got that fort back, which, as a matter of fact, was exactly what we did.

Then came the departure of the first troops from Boston, and I think that I heard Governor Andrew address them, but of this I am not sure, for I heard him speak to other regiments, and one memory is blurred by another. Governor Andrew I remember well at that time, although I cannot recall a word which I heard him utter. But the short, strong, sturdy figure with the square, massive head covered with tight curling light hair is very plain to me, as well as the feeling of awe and solemnity which came over me when I saw him speaking to the soldiers. All that he strove for and suffered and did, I know now, and now, too, I can understand the force and nobility of the man, but then it was only a deep impression of a leader, of a great and important person, which touched my young imagination. He had a powerful and emotional temperament, and as he was moved himself so he moved others, even a boy, without the boy's knowing why. Years afterwards Mr. Justice Gray told me a story of Andrew which always seemed to me to define what manner of man he was better than anything else I ever heard. It was just after the war and Andrew was about to leave the governorship. He had lost his once large practice at the bar and had no resources, owing to his having sacrificed everything to his public service. This fact was generally known, and there had been some talk of giving him the collectorship of the port of Boston, which was a lucrative office. In summer, when the town was deserted, Governor Andrew was in the habit of lunching with Judge Gray, who lived near the State House, and there he came one day as usual. No one else was present. When they were seated at the table Judge Gray referred to the current rumor about the collectorship. Without a word of warning

(I use Judge Gray's own expression) Andrew laid down his knife and fork, looked at his host earnestly, and said: "I have stood as high-priest between the horns of the altar. I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts. I cannot take money for that." They were entirely alone, there was no audience, it was simply the expression of the man's nature in words and imagery at once instinctive and natural. Judge Gray added that no eloquence he had ever heard had moved him so much. Andrew indeed was one of the conspicuous figures of the war time, one of the great war governors who, like Morton in Indiana, did so much to sustain Lincoln and save the Union. I am glad to have seen him and to realize that he impressed me deeply, heedless boy as I was.

I knew nothing as to the first regiments when I saw them go from Boston. But there was one with which I soon became familiar, the famous Sixth Regiment, which was mobbed in Baltimore. The first blood shed in battle in the American Revolution was that of Massachusetts men at Lexington and Concord. It was the fortune of the State to shed the first blood in the Civil War, and on the same day of the month, the 19th of April. When the regiment reached Baltimore it was obliged to march through the city in order to take the Washington train on the other side. On the way they were hooted and pelted, and when they reached the lower quarters of the city, which were intensely and bitterly Democratic, as well as secessionist, they were savagely assailed by a mob of roughs commonly known as the "Baltimore Plug Uglies," who used paving-stones and pistols. Four of the soldiers were killed and thirty-six wounded. The troops finally opened fire on the mob and forced their way through to the station with their bayonets, leaving their dead and the seriously wounded behind them. All this I remember, for I eagerly read the accounts and studied the wholly imaginary pictures of the fight in the street as portrayed in the rough wood-cuts of the illustrated papers. Most clearly of all do I recollect seeing photographs—very poor things in those days—of two of the soldiers killed by the mob. The photographs were of the small size common at that time and had been taken probably for some mother or sister or sweetheart before the poor fellows started out to save Washington. They came from Lowell, as I remember, and were young fellows, one only eighteen, but to the eyes of ten years old they looked like mature men, and I was not then aware that wars were usually fought by what I should now call boys. The pathos and tragedy of it all passed by me, but wrath did not. There had been real fighting, some Massachusetts men had been killed by a mob of pro-slavery Democrats, and rage filled my heart. I at once determined that I would enlist as a drummer, for I had gathered from my reading that such was the proper and conventional thing for a boy to do, and I pictured to myself the feats of gallantry I would perform as we made a victorious charge, for all the charges which I intended making with my regiment were to be victorious. I suppose nearly all boys of my age were filled with the same ambition at that time, for the war fever was burning fiercely and reached even the youngest. My plans for a military life, however, were not taken in either a favorable or even a serious spirit by my family, and I had to content myself with imagining desperate assaults and gallant exploits, from which I always escaped alive and glorious, a soothing exercise in which I frequently indulged, generally just before I dropped to sleep for the night. None the less, I am glad that I had those emotions and was moved and stirred by the pictures of the lads who fell at Baltimore. It is not much, but it is something to have had that feeling at a time when dangers thickened about the country and there was a great and noble passion moving among the people.

Thirty-seven years later, in the spring, too, for the war with Spain was virtually declared by the resolution which passed Congress early on the morning of the fateful 19th of April, I went with my friend Mr. Justice Moody, of the Supreme Court, then a member of the House of Representatives, to Baltimore in order to meet the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment and see them pass through the city. Under the present arrangements they might have gone on without leaving the cars, but they abandoned the train outside the city and then marched to the southern station, taking the exact line which their predecessors had taken in 1861. We followed them along the whole route. They were cheered from beginning to end, in the poorer quarters as in the best, and flowers were thrown to them as they passed. It was "roses, roses all the way," and the scene was one I shall never forget. We managed to reach the station ahead of the troops, and saw them come in, cheered to the last, and just at the very spot where their predecessors had fought their way to safety with a fierce and baffled mob raging at their heels. It was a sight worth seeing, very moving, very impressive, but it seemed to me to show that the poor boys whose pictures I had gazed upon so many years before had not died in vain, and that the war with Spain, if it did nothing else, demonstrated once for all this great fact, and was in its turn not without value and meaning to the American people.

The next event of 1861 which stands out sharply in my memory was the shooting of Colonel Ellsworth at Alexandria. He had entered a hotel to pull down a rebel flag, and the tavern-keeper, a man named Jackson, as I remember, shot him without warning. It was murder, not war, and I recollect well the profound impression which was produced by this incident. Ellsworth was colonel of the New York Zouaves, a crack regiment; he was young, popular, handsome. I remember his picture perfectly. Unimportant as one death was in the great war then breaking upon us, that particular murder and the manner of it, coming as it did at the very start, roused bitter feelings and stimulated greatly the fighting spirit of the North. I wished then that I had been there to take immediate and bloody revenge upon the innkeeper, who was shot down by one of the Zouaves, and who is so wholly obscure now that I cannot even be sure of his name, which then went far and wide throughout the country.

I think this vividness of the first incidents of the war, and the blanks and the confusion which I find in my recollections of the following years, are owing simply to the fact that they were the first. The killing of two or three men in Baltimore in 1861 shook the country. Three or four years later engagements in which two or three hundred men were killed and wounded on each side were dismissed in a paragraph and described as skirmishes, as indeed they seemed to a people who had beheld the awful losses at Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, at Shiloh, Fredericksburg, or Cold Harbor.

The first Bull Run I well remember, and I shall never forget the intense surprise and the real misery which it brought to me, but my only desire was to fight on and wipe out the disgrace. My boyish heart hardened under that blow, and, as I now see, the heart of the country hardened too, and men set themselves in dead earnest to carry on the grim work. After this the memories begin to blur and run together. I recall Island Number 10 and Donelson and Port Royal, victories which cheered the entire North. I remember the dreadful Sunday when the news came of some great defeat, and the way the churches were kept open and people assembled in them to collect and prepare lint and bandages and supplies to be sent at once to the army. Antietam I well recall, for many Massachusetts regiments suffered there severely, but I did not realize until I went over the battle-field years afterwards in company with President McKinley what a bad position Lee had deliberately walked into and how completely McClellan had thrown away his opportunity.

Of the Western battles I remember less, but I rejoiced in following the fighting which cleared the great rivers, and the names of Farragut and Porter, of Foote and Davis, and of their river victories were all familiar to me. Even more familiar and exciting was the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The victory of the *Monitor*, for such it was in effect, was not only momentous, but, owing to the comparative size of the two vessels, had the attraction which dwells in the stories of the boys who fare forth into the world in search of adventure and slay huge giants and monstrous dragons. The performance of the *Merrimac* had most properly frightened the country thoroughly, and her repulse by the *Monitor* brought a corresponding sense of joy and relief. Some time afterwards, in connection with one of the fairs for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, an arrangement was made for a presentation of the fight by miniature vessels. A portion of the Frog Pond was shut in and covered by a tent with a platform running round it for the spectators. Upon the sheet of water thus enclosed there came out a little *Merrimac*, propelled by steam, which, as I remember, rammed and sank two representatives of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*. Then out darted the *Monitor*, and there was much firing of little guns until the *Merrimac* was withdrawn, sinking and crippled. I went to the first performance, and in addition to the sham fight, which I keenly enjoyed, the evening is memorable to me because it was the only occasion upon which I ever heard Edward Everett speak. He was then an old man, and it was not long before his death, but he made a little address explaining what we were about to see, and of course spoke of the war and the country. He was a fine-looking man with white hair, extremely dignified, yet entirely simple in his manner, and his account that evening of the famous fight made it all very clear and very exciting to at least one of his listeners. What I remember most clearly about him, however, was his beautiful voice and that, although he did not seem strong and spoke low and gently, every word fell distinctly upon our ears. The tent was rather dimly lighted, the water looked very black and cold, and the whole scene, with Mr. Everett standing bareheaded by the rail, comes back to me now with a certain dramatic intensity born of the time, which brought emotions possible only in days like those.

I remember well the terrible news of Fredericksburg and the rejoicings over Vicksburg and Gettysburg. The draft riots in Boston seemed to bring the war very near home, and I felt great pride in the fact that the officer at the Cooper Street Armory who fired the "whiff of grape shot" just at the right moment and blew the Boston riot out of existence was a kinsman of mine, Stephen Cabot. The naval battles at Mobile and New Orleans appealed strongly to a boy brought up among ships, as did "Sheridan's ride" to a lover of horses, but the movement which I followed most closely and with the deepest interest was Sherman's march to the sea. Still keen is the remembrance of the blind rage with which I assailed our Democratic Irish groom, otherwise an intimate friend of mine, when he told me that Sherman would never get through. Then came the fall of Richmond, news announced by Mr. Dixwell when school was dismissed. The boys raced out up Boylston Street and on to the Common shouting at the top of their lungs, and found themselves quite in harmony with the rest of the population, which was by no means always the case.

I have merely enumerated the great events as they stand recorded in my memory, with wide gaps between them, with no connection, and even in uncertain order. Were I to attempt to arrange them or describe them I should at once begin to mingle knowledge with remembrance, for my actual recollection of those days, although vivid, is neither well defined nor coherent. But such events as I have briefly catalogued sank deep into the mind even of a boy. To have been alive and in a sense a witness to such a mighty conflict as our Civil War left an ineffaceable impression, none the less lasting because it was unconscious.

Yet the effect of the war on my mind and its influence upon me as a great educational force were not, I think, chiefly due to the accounts I read and the pictures I pored over of distant battles by sea and land. That which had most effect, as it seems to me now, was the atmosphere in which I lived. The war pervaded everything. You saw it in the streets, in the disappearance of silver and gold, in the early makeshifts for money, in the paper currency, in the passing soldiers, in the neighboring camps. You heard it in Andrew's voice addressing the regiments as they started for the South. No boy could forget Robert Shaw going out at the head of his black troops or General Bartlett riding by on his way to the front, one leg gone, and strapped to his saddle. Military companies were organized in all the schools and every boy was compelled to drill. Ours was the first, and we were organized and thoroughly drilled, as if it had now become a part of every American's regular education, so that when the time came he might be able to do his duty in a perpetual war. The war appeared in the theatres, where every sentence which could be twisted into a patriotic allusion was loudly cheered. The fairs to raise money for the Sanitary Commission became an institution, and even the caps we wore were those made fashionable by the Emperor of the French and used by our own officers until superseded by the much more sensible and practical Kossuth hats. But that which pressed most hardly was the anxiety for the living and the grief for those dead in battle. My father, as I have said in an earlier chapter, was eager to go to the war, and thought that he could serve efficiently in a cavalry regiment which he wished to raise himself. He was not only well past the military age, but, as I have already said, a big thoroughbred mare had recently fallen with him and injured his knee so that he could not be long in the saddle or walk much without great pain. The doctors pronounced his scheme to be utterly impossible, and he gave it up. After his death, in 1862, there remained in the family only my grandfather, my mother, my sister, and myself, so that no one was able to go to the war from my own household, but every regiment took with it cousins, kinsmen, friends, young men, many of whom I had seen at my sister's parties. After every battle I used to hear in mournful tones: "So and So is killed" or "So and So is wounded." This reading the death-roll and scanning bulletins to see how many men whom you have known and cared for, whose people are your people and whose fate is dear to you, have been killed is not an experience that one ever forgets. At last it came very near to me, very near indeed by age and association and habit of life. One of the older boys at our school was Huntington Wolcott, elder brother of Roger Wolcott, a lifelong friend of mine and later a distinguished governor of Massachusetts. In the last year of the war Huntington Wolcott could no longer be restrained; he was only seventeen, but he secured a commission, went to the front, contracted a deadly camp-fever, was brought home, and died. The school went to the funeral and I saw him in his coffin, worn, haggard, aged, and yet still a boy, dressed in the uniform of the United States. This brought the war home to me as never before. I remember thinking as I went down the steps of the house that if the war lasted that was what would happen to me, a prospect which did not cheer me, for it never occurred to my mind—and I think I was like all other boys in this respect—that I should do anything but join the army as soon as I was old enough, because four years is a long time at that age, and it seemed as if the country had always been and always would be at war.

It was said in those days, and said truly, that boys fresh from college went into the army and came out grave and serious men. The mere passage of time was nothing. They had lived more and longer in those four years than most men in a whole lifetime. In a lesser degree much younger boys, more or less unconsciously no doubt, received an impression from those years of civil war and were then subjected to influences from which they never recovered and which affected unalterably their feeling about their country. I am sure that the men born since the Civil War are just as patriotic, just as ready to sacrifice themselves for their country, as those born before it. I should despair of the future if I did not think so. But the feeling about the country of those to whom the Civil War is not mere history, but a living memory, is, I am certain, a little different from that of any others. They actually saw the country, however dimly, at death grips with a destroying antagonist, reeling on the edge of an abyss. They knew that the country's life was at stake and they saw it emerge victorious. The sacrifice of life and treasure by which the victory was won was all about them and the news of battle was always ringing in their ears. In after-years they might forget much, but these things they could not forget, for a man fortunately does not often see his country's very existence at stake in war. And so, never forgetting the past, those who lived through the war times have a more tender sentiment about their country, they are more easily moved by all that appeals to their sense of patriotism, and they are less dispassionate no doubt in judging America and the American people than others, just as they are more intolerant of those Americans who live abroad, ape foreign ways, and sneer at their own land and its people, for they know, they who remember, what it all cost and what a price the people once paid to save the country from those who sought to tear it asunder.

The war left me, as I think it left those of my time generally, with certain profound convictions which nothing can ever shake. It made me an optimist so far as the United States is concerned. I am well aware how much conditions have changed since 1861; the vast increase of wealth, the problems raised by the modern economic developments, the alteration in the character of the population owing to the flood of immigration, all these things are present to my mind, and I do not underestimate their gravity or the sinister possibilities which they suggest. Nor am I oblivious of the darkest sign of all, the way in which money and the acquisition of money by taking it from some one else through the process of law seems in the last analysis rampant in nearly every portion of the community, and at the bottom if not at the top of almost every proposed reform, every political issue, and every personal ambition. But none the less, and realizing all the grim suggestions of the present day, I have seen, without fully comprehending, I admit, but still I have seen, the nation come through the most terrible ordeal which any nation can undergo. I know what sacrifices were then made in obedience to a great sentiment, and I have faith that the people who were capable of the Civil War will be able to meet any problems the future may have in store whenever they realize that the life of the nation and every tradition, every belief which has made it what it is, are at stake.

Then, too, there were certain beliefs which were implanted in me by the war, by what I saw and heard and by what I vaguely, but none the less deeply, felt, and these beliefs I have never been able to change. The bitter hostility to the South and to Southerners which the mass of the Northern people felt during the war, and which was as violent as it was crude in the breast of the average boy, has, of course, long since passed away. I am not only as eager for the welfare and prosperity of the South as I am for that of my own New England, but I have no word of reproach to utter; I have nothing but the most affectionate feeling toward them, as toward all my fellow-Americans. I recognize and admire the great military talents which they displayed, and the bravery and tenacity which they showed through four long years of desperate fighting. I feel as Mr. Charles Francis Adams felt when he replied to the Englishman who was thoughtfully pointing out to him just after a Union defeat how well the Southerners fought: "Yes, they too are Americans." The war was waged to make the country one, and it has always been my dearest wish to see it united in fact as well as in name, just as it has come to pass in my lifetime.

I also quite understand the feeling of the Southerners in regard to the Civil War, and their desire to glorify all they did and to exalt their own heroes. It would be unnatural as well as disloyal to their past if they did not do those very things. But when we turn from the present to the past and from the South to the North the case is different. There has been in many quarters of late years in the North a great deal of sentiment in regard to the war and the South, much of which is generous and right, and some of which is maudlin and also most unjust to the Northern side.

It is well for victors to be magnanimous, and much easier than for the vanquished; but it is somewhat worse than silly, in the search for magnanimity, to abandon your own cause, which you believe was righteous, and practically admit that you ought to seek forgiveness for winning.

There is not a man in the South to-day who would dissolve the Union or establish slavery if he could, but nevertheless every man there glorifies continually the men who tried, at an appalling expense of life and treasure, to effect both these results and who failed in their attempt. This contradiction is complete but wholly natural, and we should think ill of the Southern people if they did not behave in exactly that way. Yet that which is most praiseworthy in Southerners is discreditable in a Northerner, and in the war time was defined by a harsher and more truthful epithet. I make every allowance for the fear of not appearing magnanimous and for the cheap temptation of being considered an independent and original thinker which taking the side of one's opponents at a safe distance in history always holds out to certain minds hungry for notice. I know that "lost causes" invariably gather about them romance and sentiment as the years go by simply because they were lost, and therefore no one has had the chance of bringing them to the hard test of experience, as is the fate of the cause which succeeds. From the time of Mary Stuart until the "45" the Stuart family were an unmitigated curse to England and Scotland, and if either in power or in exile they did anything which was of any value to the people of Great Britain and Ireland history does not disclose it. They were picturesque, sometimes tragic, occasionally gallant figures, but at the same time as worthless a race as the ill fortune of a nation ever put upon a throne. None the less, all the romance and glamour, all the sympathy and sentiment of posterity, are lavished upon them, while the great Puritans who saved England from despotism and the great Whigs who brought in the house of Hanover and rescued England a second time find justice only at the hands of serious historians, who not only tell the truth, but who think straight.

The "lost cause" of the South will probably never gather such a mass of sentiment about it as that of the Jacobites, because it was infinitely more respectable as well as more honorable, and was defended with a force, intelligence, and courage which justly obtained the admiration of the world. But it will still have the advantage in sympathy and sentiment which inheres in all lost causes, simply, as I have said, because they have been "lost." With that sentiment in the South it would be worse than churlish to quarrel. One can only sympathize with and respect it. On the other hand, much can be forgiven to the desire of the victor to be generous, but when the men of the North begin to argue in behalf of the Southern cause in serious fashion our sense of justice revolts.

One of the events of my early life which I best remember was when I was roused very early on an April morning and was told that Lincoln had been assassinated. The horror, the dazed surprise, the shock of the announcement, I shall never forget. During the four years just passed Lincoln had become heroic to my young imagination, looming up as a dim and distant figure which seemed to me to personify the country. The crime which ended his life raised him in my eyes to the proportions of a demigod. More than forty years have gone by since then, and I think that I have become familiar both with the man and with the times in which he lived. The mythical figure of boyhood has given place to that of the statesman and the chief of history. With some habit of weighing and judging men historically, I have come to the conclusion that Lincoln was the greatest man of his time, and the opinion expressed by Sir Spencer Walpole in his "History of Twenty-five Years" assures me that this is not merely the unmeasured feeling of patriotism. No one in the North certainly would think to-day of belittling Lincoln. All confess that greatness which has grown steadily since his death. Yet there are writers who go so far as to put inferior men in contrast and comparison with him as if they stood on the same level. In that time of stress, in that great ordeal of the Civil War, no one stands on the same plane with Lincoln No one else moves in his orbit. He stands out a lonely figure on the heights to which only the very few and the very greatest in human history ever attain.

I never remember hearing, as a boy, bitter words about the soldiers of the Confederacy except when some of them were guilty of barbarities, like Forrest or the keepers of the Southern prisons, but I well recall the extreme bitterness which was expressed in regard to Northern men with Southern sympathies. The bitterness here, as elsewhere, has long since gone, but I see no reason to change the opinion upon which it was founded. This is an old-fashioned view, no doubt, but I believe it to be eminently sound. I can understand the man who during the Civil War was loyal both to his State and to the nation. I can understand and I profoundly admire the man who was loyal to the nation against his State. I can understand the man who was loyal to his State against the nation. But I cannot understand the men who were loyal neither to their State nor to their nation. Such men in the loyal but divided border States who joined the Confederate army were overcome by the influence of neighborhood, and at least command the respect which must always be given to a man who risks his life for his belief, no matter how erroneous that belief may be. But those men who did not leave their own loyal States to enter the Southern army, those men who stayed at home, sheltered and protected by the arms and the laws of their State and their nation alike, and who yet were Secessionists and Southern sympathizers, were loyal to nothing and risked nothing. Whether they darkly conspired, as in Indiana, or fostered riots, as in New York, or contented themselves, as was most common, with assailing the government, seeking to cripple it and proclaiming their sympathy with its enemies, they were utterly disloyal, and deserve to be spoken of in history in proper terms as among the worst foes of the country. When the history of the time is written by men who not only seek the truth, but have not the fear of being thought ungenerous or a dread of criticism in certain narrow circles before their eyes, they will get their deserts.

Another of the intense feelings of the war time was the hostility which I imbibed against England. I can recall well the impotent rage I used to feel when I read sentences from English newspapers or magazines like *Blackwood's*. I knew nothing of the details then. I know them all now, and my anger has long since been swallowed up in sheer marvel at the stupidity of the English Government and of the English governing classes, as well as at the utter lack of ability and capacity displayed by so many of those leaders whom the English always talk and write about as if they were very great men. That England's treatment of the United States was inexcusable and that she was forced to make an apology for her conduct is the least part of it. It is the exquisite stupidity of it all which is so amazing. And in proportion as I felt a boyish wrath against England, so was I grateful to the workmen of Lancashire, to Bright and Cobden, and to the few who stood by us, and, when I knew more, to the Queen and Prince Albert, for their attitude, which helped us so much at a very dark hour. As a public man I have been called upon to deal much with our foreign relations, and I know not only that a war between this country and Great Britain would be a crime against civilization and something not to be thought of, but I also know that the closest and most friendly relations between the two powers are for the interest of peace and freedom, as well as of both countries and of the world. I have done what little I could to promote such relations, and to carry out this policy honestly and thoroughly, but I have never thought it necessary to make needless concessions in order to obtain this result, or to show any more courtesy to them than they have been ready to extend to us. Still less have I ever felt the slightest deference to English opinion except for that of certain people, few in number, as in the war time, who are genuine friends to the United States. I lived through that war time, and I have never suffered the feelings then engendered to affect my action toward England or Englishmen in the slightest degree. I have always striven to treat both on their existing merits. Still, I cannot and do not forget, for I was taught a lesson in those early days by the attitude of England, and also by that of France, laboring then under the burden of the empire, which I could not unlearn if I would.

Mr. Herbert Paul says in one of his essays that the two greatest economic and political events of the nineteenth century were the consolidation of the United States and the unification of Germany. I entirely agree with him. I think also that the dissolution of the American Union and the rise of two or more warring, military republics on this continent would have been a hideous misfortune to the American people and, in a measure, to mankind. The South was behind the North in economic strength, in learning, and in capacity for development, all owing to the curse of slavery, and the victory of the South would have been a blow to civilization and progress. I say this, recognizing to the full the high courage, great ability, and unselfish devotion of the Southern people. But they were trying to turn back the hands of the clock, to establish an anachronism, to retard human progress, and it would have been an awful misfortune if they had succeeded. The war was fought to save the Union, but it was slavery which had put the Union in peril. Slavery was a crime against humanity, and it was also a huge economic blunder and a social curse. It is well that it was abolished by the hand of war.

These are the faiths of my boyhood born in the war time. I could only feel them then; I can express them now. They were truisms then. They seem to be pushed aside by some people now as if they were something to be ashamed of, as if they might be true but were certainly disagreeable and might possibly hurt somebody's feelings. I have wearied of the tone, so familiar of late, that now, fifty years after it all, everybody was right and nobody wrong, that there was no right and no wrong about it, and that the thing to do is to pass it over gently and politely with abundant sentiment and meaningless praise for everybody. No good is ever done by falsifying the past. There was a right and a wrong in the Civil War. I would not revive a single bitter memory, I would not do otherwise than acknowledge all the great qualities shown by the South, I would not attack them for what they then did. But it is a deep injury to shirk the truth or try to hide it by silence or seek to blot it out. The propositions I have stated about the Union and slavery are admitted openly or secretly by all men. If they are true then the North was right and the right won. If we start with that no more need be said, but I do not want this great truth of history to be lost in a sentimental mist or confused by a false belief that if we daub the truth with rhetoric so that it can no longer be recognized we shall in that way promote good feeling. The union of the States and good feeling as well can rest securely and permanently on truth alone. They will never prosper on debilitating falsehoods. Let the central truth stand confessed and admitted, and then let all the rest be buried in silence. As Lincoln said, according to tradition: "I can conceive that both sides may be wrong. I can conceive that one side should be right and the other wrong. But it is impossible that both sides should be right."[1] The tendency in the North just now in certain quarters is to try to pretend that both sides were right. That is not only impossible but false. Events have shown inexorably that it was the right which triumphed at Appomattox. Forgiveness is admirable and cannot be too complete, but in the affairs and the history of nations it is not wise wholly to forget. It is still more unwise, it is worse than unwise, to seek to obscure the truth.

> " 'Tis man's perdition to be safe
>   When for the truth he ought to die."

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[1] In a meditation written in a dark hour—September, 1862—and never published until long after his death, Lincoln said:

"In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may* be and one *must* be wrong." "Life of Lincoln," Hay and Nicolay, vol. VI, p. 342.

This is the same thought as that expressed in the words quoted in the text.

CHAPTER VII

EUROPE: 1866–1867

After I had been five years at Mr. Dixwell's school it was decided by the family authorities that we should all go to Europe, all including my mother, my sister and her husband, Mr. George Abbot James, to whom she had been married three years before, and myself. As I was to enter Harvard the following year, it was necessary that my studies should not be interrupted, and my mother, therefore, secured as my tutor to go with us Constant Davis, who was the eldest son of Rear-Admiral Davis, and whose mother was her second cousin as well as a lifelong and most intimate friend. Of Admiral Davis I shall have much to say later and will say no more here. But of my tutor Constant Davis I must speak now, for he was, although unhappily only for a short time, one of the best, one of the most fortunate and most salutary influences which ever came into my life. He had graduated from Harvard in the class of 1864, taking high rank. He had been very popular in his class and had indeed inspired an affection and admiration among some of its members, whom he knew best, quite unusual for so young a man. He was a gentleman in the highest and best sense of the word, as intrepid morally as he was physically, a scholar, a lover of literature, with an exhaustless fund of humor, and a charming companion. It was his intention to become a lawyer, and he had begun to study for the bar when his health became impaired and the first signs of consumption, to which he was soon to fall a victim, had already appeared. It was largely the hope that a change of climate might be of benefit which had led my mother to ask him, and which had induced him to consent, to go with us as my tutor. For the first time, under his guidance, I began to get a little real education and to regard lessons as something other than an infliction devised for the torment of boys. Wherever we stayed for any length of time my studies were regularly carried on. No one, however gifted, could make me accept mathematics as other than a sore affliction, although I learned what was necessary readily enough and forgot it all with equal promptitude. But with Constant Davis I discovered for the first time that Virgil and Homer were not created solely for the misery of schoolboys, but were great poets telling noble stories, the one with unequalled distinction of manner, the other with a splendor of narration never surpassed, and with the freshness and simplicity of a world still young. Then, too, I also discovered that the orations of Cicero were models of eloquence, ranging over the whole gamut of emotion and argument, and I became deeply interested in them and in the Rome which they portrayed. It was the same with the extracts from the Greek poets in "Felton's Reader," and with classical history, of which I was expected to know a certain amount. But my tutor's influence did not stop there. I know that he was fond of me, but he did not hesitate to point out plainly, although kindly, my faults of character. I remember resenting frequently what he said, and yet was much affected by it even if I did not admit it at the moment, and the truth of his strictures I have fully recognized ever since. He did more, however, than teach me my lessons or try to improve my ways and manners. A great lover of literature himself, he led me on to read Shakespeare, of whom I was already fond, and when I had made a beginning not only stimulated my love for the plays but caused me to understand them and to perceive beauties and appreciate humor which I had before passed over undetected. It was his first journey to Europe; he had a most alert, inquiring mind, sensitive to all forms of beauty and to every kind of historic association. It was his intense interest in everything we saw which led me, although I was at an age which is usually bored by sights, to find interest and pleasure in buildings and pictures and historic places which were to me an occupation and amusement then, and which became the source of much of the best enjoyment of my life in later years, when I was able to look at what I saw with more considerate eyes. Immediately after our return from Europe Constant Davis, whose health had not improved, went as secretary with his father, who had been ordered to the command of the South Atlantic Squadron, to join the fleet then at Rio de Janeiro. There, before the year was out, he died. He was one of the best friends, in the best sense, I ever had, as well as one of the finest characters, and, if it was possible for a boy to judge, he was also one of the clearest intellects I have ever known.

I have dwelt upon my close association with Constant Davis because as an influence upon my life it was the most important contribution of that year of travel. But those months in Europe were also full of interest to me in other ways. Even in 1866 going to Europe was not the everyday matter it has since become, and improved means of communication have done much, while the rapid growth of the United States in wealth and luxury has done still more, to obliterate the superficial differences in modes of life, in manners, and in the appliances of daily existence, and especially of travel, which then existed in a very marked degree between the New and the Old World. That which is called progress in modern civilization seems to be confined to scientific knowledge, to increased altruism and a larger tolerance, degenerating sometimes into mere feebleness and indifference, and finally to mechanical improvements, where it is most salient. It is not apparent that in art or literature or intellect the race has advanced at all beyond, or even equalled, the achievements of the Greeks. But when we come to scientific knowledge, and to the development and concentration of power and energy, particularly in the application of steam and electricity, the two mighty forces which are really new to the world, the visible change and progress, even in a comparatively short time, are very marked.

When we left Boston in June, 1866, we sailed in the *Africa*, not one of the best steamships, but considered a very good boat. She was a paddle-wheel steamer, with auxiliary sail-power, of about two thousand tons; the last steamship in which I crossed the ocean was of twenty-five thousand tons, and there are several larger than this. The *Africa* depended very much upon her sails, stopped at Halifax, and consumed in good weather a round fortnight in getting to Liverpool. She had a poop-deck over the dining-saloon, whence one descended to what would be called the spar-deck, and there was little or no place for walking or moving about. The staterooms were aft under the spar-deck, small, dark, with one miserable oil light, which was extinguished at ten o'clock, for each pair of cabins, with port-holes always awash, and therefore closed, while the entire place was completely unventilated and reeked with the smell of bilge-water. There was nothing resembling a bathroom, and no means of taking a bath except by going on deck very early and persuading a seaman to dash salt water over one with a bucket. Even on the poorest ships to-day passengers, I think, would complain of such conditions, but then they were universal and accepted as inseparable from an Atlantic voyage. The treatment of passengers was characteristic of the Cunard Company at that day, although it was no doubt worse on some ships than on others. The food was limited in quantity and poor in quality. The ship was dirty, the service was bad, and the manners of the ship's company rough and uncivil. If any one complained, and this was true for many years subsequently, the invariable reply was: "The Cunard Company has never lost a passenger." This was no doubt highly creditable, but as a reply it was hardly relevant. There seemed no logical reason why, because one escaped drowning, one should be subjected to every sort of discomfort and neglect. The Cunard Company has lost a good many ships since 1866, and in late years, on one occasion, some passengers unfortunately, who were swept overboard. Their former stereotyped reply, therefore, can no longer be made, and I am informed that they now treat their passengers very well, and not as if it was a favor to get them across the North Atlantic like cattle, alive and with unbroken limbs.

The theory was at that time entertained by members of my family, among others, that a paddle-wheel was steadier than the screw steamers, then just coming into fashion. The side-wheelers may roll less—after my first journey out and home I never crossed the ocean in another—but they certainly pitch more, and not even a channel steamer in the heaviest sea could have performed worse gyrations than that wretched *Africa.* I had been knocking about in small boats all my life, but I succumbed promptly and utterly to the *Africa,* and did not rally or get up on deck for several days. I was acutely miserable, and longed for home. It was then that I first learned all the profound wisdom and humor of Touchstone's saying which Constant Davis repeated to me many times: "So this is the forest of Arden. When I was at home I was in a better place. But travellers must be content." Gradually, however, I escaped from this utter misery, and toward the end of the voyage began to enjoy myself. There were many pleasant people on board, friends of ours in Boston, who all knew each other very well, and who made life as pleasant as it could be under existing conditions. Among the passengers was Lawrence Barrett, who struck up a friendship with Constant Davis, and upon whom I gazed with the eager curiosity which a distinguished actor always excited in my mind at that period. It seemed strange to me to see him going about just like any one else, for I felt that he ought to wear a toga and a green mantle, and deliver the great oration over the body of Cæsar as I had seen him do it years before. The daily existence on shipboard seemed to me dull and slow, as I have always thought it since after the sensation of rest and change, so agreeable in the first days of a voyage, has worn off, but it was all so new to me then that I found it more exciting than I have in later years, and there were many little events which impressed themselves upon me at that time. That which I best remember, however, was the last night of the voyage, when we were off the coast of Ireland. I had never been so far north, and the long twilight, which lasted almost until the dawn began to show in the east, made upon me an ineffaceable impression.

Feeling deeply the importance of my journey, I resolved to keep a journal. I have made many such resolutions in the course of my life but have never succeeded in keeping either journal or resolution for any length of time, and my first effort was no exception to those which came after it in later years. I began with great zeal, fulness, and elaboration. Gradually the entries dwindled, then became irregular, and at the end of six months ceased altogether. I find, on looking over the old pages which have been hidden away for forty years, that I wrote down methodically what

I did, and described what I saw with painstaking accuracy. My diary exhibits a most precocious interest in sightseeing, but it is all so dry, so devoid of imagination or humor, that it is of interest to no human being, not even to myself. Yet I will nevertheless quote the opening lines of the earliest entry, for they give a clear first impression, and one which, curiously enough, I have never seen reason to alter.

> "July 1st, Sunday, Liverpool.
>
> "When I awoke this morning I found the ship was quiet and that we had really arrived at Liverpool. My first impression on coming on deck at half past six was of a very uninteresting and dirty looking city with immense docks. The River Mersey looks very much like the East River at New York. At seven we had a most unsatisfactory breakfast and at ten the custom house officers came on board and overhauled our trunks. A small tender came along side and we were carried to the city. The first things that I noticed were the carriages especially the 'hansom cabs' with a man behind driving over the top; the four wheelers in one of which we came up are the meanest little conveyances I ever saw."

The days of landing in a tender are over and would greatly surprise the modern passengers who walk from their steamship into a London train, but the character of the vanishing four-wheelers has not changed, and it is interesting to note that at that time a hansom cab had not been seen in the United States, and was regarded by me as a strange vehicle, familiar only in the pages of *Punch* and well worthy of note in my journal.

I am not going to describe our travels after we landed, for I have never had any ambition to write a guide-book, especially one designed to illuminate beaten paths. I shall merely try to give some of the impressions which I then received, and which I have kept ever since as pleasant memories. To a boy who had never been farther afield from his native town than New York it was all very new and strange.

Moreover, Europe, as I have already said, was by no means as familiar to Americans forty years ago as it is now. Comparatively few Americans went to Europe then; I mean as compared with the thousands who now cross the Atlantic every summer. It was before the days of Cook's excursions, of round trips and low fares. There were very few steamship lines; indeed, the Cunard boats were practically the only ones which people generally thought of using. Then again, as I have also said before, there was a much greater difference in modes and habits of life between America and Europe at that time than there is now, owing to the vast change which has taken place in frequency and closeness of communication, and the result was that the commonplaces of to-day seemed then, in many instances, strange and interesting to a wanderer from the United States.

We stayed a day or two in Liverpool and saw such sights as the city possessed, including a wax-work exhibition where a figure of Wilkes Booth, conspicuous among the murderers, who were all dressed alike in black frock coats, made me feel somewhat at home. But it was the gloomy, dingy hotel, the dark, smoky streets, the cloudy sky, which dwell in my mind still as the sensations that most keenly emphasized my being for the first time in a foreign country.

From Liverpool we went to Leamington, and there a little incident occurred which illustrates the remoteness of America from England in 1866. My brother-in-law went into the inn yard to order carriages for the next day. The man in charge, a stout and cheerful person of the Tony Weller type, asked, after the order had been given, what part of England we came from. My brother-in-law said that we were Americans, to which the rubicund coachman made answer, with genuine surprise: "Why, you do speak English uncommon well, to be sure." I do not believe that any Englishman of any class would to-day express surprise at hearing an American speak English, no matter how much our dialect might differ from his own particular variety. Yet I must admit that many years afterward a little incident befell me which somewhat impairs this generalization. It occurred when I was a member of the House of Representatives. I was walking through the Capitol with two young Englishmen who had brought me letters, when we happened to pass some negroes —no very uncommon sight in that neighborhood. One of my companions turned to me and said: "Why, those fellows were speaking English." I did not quite take in what he meant, and said: "What do you mean?" "Why," he replied, "it is quite remarkable that they should have learned English so well." "They have been here for two or three hundred years," I said, "and they have no other language. What did you expect them to speak—some Congo dialect?"

From Leamington we made excursions to Warwick, Stratford, and Kenilworth. Nothing in all my travels since has quite equalled the vividness of those first impressions which came sharply home to me in the pleasant June days passed in Shakespeare's country. Warwick satisfied all that my imagination had conceived a feudal castle to be, and it seemed to me then as if earth could offer nothing equal to the pleasure of owning and living in such a place. When I revisited it years afterward I was glad to find that its imposing beauty was all that I had felt it to be when I was a boy. The great towers and walls, the moat, the battlements, were the realization of the scenes of which I had dreamed in reading Scott. It was much more satisfying than Kenilworth, which was too much of a ruin to content me, although the scene of the novel was full of meaning. Brought up to a blind devotion to Shakespeare, Stratford and its neighborhood were an unending delight, and I accepted every tradition and every tale of the guide with uncritical satisfaction. I seemed to come near to Shakespeare and to understand his actual existence as never before. I have always been glad that my first impression of a foreign country, which is sure to be keener than any later one, should have been received from the town where Shakespeare was born and died, and where he lies buried.

From Leamington we went on to London. The great city had a strangely familiar look to a youthful student of Leech and Dickens, and the crooked streets did not seem odd to a native of Boston. I shall not describe what we saw, because they were merely the usual sights, nor are my somewhat dim memories of the impressions which then crowded fast, one upon another, worth recording. It is the fashion now, as I observe in books and letters, to speak with contempt of sight-seeing as something worthy only of the Philistine, which, Leslie Stephen says, is the name a prig gives to the rest of mankind. At all events, I must make the humiliating confession that, as my youthful diary shows, I have always been fond of seeing sights.

> "For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide,
> It never did no good to me,
> But I can't help it if I tried."

I have never tried to help it and I liked sights at sixteen, an age of easy boredom, almost as much as I did later. But at least I have never desired to give an account of my sight-seeing or to write books of travel, and I shall not begin now. On the contrary, I shall leave London at once and recall my pleasantest experience during my first visit to England, which had nothing at all to do with towers, abbeys, or museums.

Mrs. Russell Sturgis was a very old and intimate friend of my mother, and as soon as we reached London she came to see us and insisted that we should all come to them at once to stay for a fortnight at their house, Mount Felix at Walton-on-Thames. Thither we accordingly went after a brief delay, and a very happy fortnight for me ensued. It was all very new to me, the mode of life, the people, and the place, and to all alike I look back with real affection. For my own satisfaction I wish to say a few words here about some of the kindest and best people I have ever known, whose goodness and hospitality I can never forget. In what I write here and hereafter I do not intend to confine myself to an attempt to describe merely persons of public eminence or those who have made a noise in the world, and with whom the fortune of life has brought me into contact. I have known many people who have engaged my affection and commanded my respect, who were as interesting, as excellent in character, and as useful in their respective spheres as those who will find a place in the histories of the time. Of such people I would fain make some "trivial, fond record." Thackeray says on the title-page of one of his novels that it is the "History of Philip on his way through the world, showing who robbed him, who helped him and who passed him by." Of the first and last classes I shall have little or nothing to say here. Of those who helped this particular "Philip" I hope to say a great deal.

Mr. Russell Sturgis was a member of a well-known Boston family. He had been for many years in China in the great house of Russell and Company, and then, on the invitation of Mr. Bates, had gone to London, and at the time I knew him first was one of the principal partners in Baring Brothers. He was then past sixty and one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. It is rare to find an elderly man who is not only distinguished-looking, but so clearly handsome in face and figure, as to impress a boy, who naturally turns away from age without either understanding or appreciation.

Mr. Sturgis was as genial, cordial, warm-hearted, and full of fun and humor as he was good-looking, and, although I justly felt that a partner in the Barings was a highly important personage, I never was conscious of any shyness or stiffness when I was with him. Mrs. Sturgis, like her husband, was very handsome and was also a very clever and most charming woman, whose untiring kindness to me and mine I shall ever remember.

There were four children. Harry, the eldest, was at Oxford, although just then at home for his vacation. I looked up to him as a person of immense age and distinction, much more remote from me than his father and mother, because I was well able to measure the awful distance which separated a schoolboy from a "man" in college. Nevertheless he was kindness itself, and took me out to row on the river and to swim with him in its placid waters. The second son, Julian, somewhat older than myself, and afterward well known as a refined and graceful writer, was a clever, handsome boy, still at Eton, whither I went one day to see him, and where I was duly fascinated by the old school and by the famous playing-fields immortalized in the phrase which, I believe it is now said, was never uttered by Wellington. The only daughter of the house, May, was just my age; but, although she was most kind to me and I liked her very much, my view of girls and girls' society at that time of life was not at all what it should have been. The youngest of the family, Howard, was very much younger than I and consequently I looked down upon him, kindly of course, but still as one far below me in the scale of being. He too has become an author, and has written some remarkable stories, each stronger than the preceding one. His last novel, "Belchamber," is one of the most powerful novels of the time, very painful but convincing and realistic in a high degree.

There were no others in the household near my age, but there was always a houseful of people. Miss Mary Adams, the daughter of our minister, was there, and, although she seemed very remote from a schoolboy's level, her presence gave me the refreshing sense that we were not wholly cut off from Boston or from people who knew about us and who we were. I will not, however, enumerate all the many visitors who came and went during that pleasant fortnight. I recall only one who stands out with especial distinctness, and that was General Hamley, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis. He was an officer of distinction, chiefly, I think, on account of a book which he had written on "Tactics," or some similar military topic in regard to which he was then an authority. He had also written a novel, "Lady Leigh's Widowhood," which had a good deal of temporary vogue. If I had then known of Jerrold's famous question: "Pray, sir, are you anybody in particular?" I should have felt sure that it must have been addressed to General Hamley. As it was, I only gazed at him in unregarded silence and wondered why he hated my country so much. He was really a living explanation of the intense American hostility to England, for he was full of that unreasoning dislike of Americans which was such an amiable trait in some Englishmen of that day. I suppose that it was hard enough to pardon us for existing, and just at that moment it was probably impossible to forgive us for having won in the Civil War, which General Hamley at least had no wish to do. Not long before our arrival Wendell Holmes, the son of Doctor Holmes, and now a justice of the Supreme Court, had been in England. He had served through the war with distinguished gallantry, had risen to the rank of colonel, had been three times badly wounded, and had come to England for a well-earned rest and vacation. He was young, brilliant in intellect, full of life and energy, and fresh from a great experience. He had seen larger armies, greater and more desperate battles, and had witnessed heavier losses in action than General Hamley had ever known outside of books. He dined at the Sturgises' one evening, and General Hamley took occasion to put the offender in his proper place by asking: "Colonel Holmes, could you train your men to fight in line?" "Train our men to fight in line! Why, General Hamley, you can train monkeys to fight in line." At this point the conversation seems to have broken off, the distinguished general being rather happier in giving offence than in meeting a retort. To the successors and imitators of General Hamley I always feel tempted to repeat Robert Louis Stevenson's wise words: "Let him hold on and he will find one country as good as another; and in the meanwhile let him resist the fatal British tendency to communicate his dissatisfaction with a country to its inhabitants. 'Tis a good idea, but somehow it fails to please."

I do not for a moment mean to suggest that all Englishmen felt as General Hamley did toward Americans. There were many English people in the Sturgis house when we were there who were kind, friendly, and well-bred. Indeed, I objected far more to an old American copperhead who was among the guests, and who was infinitely more offensive to me than General Hamley or any one else. Fresh from war scenes, I would have greatly liked to have thrown this particular countryman of mine into the river. The objection lay not against Englishmen, but only against those of the Hamley type who seem, unfortunately, to have been for a century past, and until quite recently, a controlling influence in England so far as public opinion and public action were concerned. They apparently were able to inspire Canning with his unwise malevolence toward the United States in 1810, and Gladstone and Lord John Russell with their blundering hostility fifty years later.

After the Revolution England's obvious policy was to reestablish good relations with the United States, and detach them from France and Napoleon. It could have been easily done, but English ministers preferred to heap upon us every form of wrong, insult, and contempt which could be devised, and they secured as a reward the War of 1812. In that war they lost forever all their pretensions to interfere with American commerce and American seamen. They also lost eleven frigate actions out of thirteen, and were beaten in two fleet actions on the Lakes, which did not add to their naval prestige. I have never been able to see in what way Canning's policy paid. It seems to me to have been unintelligent to the last degree, and the wounds left by the War of 1812 were kept open and smarting by the judicious efforts of English writers and travellers. Then came the Civil War, and again England had an opportunity to bind the United States to her by bonds of gratitude which could not have been broken. The policy she adopted was such that the North was left with a sense of bitter wrong and outrage, and the South with a conviction that they had been uselessly deceived and betrayed. The treaty of Washington and years of bitter feeling, only dispersed at last by England's wise attitude nearly forty years later, at the time of the Spanish war, were the result of her policy during the war between the States. Again I ask, Did the attitude taken by England from 1861 to 1865 profit her? If the purpose was to gratify jealousy, malice, and contempt it seems to me that a heavy price was paid and nothing gained. But I do not believe that there was anything so intelligent as the gratification of malice or jealousy to be found in England's policy at that time. I think it was mere stupidity, and of such magnitude as to be tragic if we consider the conditions. Stupidity, allied with the invincible desire to cant and preach, is at the bottom of the British contempt for the outsider, whether in riding or fighting or the management of governments. The doctrine seems to be that because we English think that we do well, and think so no doubt very justly, we must therefore refuse to admit that any one else can do well too. It seems to me that the England of this day—the England of Balfour and Lansdowne, of Rosebery and Bryce and Harcourt and Grey—has made a great and wise advance in the interest of their own country by their changed attitude toward the United States, and by abandoning the old habit of contemptuous incivility. No doubt the complete indifference of the United States to English opinion which has replaced our former sensitiveness has had much to do with this alteration, but I wish to give all due credit to wiser counsels and larger knowledge among the English leaders of all kinds to-day. Some of the old sort who still lag superfluous upon the stage, and who are as impervious to facts as they are destitute of manners, appear occasionally, like Swettenham recently in Jamaica. But they are looked upon as odd survivals, who are regarded with amusement in America, and are condemned in England by all whose opinions are important to the good relations between the two countries which are so much to be sought and cherished by all sensible men.

The American copperhead and the English foe weighed but little, however, forty years ago upon the mind or spirits of sixteen. I was altogether too contented with my surroundings, too fully occupied, and was enjoying myself too much to worry about either. Mount Felix was a delightful place. It was not large, but a fine lawn stretched away at the back, running along the river and edged with noble trees. The quiet beauty, the repose, the air of completion, although I could not analyze my sensations then, were all eminently satisfying. The feeling that the land had been so long subdued, that so many generations had succeeded each other in those pleasant fields, that there had been time to finish and refine, has a peculiar attraction to an American. This is the compelling charm of the English landscape. I have felt it always, and many times since those early days, for it never departs, although in after-years I have often wondered where those bold and striking scenes were to be found which are so frequently described in English novels. To American eyes it all seems mild and gentle. The mountains are what we call hills, and I remember my disappointment when I saw the cliffs at Dover and thought what a vision I had cherished "of him who gathers samphire; dreadful trade!" Of course there are parts of the coast where the headlands are as bold as they are beautiful, and the sea naturally has the same splendor as on the other side of the Atlantic. But much as I grew to love the English landscape, there always came a time when the feeling that it is too conscious, that it suggests a quality which in "Tartarin" Daudet has called "décor," comes over me. Then I begin to long for the large unconscious scenery of my native land, because I have not been sufficiently educated to feel, like Mr. Norton, that the outline of American mountains is "vulgar," or to do otherwise than rejoice in our vast spaces, in the brilliant sunlight, the radiant blue of the heavens, and the transparent atmosphere of America. Mist, veiled lights, wet soft clouds, and darkness visible always make me homesick after a time, however much I feel their artistic value and the delicate effects of light and shade which soften and blur all outlines and leave nothing sharply defined.

From Mount Felix we returned to London, and there I met my father's English cousins, two brothers, Mr. John Lodge Ellerton and Mr. Adam Lodge. Mr. Ellerton in after-years came to my mind when I made the acquaintance of Major Pendennis. His good manners, his agreeableness, his somewhat made-up appearance, his knowledge of people and of the world, were all suggestive of Arthur's old uncle and of the friend of Lord Steyne, but Mr. Ellerton really belonged to the period of Pelham, and his dress and outward man were still in a modified conformity with the standard of that hero and his creator. He had been a young man about town in the days of William IV, and being both good-looking and intelligent, had had his little success in the London world. He was devoted to music and was a voluminous composer, as the dictionaries show. But although possessed of great technical knowledge, facility, and capacity, he had, unfortunately, nothing to say, and his oratorios and songs are as dead now as the days in which they were written. He had married the widow of a Mr. Manners-Sutton, who was, I believe, Lady Theresa Saville, a daughter of Lord Scarborough. She had died some years before our arrival, and Mr. Ellerton lived alone in their house in Connaught Place, whither we duly went to dine.

No greater contrast could have been imagined than that which was presented by Mr. Ellerton's brother, Mr. Adam Lodge, when they both came to dine with us at our hotel. He was an old bachelor, a barrister living in chambers in the Temple, and passing his life there and at his club, the "Oxford and Cambridge." He was a man of bookish habits and solitary life. He came into our room that evening blinking as if he had just escaped into the light from some dark prison, and he was shy to such a painful degree that it made every one else uneasy. He greeted us all, including Mr. Ellerton, solemnly and stiffly, and hardly said a word during the rest of the evening. After he had gone Mr. Ellerton said to my mother: "My brother has not spoken to me for twenty years, owing to some miserable difference about a suit in chancery. You see, you have done one good deed in asking us both to dinner." They remained friends from that time forward. Mr. Ellerton died soon after we returned to America, but Mr. Lodge I saw again when I was in England in 1871 and 1872, and I kept up a fitful correspondence with him until his death. They were two interesting men, who seemed strange to me and unlike any one I had ever seen. Both were university men, both men of cultivated tastes, but there the resemblance between them ceased. One had lived out his life a solitary old bachelor in musty chambers in the Temple, the other had been a man of the world and successful according to the success he desired. They came into my life only for a moment, but they interested me and seemed to me then and afterwards to explain and make clear characters and phases of life in English novels with which I was familiar, but which I had failed to understand intimately and instinctively.

While I was in London I went much to the theatre, and remember particularly seeing Sothern in Lord Dundreary. I also went to the opera, and the one which I now recall with clearness was "Lucrezia Borgia," with Titiens as Lucrezia and Mario as Gennaro. Mario was a fine-looking man and an imposing figure on the stage. He had his "bel momento" and sang one song beautifully, but that was all. His voice was gone, and I do not recollect any account of him as appearing again in opera. I am very glad, however, that I heard him once, as he was one of the surviving heroes of an earlier generation of opera-goers. I was fortunate, too, in hearing another and much greater celebrity of the days before my own. In my diary I find this entry on July 11: "In the evening we went to a concert to hear Jenny Lind. She has the most beautiful voice I ever heard. The rest of the concert was tolerable." She was a plain woman, very simply dressed, and looked elderly to my youthful eyes. She sang, among other things, one or two old English songs, which I particularly remember, and her voice seemed to me the most wonderful I had ever listened to. It had a quality of beauty which dwells with me still and which I have never heard surpassed.

From London we went to the Continent. My mother desired very naturally to follow, so far as might be the line of her travels in 1837, when people still made a "grand tour." So we went first to Brussels, thence up the Rhine, then through Switzerland, where I trudged up and down a good many mountains, which involved simply long walks, and so on to Geneva, and from there to Paris.

The second empire was then in all its glory so far as outward show was concerned, and few people suspected that it was rotten to the core. Fewer still realized what a deadly blow had been dealt to it by the failure of the Mexican expedition. Nothing, indeed, could have been worse than the conduct of France to the United States during the Civil War. It had been far more hostile than that of England, but nobody cared, because we had expected nothing from France, while we had counted upon support and sympathy from England, believing that England at least would understand the situation. But the men charged with the government at Washington knew well what a deadly blow France had aimed at us in Mexico when our hands were tied, and so when our hands were loose our administration forced the French troops out of Mexico and stood by unmoved while the unhappy victim of the Emperor's cheap, showy, dishonest policy, a beggarly imitation of his uncle's vast schemes, crossed with a speculation in bonds, went bravely to his death. If any people on earth had good reason to despise and to understand the second empire and all that it meant, it was the people of the United States. But I do not think that we were any wiser than our neighbors, and certainly all that a boy of sixteen saw or cared to see was the fair outside of the imperial government, which was dazzling enough to blind even better eyes than those of the Parisians for whom it was all particularly designed.

In any event my memories of that autumn in Paris are all of the most cheerful and agreeable kind, suffused with the warm light of pleasure, novelty, and enjoyment. I saw all the sights I ought to have seen, and by my own efforts and with the help of our friendly courier a good many that the better opinion of my family, if consulted, would have decided that I should do well to avoid. At the risk of appearing hardened I may say that I have never regretted the sights of either kind and that neither did me any serious harm, although those which were suitable bored me a little, because I liked their rivals of dubious character much better.

But the whole pageant of life in Paris just then was very brilliant and very imposing too. Not only were there plenty of troops in uniform to be seen about the streets, but there was great activity in business and an abundance of amusements also. The Champs-Elysées in the afternoon, especially on a race-day, were very gay, and the horses and carriages which filled the broad avenue in a continuous stream were good and on the whole well turned out. They were not turned out with the same perfection as in Hyde Park, but they were showy and effective. I take from my diary the account of the day when I not only saw the crowds in the Champs-Elysées to the best advantage, but also a fine review.

PARIS, *Monday,* Nov. 5th, 1866.

At half past one we went to see a grand review by the Emperor in person which took place on the race course of the Bois de Boulogne. There were about twenty thousand troops there including infantry, cavalry and artillery. The infantry were not as good as I expected. They did not wheel well, any of them, not even the celebrated Turcos. But the cavalry were very fine and very showy in uniform; the finest body of men, as I thought, on the field were the Cent Garde, a picked squadron of cavalry belonging to the Emperor. They were all men over six feet, dressed in a uniform of blue and red, with a shining steel breastplate and helmet of the same material with long white horse tails hanging behind. They were all good looking men and mounted on splendid black horses. The Emperor first rode over the field in front of the regiments drawn up in line and then stopping in front of the grand stand had all the troops pass in review before him. This was much the best part of the whole review and gave you the best view of all the troops. The concluding thing of the whole was splendid. All the cavalry drew up on one side of the field in a long line and then charged across the field and pulled up suddenly in front of the Emperor. We had no good view of the Emperor as we had to look at him through opera glasses, but as I had had a very good view of him a few days before when he was driving in the street, both of him and the Empress, I did not mind much. The Emperor was accompanied throughout the review by the Empress and the Prince Imperial, both on horseback. I enjoyed the whole review more than anything I had seen in Paris. We also saw the celebrated General Canrobert a very fine looking old man covered with the greatest profusion of medals and decorations of all sorts.

I remember very well the afternoon when I saw the Emperor and Empress returning from a review at Longchamps. She was then very pretty and graceful and looked like her pictures, which I had stared at in the shop windows. She smiled and bowed, and I thought that she seemed very pleasant and friendly. The Emperor, too, looked just as I had expected. He raised his hat at short intervals, but his face was expressionless and unsympathetic. I gazed at him with intense interest, for I supposed him to be a very great man, very mysterious, one whose word would affect the destinies of Europe, and I imagined that he was always revolving dark and intricate schemes, concealed by what even I could see was an ordinary, uninspiring face, as rigid, in public at least, as a mask. In this feeling I merely reflected the popular idea, which a boy absorbs without effort from the current talk and from the atmosphere about him. Nevertheless when I saw the Emperor, as I did several times, although this particular occasion left the most vivid impress upon my memory, I was conscious of a strong sensation of disappointment. The actual man fell far short of what I had imagined. Yet the opinion I had formed was wrong, and the instinctive feeling of disappointment was right. The Emperor had the talents of a conspirator in a high degree. He also had the gift, which is serviceable to so many lesser men, of holding his tongue and looking wise, the surest way in which a commonplace man can gain a great reputation, not only for sagacity but for ability and force, because nothing is more imposing than the unknown. As a matter of fact the third Napoleon was a man of ordinary capacity, weak, hesitating, easily influenced, and, if not corrupt himself, at least indifferent to corruption in others. When the mask was torn off, in 1870, all the world saw the man as he really was, but very few understood him in 1866, and even his enemies, who thought him wicked and cruel, believed him to be able, when, as a matter of fact, he was neither the one nor the other.

On that same day when I watched the Emperor returning from Longchamps I saw with him what interested me quite as much as the great man himself, and that was the Cent-Garde, who accompanied the carriages and to whom I alluded in my diary. I thought then, and I think still, that in equipment and appearance they were the finest-looking troops imaginable. All picked men on superb horses, with glittering corselets and helmets, nothing could have been more brilliant, more exhilarating than the vision of shining silver and glistening steel which they presented as they flashed by at a gallop to keep up with the quick-moving carriage. There were many soldiers to be seen in and about Paris in those days, including the Spahis, who greatly excited my curiosity. Very well they looked, too, in my opinion, and I was fresh from seeing the veterans of a great war. As a matter of fact, the troops were good. There is nothing more tragic in modern history than the gallant fighting of the French armies when the war with Prussia came. Badly led, badly officered in the highest grades, with no plans, with an Emperor hesitating and incapable, ruining all by his feeble indecision, the French soldiers flung themselves into the hopeless struggle with all the courage of their race. If not betrayed in the narrow meaning of the word, they were in the larger sense, for the government of the second empire, with its glittering exterior, beneath which all was unsound and rotten, was one vast betrayal of France.

This shining surface spread over everything in 1866, and the dark cracks in the varnish had hardly begun to show. Most characteristic of the time were the Offenbach operas, which just then were all the rage. They are conspicuous in my memories of that first experience in Paris. Where so much has grown vague and misty, that music still sounds sharply in my ears. I saw Schneider, who "created" the rôles, in "Orphée," in the "Belle Hélène," and in "Barbe-Bleue." She was then a person of somewhat opulent charms, good-looking, clever, notorious on the stage which she dominated, vulgar, audacious, effective. I have often thought since how she and those operas embodied the time. They were together but a passing show, and yet they seem to me now to have meant much, for the music filled the air and pervaded the streets as the woman who interpreted them filled and pervaded the stage. Offenbach's music is perfect of its kind. For light, comic operas nothing has ever surpassed it, and the composer was a thorough musician. The taking airs frothed up like a glass of champagne and vanished like the gleaming bubbles of the wine. And yet, perfect as it was of its kind, it left a bad taste behind it. Two of the most successful of the operas drew their fun from the degradation of two of the most beautiful of the Greek myths. The "Grande Duchesse" had, I am sure, a deep effect in breeding in the French mind a contempt for the Germans and the German army, a grotesque and absurd mistake, for which France paid heavily when the day of reckoning came. It was all gay and fascinating and delightful to the onlooker in 1866, but at bottom it was meretricious and insincere, dangerous when taken seriously for a worthy art, as was the case at that time. And then I remember seeing Cora Pearl, who was pointed out to me in the Bois one day. She was one of the figures, one of the sights of Paris—handsome, especially on a horse, hard, flagrant, notorious. It seems to me now not without significance that what a boy remembered most vividly as the salient sights of Paris in 1866 should be the troops, Offenbach's operas, and a fashionable courtesan. A boy does not consider or look deeply, but takes in what is on the surface, emphatic and obvious to the eyes of all men, and these were the sights of Paris then from which there was no escape. It is not without meaning and seems to me now to suggest the story of the second empire.

I had a glimpse of another kind of Parisian life which also left an enduring impression. Ben. Peirce, the son of Professor Peirce, the eminent mathematician, who had graduated from Harvard the year before, was completing his education at the École Polytechnique and lived in two small rooms in the Latin Quarter. An intimate friend as well as a first cousin of Constant Davis, the latter naturally saw as much of him as he could, and the arrival of Constant Davis's younger brother, Charles Henry Davis, then a midshipman in our navy, on leave from his ship lying at Cherbourg, gave an added charm to their meeting in Paris.

Constant Davis took me with him on his first expedition to the Rive Gauche; then an arrangement was made for me to take French lessons there regularly, and so I used to sit happily in the shabby little room in the Rue Cujas and listen to the talk, interspersed with much smoking, and ranging far and wide, but chiefly concerned with student life in Paris, a very fascinating existence, as I gathered, and one which it seemed to me must be very exciting. These boys, as I should call them now, were all under twenty-five, but they appeared to me then to be of vast age and unlimited experience, and I felt much pride at being admitted to their society. As a matter of fact, they were exceptionally clever young men, and the two Davises, despite their youth, had marked force of character and much seriousness of purpose. Ben. Peirce was a man of really brilliant talent, but was wearing himself out by a reckless disregard of health and of all the necessary limitations of human existence. He understood almost everything except self-control. He worked very hard and distinguished himself in his studies; he also played very hard, and in short burned the candle not only at both ends, but at every other point on its surface. Not content with all the amusements affected by the students of Paris, he flung himself violently into French politics. He was one of the drollest human beings I ever knew, as well as one of the most hard-working, and he had a wild humor which would carry him into all sorts of excesses, and very dangerous when applied to French politics, which at that particular time were none of the safest. Haunting the cafés frequented by students, and speaking French with the utmost fluency, although with a strange accent, he became a violent republican and an ardent foe of the empire.

He was wont to discourse about the infamy of the established government, half seriously and half humorously, but with a violence and an eloquence which used to startle my youthful mind. Unfortunately he would not always stop there. One night, returning from dinner with his cousins, he insisted upon climbing up onto the high fence of the Tuileries, and from that point of vantage shouting: "Vive la République!" "A bas l'Empereur!" "A bas Badinguet!" The natural result was the appearance of the sergents de ville and his immediate arrest. He was rescued with difficulty by his cousins, who explained that he was an American, and that he was only joking. They also, I fear, called the attention of the police officers to the effigy of the Emperor as displayed upon certain well-known coins. To me Ben. Peirce seemed then, as he does now in memory, one of the most fascinating beings I had ever seen. His fun and humor were unbounded, but he was equally interested in serious matters, and if he did not always think soundly, he rarely failed in originality. He graduated at the Polytechnique with distinction, came home and entered at once upon a career which was full of promise. But the candle had been burned too freely and in too many places. He died young, leaving a sense of loss which still endures among all those who knew him.

From Paris we went south to Nice, and I well remember the sensation of well-being which seemed to permeate me on again getting into the sunshine. The cold, chilly weather, the short days, the dim light and prevailing darkness of Paris, so characteristic of northern Europe in early winter, had weighed on my spirits, as they always have since, and had made me long for the brilliant sun and clear air of my native land. So the memory of my first sight of the Riviera dwells brightly in my mind, and was much enhanced subsequently by our four days' drive along the Cornice road to Genoa, instead of being flashed in and out of tunnels, as is now one's fate in the railroad train. From Genoa we journeyed in leisurely fashion to Rome, where we passed most of the winter, and a very delightful winter it was. I saw all the sights and enjoyed them; for the first time I seemed to understand Cicero and Horace and Virgil, and I grew actually to like them because I was in the very place where they had lived, and because Constant Davis was able to make me appreciate what I studied. This had never happened before in regard to lessons, and for this reason I really obtained a little education. The presence of the Forum made me comprehend in a curious way Milo and Clodius and Catiline and the rest, so that I acquired an admiration for some of the great orations of which they were the theme, which I have never lost. My early impressions of the ruins and churches, of galleries and pictures and statues, are, however, of no interest or value to any one but myself. The memories which I would record here relate to very different things, and have no connection with sights or sight-seeing, or with lessons in the classics or in ancient history.

The most interesting person whom I saw and knew in Rome, for at my age I was naturally not much in the way of seeing distinguished men, whether Italians or others, was William Story, the sculptor. He was a very intimate, and indeed a lifelong, friend of my mother. In fact, they had been boy and girl together, and this meeting after a separation of many years was a very great pleasure and happiness to both. The Storys had an apartment in the Palazzo Barberini, where their eldest son has lived until very recently, and we went there many times, for both Mr. and Mrs. Story were hospitality itself, and did everything in their power to make our winter a pleasant one. To Mr. Story, boy as I was, I became much attached, and I think one could hardly fail to have been attracted by him. He was a man of exceptional charm, certainly to those who knew him well. The son of Joseph Story, the eminent lawyer, jurist, and justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he had been, as was to have been expected, bred to the bar, and had won early distinction as the author of more than one successful law-book. But literature and art were the things he really loved, and after his father's death he abandoned his profession, migrated to Rome, and became a sculptor. He had a touch of the poet and wrote much verse, always refined and cultivated, and some of it very good, although in his more ambitious attempts he exhibited too strongly the masterful influence of Browning, with whom he was intimate. He was also a graceful writer of prose, with abundance of wit and of a pleasant sentiment characteristic of his time. His "Roba di Roma" is one of the best books ever written about the Rome of that period. In sculpture, which was his life-work, he had a large success, and his statues were much admired on the Continent as well as in England and America. Like Gibson and Powers and Crawford, like Danneker and Marochetti, he belonged to the school of Canova. His work and theirs was smooth, rounded, academic, conventional in conception, given to the heroic and the sentimental. It suited the taste of the day, and was much applauded. It is utterly out of fashion now, and is regarded by the modern successors of those men with profound contempt. The defects of the Canova school are obvious enough; its lack of force, its artificiality, its essential weakness, and its sacrifice of other qualities to grace are readily detected, and yet I think it is a mistake, in the violence of reaction, to deny to this work all merit. My mother bought one of Mr. Story's statues, "The Libyan Sibyl," the best one, I think, that he ever made. I have it now. . It is quite out of fashion; but after making all allowance for the influence of habit and association, I still find it possessed of dignity and repose, and very pleasant to look upon. It has a certain quiet beauty and grace, which are sympathetic, as well as a sentiment and a feeling which are too obvious, perhaps, but which, none the less, fall gently on one's mind and are very agreeable to live with.

Mr. Story, as this mere enumeration of his pursuits shows, was a man of extraordinary versatility of talent, even if he fell short of supreme excellence in any of the great paths of effort upon which he entered. But if he never touched the heights as poet or artist, he was one of the most delightful and most attractive men that it has ever been my good fortune to know. Nothing human was alien from him. Literature, art, law, society, all interested him, and on all he had strong opinions, and would talk with fervor or with laughter, lightly, seriously, or eloquently, as the case might be. One of his most intense enthusiasms was for Italy and the Italians, to whom he thought we foreigners of northern race were habitually unjust. I remember well his telling me a story which used to rouse his indignation even more than his amusement, and which is as characteristic of the occasional English grace of thought and manner as any I ever heard. He said that he was one day coming down the steps to the Piazza di Spagna with an English friend. Around the fountain at the foot were gathered, as usual, a number of peasants in the costume of the country, waiting to be hired as models by artists. The Englishman stopped and pointing at them said: "I say, Story, just look at those damn foreigners." The fact that these innocent peasants, for such they were in those days, were in their own country had no effect upon the solid English mind. They did not dress as people did in London, they were not English, and therefore, wherever found, they were "damn foreigners."

In conversation Story was one of the most brilliant men I have ever known, and although I think the tears lay very near the laughter I have never seen any one with a greater fund of humor, or who bubbled over so constantly with fun and nonsense, to which he was, happily, much addicted. I was, fortunately, destined to see more of him in the coming years, both in Rome and at my own house at Nahant, but the earliest impressions of that vivid, sympathetic nature, of that quick and versatile mind which so dazzled me during my first Roman winter, have never been effaced.

Perhaps I may be permitted to follow the suggestion of the last sentence and diverge at this point in order to give some further recollections of William Story in later years. Hearing that he was coming to America in the summer of 1877, I wrote at once asking him to stay with me. I give his reply because it shows his warm feeling for his old friends, and so pleasantly pictures Nahant as it was in the days of his youth.

MY DEAR LODGE—

I have just received your very kind letter inviting me to stay with you at Nahant and I let not an hour pass before thanking you. Yes, I shall be delighted to come to you if you can take Waldo and me into your charming house. In fact nothing would give me greater pleasure and I don't know that I should not have insisted on coming if you had not asked me. If, oh, if I could only bring back those old romantic days and evenings on the verandah (I beg pardon piazza)! But I shall meet the ghosts of the past there and I shall pretend your wife is her own mother and flirt frightfully with her if she will let me. How many times my thoughts go back to Nahant with a yearning to see it again. I shall see your mother too again, who is to me in my memory a part of Nahant, and who I hope keeps me still in her heart as I do her in mine.

I heard with deep regret of the death of Admiral Davis. He was a very old friend of mine, always cordial and kind and sympathetic and I always hoped to see him again with all his honors about him. I see him still and hear his voice as in the old days in Cambridge.

Motley too is gone and that was a pang to me. He and his wife were also a part of Nahant and I well remember when I was a boy, seeing them and Stackpole and his wife walking up and down the old saloon and asking myself if there were ever seen two handsomer couples. I shall miss him very much with his eager spirit, his warm sympathies, his strenuous friendships. The links of the golden chain break off one after another and this is the curse of growing old, or one of the curses, for there are many. . . .

With our love to your mother and wife, believe me

Yours most faithfully

W. W. Story

Rome, *June* 16, 1877

Two years later I became one of the editors of the *International Review,* and I wrote Mr. Story asking him to send me something for publication. Here are two of his letters on this subject.

Rome, *June* 5, 1879

MY DEAR CABOT—

I am delighted to hear that you have again taken to editing and that the *Review* will be in such good hands. For my own part I should be most happy to do anything I can for you and when I can get a week, if I can succeed in this, I will try to write you something. About what? That is the question. Meanwhile there is a long paper which would make I am afraid at least two articles, which I wrote in Dieppe last summer on a subject which is very interesting in itself and which perhaps might meet your wishes. It is an account of the early history of Dieppe and the voyages of discovery made by her early navigators in the East and the West, in search of the Indies by sea; the first doubling of the Cape of Good Hope and the probable first discovery before Columbus of Brazil by Jean Cousin and of the subsequent voyages numerically following to North America. It opens a very curious question as to the priority of discovery in both worlds and as to the claims of the Portuguese, etc. The subject interested me greatly and would I think be especially interesting to Americans. It is a picturesque bit of history and if it proves uninteresting in my hands it is my fault, not the fault of the subject. The only other thing I have ready is a poem which I gave to Mr. Thorndike Rice of the *North American Review.* It is a supposed letter from a Jew who comes to Rome in the reign of Sixtus IV and gives his ideas as to the Church and habits and morals of the clergy and the world in Rome. It forms a pendant to that other poem "The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem" in which the case of Judas is treated. I do not know whether you intend to introduce poems (it is in blank verse) or whether the subject would please you but if Mr. Rice has decided not to print it I put it at your disposal. His only difficulty was its being in verse but I see in his last number that he has printed a poem by Voltaire and perhaps he will insert mine.

If these do not meet your views I can without much trouble give you a paper on the knowledge of casting and plaster among the ancients, a subject which I have carefully studied and which opens a good many questions relating to ancient art. What do you say to this?

I am now busy on my report on the French Exposition and I am afraid I am making a book of it. I have got already to my 140th quarto page of close writing and the Lord knows when and where I shall finish it. It is a disagreeable task, for on the one hand my sense of duty urges me to sharp criticisms, and my unwillingness to say unpleasant things on the other hand draws me in an opposite direction. Whether I praise or blame however I shall satisfy no one of the artists and I am convinced that they will be equally offended whichever course I pursue.

I have just finished a large statue of Sardanapalus of which perhaps you may see some accounts in the papers. On the whole I think it is considered generally to be at least one of my best works. At all events it is original and like nothing else. . . .

Yours most faithfully

W W STORY

VICHY, 22 *July*, 1879

MY DEAR CABOT—

I have amused myself in looking over my study of the art of casting among the ancients, for it was a study for myself originally and written with no view of publication, but merely to clear up my own notions; and I now send it to you with some corrections and alterations. The question is a curious one and I have gone into it very elaborately. I think I have not left a leg for C. C. P. to stand upon. He wilfully misunderstood the whole matter. I think I first set him going on it and endeavored to my utmost to clear up his mind but he could not be made to see it. He wrote to me his authorities and I explained them to him, but a wilfu man maun hae his way—and he had his—and years after he published his pamphlet which is in my view wholly wrong and begs the whole question at every page. The question is archæologically an interesting one and has never properly been considered before. Indeed the fact of the knowledge of casting by the ancients has been always taken as a fact and never carefully examined. Just as the Elgin marbles were always attributed by modern writers to Phidias, until I exploded that belief in an article in Blackwood. Since then I believe it has never been repeated. . . . I think of you all at Nahant breathing the cool sea air and overlooking scenes that to me are full of romance and embued with the warm colors of youth and feeling, while I am here in France at Vichy drinking the waters and reading and writing; and hoping that my wife at least will get a real benefit from the place; but getting little enjoyment from it myself. The people are so ugly that they oppress me, and all sorts of maladies walk about personified. I wonder if there are any pretty girls anywhere. I am sure there are none here. So I read bad and clever French novels about creatures so exquisite, both male and female, that one is ready to commit any baseness for them and then I ask myself where these creatures are. I see none at Vichy.

Ever yours most faithfully
W W Story

These letters show better than any words of description his versatility, the wide range of his interests, and also his industry and enormous power of work.

Some eight years afterward I was at work on my "Life of Washington." I had talked much with Mr. Story about it because he took a keen interest in the subject, and had heard from his father, who was not only for more than twenty years the associate but the close friend of Chief Justice Marshall, many anecdotes of Washington not then generally known. His reply to my letter seems to me to have much historical interest.

Rome, Palazzo Barberini
March 15, 1887

MY DEAR LODGE—

I am delighted to hear that you are going to give us the portrait of Washington after life, and not a wooden figure after the dignity of history as it is called; Marshall's and Sparks's heroes are about as much like the real man as the figure in front of the tobacco shops is like a North American Indian. If Marshall had had a drop of Zola's blood in him and had dared to be true to life what a story he might have told that now is lost forever.

The story that you refer to was told me at Washington in the year 1844 I think. I was then recovering from a severe typhoid fever and went to Washington with my father. I stayed for about six weeks. In the house where we boarded there were several members of the Supreme Court and two or three Senators—all distinguished men, some of whom had personal reminiscences of Washington. There was a common sitting room in which all used to meet every evening and talk about every sort of thing and eminently interesting those evenings were. I only wish I had recorded at the time on paper the stories that were then told of the Revolution and the persons who figured in it, instead of trusting it to my sin of a memory. Still many of those stories remain vividly in my mind, for they made a deep impression on me, and among the most vivid were several relating to Washington and his person and bearing and character. Among them was the one to which you refer. I do not remember by whom it was told, but my impression is that it was related by Richard Peters, then the reporter of the Supreme Court, though it may have been by my father, for various stories were told on that same evening and my memory is not quite distinct on this point. At all events it was told as coming directly from Marshall and was to this effect.

It was at one of the most anxious periods of the War and if my memory serves me right immediately after the Battle of the Brandy Wine when there was great doubt as to the exact position and movement of the British. Washington called a meeting of all the officers to discuss the situation and determine the best course to pursue. The consultation took place in Washington's tent. The night was very stormy and wild. Different views were taken by the officers and it became exceedingly important to know the exact position of the British across the river. Washington accordingly sent for an officer and directed him at once to cross the river and endeavor to discover where the British forces were and whether they were in movement and in what direction. The officer received his orders and departed and Washington and his officers remained together in the tent awaiting his report. Hours passed by of impatience and anxiety. At last he returned. Washington was sitting at a little table on which were writing materials and a large heavy leaden inkstand. "Well," he said, as the officer returned, "what is your report?" The officer in answer and with some hesitation replied that he regretted to say that he had found it impossible to cross the river on account of the severeness of the storm, the violence of the wind and rain, and the swollen condition of the river; that he had done his best but had found it impossible. Washington at this report glared at him an instant and then seizing the great leaden inkstand launched it at his head exclaiming "God damn your soul to Hell, be off with you and send me *a man*." The officer vanished. He had had enough. In an hour or two he returned and gave his report. Washington had made it possible for him to cross the river and he was able to state the position of the enemy.

Those, I think, were the exact words Washington used. They remain fixed and clear in my memory. They made Washington to me a more real and distinct person, and accounted for his personal power and absoluteness of character more than all the dignified narratives of the buckram historians. I remember too that it was agreed by all who were present, when this story was told, that Washington could and did swear roundly and strongly on occasions, and that when he met Lee in his retreat from Monmouth he swore at him with a vengeance and applied to him the most opprobrious epithets of unmeasured character and vehemence.

I remember too that it was then said that not only he gave way at time to furious bursts of violence, though he was ordinarily stiff and stern and undemonstrative, but that he equally on occasions gave way to uncontrollable fits of laughter and a story told by Marshall in illustration of this was then related which happened in the presence of Marshall, when Washington was so overcome by his laughter that he actually fell to the floor. The story is too long to tell here but it is a very ludicrous one. The outlines of the story are simply these. (I had better perhaps shortly relate them as they may interest you). Washington and Marshall had gone down into the country to visit a family of friends. They were alone and on horseback. The ride was a long one and night had come on. As they were approaching the house, Marshall by a sudden movement on his horse, perhaps to avoid a tree or other obstacle, split his breeches. What was to be done? It was too late and the distance was too long for him to return and he was in an unpresentable condition. How to make his appearance before the ladies of the family was a question. Washington insisted on his going on, insisted so strongly that he was forced to comply and on they went. The only device to conceal his disastrous condition that occurred to Marshall was to open his handkerchief and hold it by the two ends before him like an apron and this he did. On entering the room Washington turned and looked at him and then suddenly broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter which was so violent and exhausting that it was said he actually rolled on the floor and could not for a time recover himself.

I have filled up my two sheets and I must break off and go to my work. Give my love and my wife's to your wife and mother. I send you all a warm embrace and am

Ever yours faithfully
W W Story

At the Story house in 1866–7 we met many interesting people, at least my elders and betters did, for I merely looked on unobtrusively from a corner, and felt much out of place at a dinner or evening reception designed for the entertainment of "grown-up" persons. I recall Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, who was constantly at the Palazzo Barberini. I think she impressed me chiefly because she wore her hair short, but she was a bright, lively woman whose statues had just at that time a fleeting popularity. I also remember seeing Mr. Frederick Locker, as he was then, with his first wife, Lady Charlotte Bruce, and I was much puzzled to know why she was never referred to as Mrs. Locker. The Duke of Argyll I remember very well, chiefly, I suppose, because I had never seen a duke before, and had a vague idea that persons with that lofty title ought to look very differently from the rest of the world. The Duke of Argyll certainly did not look like everybody else, and he comes back to me as the centre of a group to whom he was talking with great animation. He had very light-red hair, which seemed to be flaring up from his head, and I remember Mr. Story saying very disrespectfully that he looked like a lucifer match just ignited.

Very far removed from the art and literature to which William Story gave his life, from the people or from the antiquities and galleries of Rome, was the occupation which constituted my chief pleasure in that winter of 1866-7. Always fond of riding, my sister and I promptly provided ourselves with horses, so that we might enjoy the Campagna in that way. One of our first rides was on a beautiful morning to see the meet of the foxhounds which was to take place at the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. Every one knows that wonderful spot—the great tomb, the Appian Way at its foot, the Aqueduct striding across the plain, and in the distance the lovely outline of the Alban hills. Young, careless, and absorbed in sport as I was, that beautiful scene made a profound impression upon me, one that has deepened since with every return to Rome. I could not then put my feelings into words, but some years afterwards I found them expressed when I read "Two in the Campagna.":

"The Champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease."

But on that particular morning there were no ghosts visible, for I had no eyes for anything but the hounds, the horses, and the scarlet coats of which I had often dreamed, and which I now regarded with feverish intensity. Suddenly a hound gave tongue, then another joined in, and another, and then the whole pack. They were off, and without stopping to think I began to ride after them, following the evident impulse of my horse. I happened to be riding near General Philip Schuyler, of New York, who was not only one of the pleasantest and most kindly of men, as well as a distinguished officer of our Civil War, but who was also, through his mother, a granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton, the representative of a family friendship with my own people which has lasted for four generations. "Come along," he said. "I don't know whether my horse will jump," I replied. "I think I know that horse," said General Schuyler, "and have seen him out before. He will go, I am sure." His memory was correct. I had obtained, as it appeared, from the English dealer, who owned him, a well-bred, fast little horse named Fidget, which had been regularly hunted during the previous year. He was a capital horse, as I afterwards discovered, well up to my weight, and ready to go anywhere or jump anything; rather uneasy if checked, but perfect to go. My companion's suggestion, however, was quite sufficient for me. I asked nothing better than to follow the hounds, and was entirely ready to take my chances. So off we went. My horse, I soon found, knew his business, and after we had crossed the first stone wall no doubt as to his jumping power again entered my mind, for at sixteen I had no nerves, a possession of which I became painfully conscious forty years later, after having ridden many horses and jumped countless fences—one of the penalties of age. Nothing, I think, ever quite equals a first day with the hounds if one is born with a love of horses and riding. There have been many, many such days since in my life, glorious at the moment, delightful in retrospect, but none ever quite gave me the sensation of that first experience on the Roman Campagna. I finished with the first flight and went home with my head in the clouds. To ride a good horse across country after hounds seemed to me the finest thing that a man could do. One does not think of falls at that age, and I had been lucky, so that accidents did not enter into my vision at all. As long as we remained in Rome I hunted regularly, and went out whenever the hounds met.

Apart from the joys and excitement of riding across country I found other interests in hunting. I came to know the country with a thoroughness obtainable in no other way, and I made some pleasant acquaintances. The master was a nobleman of one of the great Roman houses. I do not recall his name, but I remember him well: a tall, handsome man, superbly mounted on a big black horse. I looked at him with admiring eyes from a distance, but I made personal acquaintance with the huntsmen and the whips, who were all Englishmen. My chief friend, however, was the man from whom I hired my horse, who was also an Englishman. He kept a stable of hunters which he rented and sold. He also went out with some of his patrons and had an eye upon them in the field, and he helped the whips with the hounds. He was a middle-aged man, tall, slender, always dressed in black, and one of the best riders I ever met. I saw him one day perform a really remarkable feat of riding, one which required an unusual amount of nerve and judgment. There was a young Austrian countess accompanied by her husband, who rode regularly with us. She was very handsome, and a good but a wild and reckless rider. One day when we were going very fast we came suddenly upon a lonely farmhouse with a very small paddock or yard adjoining it. The hounds broke at the farmyard, and for a moment the line was not clear. We all checked except the countess, who for some unexplained reason, perhaps from a failure to control her horse, rode straight at the paddock fence, which was at least five feet high, and of stiff rails. Her horse struck and came down, and she was caught under him by her long skirt, such as was worn in those days. The danger that the horse would roll over her was imminent and pressing. There was no time to lose, but to jump into the paddock and at the same time in that contracted space to avoid the fallen horse was a desperate chance. My friend in black, however, in much less time than it takes me to tell it, jumped his horse over the five feet of rails, landed him at a standstill just clear of the countess, was off, and had her dragged clear of her struggling horse and on her feet before the rest of us realized what had happened. The countess escaped with a broken arm, I believe, but I have rarely seen more nerve and skill shown in taking a big jump than was displayed by the owner of my little horse on that occasion.

The most interesting person, however, whom I met in the hunting-field that winter was Miss Charlotte Cushman, the actress. She was out every day with her nephew and his wife, all mounted on some very fine hunters which Miss Cushman had imported from Ireland. She was a very large, heavy woman, over fifty years of age then, and she rode carefully, but she also rode well and intelligently, and as she was perfectly mounted, kept up and saw all that was going on. One day when chance brought us side by side she spoke to me, and finding out who I was she at once showed kind and sympathetic interest, and we became great friends. We used to talk about things American and about horses and hunting, in regard to which she gave me many shrewd hints. She was a very intelligent and very agreeable woman as well as a fine actress. The fact that she had been on the stage made her especially interesting to me, with my love of the theatre, and I regarded her with admiration and extreme curiosity. But I never could muster up the courage to speak to her of her profession or of the stage or of acting. I had seen her act more than once, and had been greatly impressed by her power, all the more remarkable because it was by her art and her fine voice alone that she overcame her lack of beauty, which was very marked. Her greatest part was Meg Merrilies, where looks did not matter, but that which I remember best was her acting in Lady Macbeth, which is, I think, the greatest and most difficult woman's part in the whole range of tragedy. I have seen many actresses fail in it; I have never seen any one approach success except Miss Cushman. She was an elderly woman when I saw her, large, stout, gray-haired, and plain, while Lady Macbeth is obviously still young and beautiful. Yet Miss Cushman made one forget everything except the greatness of the part. She moved and stirred her audience, and I never shall forget the power of the sleep-walking scene, the reserve with which she played it, and the shuddering horror she conveyed. It stands out in my recollection as one of the few really great bits of acting which are met with in a lifetime.

The last time I recall her in Rome was one day when we had a fine run in the neighborhood of Monte Mario. It was a damp day, the ground very wet and slippery, and we had to go down into and up again out of a number of deep ravines, or gulches, as they would be called in the West. The scent lay strong, we were having a good day, and these descents and ascents were trying and risky. Miss Cushman kept warning me to be careful, and finally, when we came to an unusually steep slope, she called out that if I kept on as I was going I should either break my neck or lame my horse. But I was sixteen; I saw the hounds scrambling up the other side and then running straight with their heads up, and so down I went as fast as I could, my horse sliding almost on his haunches. But he did not fall, and when I reached the top of the gully opposite we were in a level country, the pack going as fast as they could, and one of the finest runs I ever had was the result. The fox finally got away and went to earth, but there were few left to see even that ending, and I was filled with glory and satisfaction. Here is the dry contemporary account from my diary:

"Hunt today. Meet at Monte Mario. Beautiful day. View very fine. First rate run, fox went to earth and did not kill. Best run I have had; the country was very slippery and there were lots of falls. Some of the views I had of the city were splendid. I rode home with a young English man who was very pleasant and told me about English hunting."

I recall the young Englishman well. He was very pleasant, but he brought my pride in my performances down with a hard thud by asking me if I had ever hunted in the Lincolnshire wolds. I knew where Lincolnshire was, but had very vague ideas as to the nature of a wold. I replied in the negative, without adding that I had never hunted anywhere except in Rome, and he then said kindly, but with the condescension described by Lowell, "Ah, you should see the hunting there if you want to know what really good hunting is," and I felt properly humbled.

Much harder to bear was the way in which Miss Cushman's prophecy came true. I find in the diary: "horse dead lame. Could not hunt." "Horse still lame—could not hunt." My rashness abbreviated my hunting sadly, but it was none the less a glorious day, that day at Monte Mario, and I think it was worth all it cost.

From Rome we went to Naples, then back to Rome, and so north to Venice. Venice had just been liberated from Austria and become part of Italy, and her people were celebrating the carnival, as may be supposed, with extraordinary gusto and brilliancy. Prince Amadeo, afterwards King of

Spain, was there to give emphasis to the occasion, and I saw him several times. He was very popular, and at such a moment was received with intense enthusiasm. We saw, of course, all the usual sights, but that which was unusual and which interested me most was the Piazza, especially at night, filled, as it was, with maskers, with people in all sorts of fancy dresses, brilliantly illuminated and loud with music, noise, and fun of all kinds.

From Venice we went to Vienna, and passed at once into a winter like that at home. At Vienna we found the Motleys, for Mr. Motley was our minister there, and they were, as ever, all that was most kind, hospitable, and delightful. We dined with them several times during our short stay, heard a great deal that was interesting about Vienna and about the Austrian aristocracy, with their absurd sixteen quarterings and their profound belief that they were still real and important.

After Vienna came Prague and Dresden, then back to Paris and London, and thence home. I was so glad to be once more at home that even the East Boston wharf in the gray of the morning looked charming, and my return to Mr. Dixwell's ministrations for three weeks seemed actually delightful. But the few weeks were soon over, and in July I went out to Cambridge and was duly examined for admission to Harvard. At that time the examinations were largely oral, lasting three days, and one's fate was announced on Saturday afternoon almost immediately after the ordeal had ended. I got in without conditions, as did most of my friends at Mr. Dixwell's, and to have no conditions was the best that could be done then, when entrance honors were not conferred. Filled with triumph, I rushed into town, took the train, and drove rapidly home from Lynn to Nahant. The long summer twilight was just dying as I reached the house, and I saw the family gathered on the steps when I jumped out of the carriage. From the shadow came my mother's voice, anxiously asking, "What news?" to which, filled with mischief, I replied: "Four conditions." I can hear still my good mother's cry of disappointment, and the silence that fell upon the group could be felt. Then came the voice of Wendell Holmes, as he caught sight of my face: "The little villain! He is in without conditions." Much rejoicing followed. It was neither a very magnificent nor a very unusual achievement, but it was a large victory for me, and the night upon which I announced it is one which I remember as a very happy and satisfying occasion.

In any event, I was thought by my partial family to have rewarded their pains in a measure at least, and I was allowed to do what I pleased with my summer. So I elected to go with my cousin Frank Hubbard to Canada, salmon-fishing. We went to Montreal, and thence to Quebec, one of the towns best worth seeing in the world, for there are very few so nobly placed and at once so picturesque and so full of a sense of strength. From Quebec we went down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay, and thence to the Bersimis, where we camped out and enjoyed ourselves for that reason alone, although we had no luck at fishing. It was, I think, rather late in the season, and so we went back to Quebec and thence to Lake Champlain, and on into the Adirondacks, which were then a real wilderness. We camped out and did some shooting and fishing. I was guilty of shooting a buck in the water, a first and solitary offence of the kind, which I hope may be forgiven; we also did some fishing with better success than in Canada, and enjoyed greatly going down the rivers and shooting the rapids in our big canoe.

But everything comes to an end, nothing so certainly or so rapidly as a boy's holidays, and September found me in Cambridge, a wretched freshman, facing "Bloody Monday" as cheerfully as I could, and so beginning my college life.

CHAPTER VIII

HARVARD: 1867–1871

If my career at Harvard was singularly devoid of either distinction or interest, it at least came at a very memorable period in the life of the college. I went in under the old system and came out under the new. I entered the college, which had remained in essence unchanged from the days of its Puritan founders, the college of the eighteenth century with its "Gratulatios" and odes and elegies in proper Latin verse when a sovereign died or came to the throne, the college with the narrow classical curriculum of its English exemplars, and I came out a graduate of the modern university. Doctor Thomas Hill was president when I entered, then came a year of interregnum, and then President Eliot. I think that I cannot add anything to this bare statement by way of describing the revolution which took place at that time in Harvard, and my class happened to come just at the parting of the ways. We realized that a great change had occurred, but naturally did not grasp its meaning or even dream how fast and far the change thus begun would go. No one, I think, could have imagined the vast growth of the university in every direction under the administration of President Eliot. My class, to take a single illustration, numbered one hundred and fifty-eight at graduation. It was much the largest class which had ever entered the college or graduated from it, and was not surpassed in numbers for some years afterwards. Now a class at Harvard is three or four times as large as mine, and a single class has not infrequently more members than all the undergraduates together in 1867–1871.

The enormous increase in the number of students, however, is, after all, only one manifestation of the changes wrought at Cambridge during the last forty years. As I am not writing a history of modern Harvard, I shall not attempt to describe, still less to analyze or criticise, this great revolution in the oldest university in America, which in its course has had a profound effect upon all education in the United States. I shall allude to only two things: one, the passing of an old custom in which I was concerned and which marked by its departure the rapid obliteration of the eighteenth-century college then in progress, while the other was the effect which one of the most important of the modern reforms had upon me personally.

In the old days there was a solemn and public performance which took place in the autumn, consisting of exercises like those of commencement, with orations, dissertations, and addresses, and preceded by a procession, as on the great occasion of graduation. This ceremony was called the "Junior Exhibition," and had given rise to a burlesque version which was known as "mock parts," and which took place at the same time. The real "Exhibition" had been abandoned before I entered college, but the parody survived. A committee of the junior class was appointed and wrote an account of an imaginary procession in which members of the class figured in various ridiculous capacities. Then followed the announcement of the parts, much more numerous than in the real performance, and covering practically all members of the junior class. These parts were sent in to or devised by the committee, and consisted chiefly of quotations which were supposed to jeer at or hit off the foibles and peculiarities of the unfortunate boy to whom the part was assigned. To give an example drawn from another class than my own:

"A Dissertation
The Great Erymanthian Boar,
John Harvard Stoughton."

A few, a very few, of the parts were complimentary. The mock part of our first scholar was, for instance: "And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." Most of the gibes, however, were chaff and jokes, doing no harm and, perhaps, some good; but there was always a certain proportion directed against unpopular men which were often harsh and sometimes cruel.

The ceremony took place on a Saturday morning after recitations. The classes were drawn up in a hollow square in front of Hollis, the juniors facing the building, the seniors on the right, the sophomores on the left, and the freshmen, with no assigned place, hovering on the outside. Then the chairman of the committee, a post which I filled in 1869, seated himself on the sill of a first-floor window in Hollis with his legs swinging in vacancy and proceeded to read the account of the procession and then the parts amid the plaudits and laughter of the crowd, which, like most crowds, not only had a love of fun, but enjoyed the infliction of a little suffering. I read the parts effectively and successfully, so that everybody heard them, and took considerable pride in my fleeting notoriety. But I soon had reason to regret my brief hour of triumph. Some of the men who were wounded never forgave me, and I found to my surprise that I was held responsible for all the parts, which were the work of many hands and which had been approved and selected by the entire committee. I felt much hurt as well as astonished by this popular injustice, but I subsequently discovered that it was common in larger matters and to more numerous, older, and larger populations than college boys can furnish. No successor, however, was destined to suffer in the same way. The custom of "mock parts" was then considered to be as permanent as the college itself, but the old habits were changing, and reform was in the air. The next class, which was more virtuous than ours, not only voted to give up hazing, in which we had indulged and from which we had suffered, but they also determined to abolish "mock parts." That was the end of it; it was never revived, and the college in a few years had forgotten and outgrown the parody of an extinct ceremony. Thus it came to pass that I had the distinction of being the last student to read "mock parts" at Harvard. Now, all these years afterwards, when the little stings which I inflicted and which were inflicted upon me have long since ceased to smart, I am glad to think that I was connected with the old college times of which "mock parts" were emblematical and which I saw depart. If I could not save them—and they probably were not worth saving, these old customs—I did my duty by them at least once and stood on the shore and waved one of them a cheerful farewell as it drifted off down the stream of time. I felt a good deal of excitement and elation at the moment, because, except for my involuntary presence in the witness-box at Lawrence, it was my first appearance in public, and I succeeded before my first audience. It left, moreover, an indelible impression on my mind. I do not know how it may be with others, but with me it often happens that a familiar scene remains inextricably associated with a particular day and a particular event. There are few places in the world more familiar to me than the college yard at Cambridge, but when I see it in the mirror of memory the image before me is what I saw as I sat in the window of "Hollis" on that day of "mock parts." Perhaps it was the position, probably even more the event, but I always think of the yard as it looked that morning. It was early autumn, and the elms, not yet shorn of leaves, still drew their arches across the sky. The warm red of the old buildings, with "University" gray and cold in the distance, gave color to the scene. And over all was that pleasant atmosphere of the past so rare in America, that sense of quiet and repose which tradition and habit give, and the feeling that behind the laughing crowd gathered there before me could be heard the footfall of the successive generations who had trodden that pleasant spot and thence passed out into the world beyond.

The other incident connected with the revolution in the college system which began in the middle of my course was widely different from the last observance of an old college custom. There was nothing about it with a tinge of sentiment. It was merely a result of the reform which found one of its chief expressions in the extension of the elective system. Timidly and tentatively there had come a movement in this direction before the arrival of President Eliot, as light and separated gusts of wind precede the rush of the thunder-storm. We therefore found ourselves at the end of our sophomore year with a considerable latitude of choice. I did not question the virtues of the new system then, because, dexterously managed, it opened a generous opportunity for lightening the burden of studies. I have had a good many doubts about its perfections since. Under the old compulsory plan a certain amount of knowledge, no more useless than any other, and a still larger amount of discipline in learning were forced upon all alike. Under the new system it was possible to escape without learning anything at all by a judicious selection of unrelated studies in subjects taken up only because they were easy or the burden imposed by those who taught them was light. I do not intend to argue the merits of the case, but desire merely to explain the effect upon myself. I wished to take my degree with as little effort as possible, and so arranged my recitations as to give myself the largest possible spaces of uninterrupted time for my own amusements. This was not the ambition of serious and right-minded students; but the majority of undergraduates are not very serious, and my practical view of the advantages of the elective system is still, I think, popular. In any event, the results to me were unfortunate. I had been thoroughly drilled under the old system in Latin and Greek, and having some aptitude in languages I had learned to read both with facility. I could read any Latin at sight, and easy Greek; that is, in my sophomore year, when we were reading the Crito and the Gorgias, I never had to prepare for a recitation, as I could construe at sight whenever called upon. If I had gone on with my Greek and Latin I should have become so thoroughly grounded in both that they would have remained with me through life. But the enlarged elective system was a fatal temptation. I threw over mathematics, of course, and that was no loss, for I never should have retained any learning of that kind. But I also discarded my classics, because the hours were not convenient or for some equally trivial reason. The result was that, although I have managed to retain my Latin and have read it all my life sufficiently well for pleasure, my Greek, which I kept up for a few years after leaving college, was lost in the pressure of other employments, and now I can only read it with difficulty and have not leisure to recover it. So it comes to pass that I think with sorrow of my own folly and entertain serious doubts as to the perfection of that unrestricted freedom of election which gave my folly scope and opportunity. Of the so-called studies with which I replaced the classics, I have for the most part forgotten even the names. Two courses, German and Italian, which I selected were not wholly useless, and gave me a smattering of two modern languages which was not without value, and in the case of Italian developed into a source of knowledge and pleasure. I also had sufficient sense to take a course in English literature with Lowell, although I stupidly missed the opportunity to study Dante with him. But the English literature was something. It encouraged a strong natural taste and gave it direction. It also brought me into contact with one of the most brilliant men of his day and one of the best worth knowing. I came to know him better in the after-years; but I like to think that I was one of his students, and listened to that beautiful voice and delightful English and heard his witty and pregnant criticisms which were the best part of his teaching.

But in all my four years I never really studied anything, never had my mind roused to any exertion or to anything resembling active thought until in my senior year I stumbled into the course in mediæval history given by Henry Adams, who had then just come to Harvard. How I came to choose that course I do not exactly know. I was fond of history, liked to read it, and had a vague curiosity as to the Middle Ages, of which I knew nothing. I think there was no more intelligent reason than this for my selection. But I builded better than I knew. I found myself caught by strong interest, I began to think about the subject, Mr. Adams roused the spirit of inquiry and controversy in me, and I was fascinated by the stormy careers of the great German emperors, by the virtues, the abilities, the dark crimes of the popes, and by the tremendous conflicts between church and empire in which emperors and popes were antagonists. In just what way Mr. Adams aroused my slumbering faculties I am at a loss to say, but there can be no doubt of the fact. Mr. Adams has told me many times that he began his course in total ignorance of his own subject, and I have no doubt that the fact that he, too, was learning helped his students. But there was more than this. He had the power not only of exciting interest, but he awakened opposition to his own views, and that is one great secret of success in teaching. In any event, I worked hard in that course because it gave me pleasure; I took the highest marks, for which I cared, as I found, singularly little, because marks were not my object, and for the first time I got a glimpse of what education might be and really learned something. I have never lost my interest in the Othos, the Henrys, and the Fredericks, or in the towering figure of Hildebrand. They have always remained vital and full of meaning to me, and a few years ago I made a pilgrimage to Salerno with Adams himself to see the burial-place of the greatest of the popes, who had brought an emperor to his feet and had died a beaten exile. Yet it was not what I learned, but the fact that I learned something, that I discovered that it was the keenest of pleasures to use one's mind, a new sensation, and one which made Mr. Adams's course in the history of the Middle Ages so memorable to me. I have often wondered since, in view of this experience, why there is so little real education to be had, and why, as a rule, what passes under that name is so dry and meaningless and sometimes so repulsive.

From this outline of my intellectual experiences at Harvard, a dispassionate and serious-minded observer would say that my four years at Harvard were wasted, and so, in one way, I suppose they were. In the largest sense they were, I think, anything but wasted, and I look back upon them without remorse and with great pleasure, which is, perhaps, a humiliating confession, as college is supposed to be a place primarily if not wholly for education and the improvement of one's mind, and I got very little of either. I detested school, and I think the "happy school-days" theory is a popular fallacy of an entirely conventional kind. On the other hand, I enjoyed college thoroughly and had four very happy years at Harvard. I was very idle and devoted my energies to amusing myself, with great success and in the manner and with the intelligence common to that stage of life. I meant to go through college, and I did so without ever being conditioned, graduating near the end of the first half of my class. But I intended also to effect this purpose with the least possible trouble and effort to myself and with the minimum of mental labor, and in this, too, I succeeded. I desired also to enjoy myself as much as possible, and I did this, too. I took a sufficiency of exercise, both at the gymnasium and on the river, because I was fond of it, but without any ambition for distinction in those directions, and yet from the boat and from sparring and single-stick I derived not only wholesome habits of exercise, but an amount of real good which it would be hard to estimate. They were certainly far more profitable than billiards and cards, to which I also gave a great deal of attention, so much, indeed, that I have never cared for them since. But my greatest and most profitable enjoyments were derived from the many friendships I then made or continued. Most of them have lasted through life, a few have been among my best possessions, and all, I find, no matter how far time and circumstances may have brought separations in place or occupations or interests, have kept the flavor of those early days, something which no other days can give. I was fortunate enough to be elected a member of all the societies I desired to join. Two of them were theatrical, and this opened a field which had always held for me a strong fascination. In our sophomore society I made a hit as a Yorkshireman in one of Kenny's comedies at the first performance given by our class. I imagine that the dialect which I saw fit to adopt was as remote from the speech of Yorkshire as it was from any other spoken by men. But my audience was as ignorant as I, and since it succeeded with them there was nothing more to be desired. At all events, it fixed my fate. I was thought to have histrionic capacity, and from that time forward I had a leading part at every performance and was usually either the acting or the stage manager. This continued in the Hasty Pudding during my junior and senior years, and I finally extended my theatrical activities to authorship, writing, in collaboration with our class poet, Henry Swift, a rhymed burlesque of "Don Giovanni," adapting our songs to those of the opera and to popular airs by other composers less eminent than Mozart. Not being a singer, I had no part in the burlesque, but only in the farce of "Two in the Tower," which preceded it. The burlesque, however, had an enormous success, and I regret the loss of its precious text more than that of the missing books of Livy, for I should like now to read over those jingles and see just how bad they were, and try to determine whether there was anything but the spirit of youth which caused them to give so much hilarious pleasure both to the listeners and to their proud authors.

My taste for the theatre, however, led me in those college years to many performances by persons more experienced than I or my friends, and among these performances were some worth remembering. It was the college fashion in my day for freshmen to go on as "supes" when soldiers, peasants, courtiers, and the like were required in the Italian operas which we chiefly affected. There was much competition for the limited number of places, and I suppose that the man charged with securing supernumeraries took us because we not only served for nothing, but were ready to pay for the privilege, which meant money in his pocket instead of the usual outlay. Indeed, there could have been no other reason for our employment, as we must have been most undesirable assistants. We went for our own amusement, not to promote the success of the opera or the play. We were undisciplined and recalcitrant; if there was anything to be done in the way of marching or moving about or shouting or dancing, we did it with great violence; and we were especially disturbing with the supernumerary ladies, who were not volunteers, and with whom we were more popular than we were with the singers, actors, and managers. I remember well one occasion when, in the first act of "Don Giovanni," we were deputed in our capacity as soldiers to bear from the stage the body of the murdered Commendador. Four stalwart youths, members of the crew, were told off for this duty. They grasped the arms and legs of the unfortunate father of Donna Anna and whipped him up so vigorously and easily that they wrenched his arms and tore his clothes, bearing him lightly from the stage amid a cloud of Italian curses. But it was all very good fun for freshmen and gave one a knowledge of stage management and stage effects and theatrical people which, if not profitable, was certainly entertaining.

I shall say nothing of the endless plays of all kinds which I attended at that time, for it was in those days the fashion with students to haunt the theatres; but there were a few actors whom I then saw who are worthy of recollection. It was then that I again saw Edwin Forrest, of whom I have already spoken, and whom I had seen in "Metamora," which was violent, absurd, and popular. I now witnessed, and with better understanding I hope, his performance of "Richelieu" and of "Hamlet," in which he was very fine. He was then, of course, an elderly man, and perhaps for that reason subdued; but his Hamlet was singularly strong and impressive, the performance of a really great actor in accordance with the traditions of the English stage. He did not equal Edwin Booth, whom I saw constantly then and afterwards, for Booth was not only unsurpassed as Hamlet, but unrivalled in the great Shakespearean rôles by any one I have ever seen in America, in England, or in Europe. At about that same time I saw Charles Kean and his wife (Ellen Tree). Kean was the very reverse of Forrest. He was an excellent actor, educated, cultivated, trained, but without a spark of genius so far as I could perceive. He was admirable as Louis XI, although not so perfect as Irving, who seemed to have been born for that particular part. Mrs. Kean was very fine as Queen Katherine, and I have never seen any one who approached her beautiful performance of the fool in "Lear."

At that period also, when I had just entered college, I heard Mrs. Kemble and Dickens read: the one from Shakespeare, the other from his own books. Mrs. Kemble was then a stout, elderly woman, and her beauty, so famous in her youth, had faded. She came upon the stage of the Music Hall in Boston plainly dressed in black. There were no theatrical adjuncts, no artificial aids of any kind. She read the "Merchant of Venice," and in five minutes one was conscious only of her dignity, the beauty of her voice, the marvel of her dramatic presentation. I sat entranced as the play gradually unrolled itself before my mental vision, as the characters, carefully differentiated by the voice alone, passed over the stage, and as the exquisite poetry chimed and murmured in my ears.

Dickens was a sharp contrast. I had a boyish adoration of his books, and I looked forward with intense excitement to seeing and hearing him. I heard him several times, and I shall never forget the joy of listening to the trial scene from "Pickwick." Yet after it was all over the general effect left on my mind was a feeling of vague disappointment. I could not have explained that feeling then, but I think that I can now. Dickens as an actor, and he acted in his readings, was vivid, effective, full of force, energy, and dramatic power; but he lacked exactly what Mrs. Kemble possessed—dignity, reserve, refinement, scholarship, and high training. You never forgot for a moment that Mrs. Kemble was a lady. You were haunted by a suspicion that Dickens was not quite a gentleman; that somewhere there lurked the traces of the London cockney. I say this as a devoted lover and admirer of Dickens. His books and his characters have been my lifelong friends and companions. He had a great and noble genius, an imagination which was as vivid as it was fertile and original. I admire him more now, I place him higher than I ever did before, but I see the deductions which a sane criticism must make and I realize the defects which escaped the indiscriminate admiration of boyhood. The creative imagination, the unending humor, the hatred of wrong, the fierce satire which has never been enough appreciated, the eternal quality so admirably pointed out by Mr. Chesterton, are all there from beginning to end. Moreover, Dickens never ceased to improve as an artist. He was always advancing in construction, in style, and in force, even when his marvellous creative power seemed to slacken. But his tendency toward melodrama, although it diminished, never wholly left him. I have always loved "Nicholas Nickleby"; so much, indeed, that I do not resent Ralph Nickleby saying, "My curse, my bitter, deadly curse, upon you, boy!" after the manner of the Surrey theatres. But the atrocious vulgarity of his associate and titled villains, and the unbearable goodness and clamorous benevolence of the Cheeryble brothers in that same great story, were too much for me even in my youthful days. Yet while one can forgive the cheap melodrama, one cannot forgive the cheap pathos, the "wallowing naked in the pathetic," the resort to the death and suffering of children to extort a tragic effect, the false sentiment of "Little Nell" and the rest, which are as unreal and hollow and as bad art as the metred prose in which that heroine's death is told. It was an undefined sense of these very things which came to me when I saw Dickens. The humor, the effectiveness, the way in which he embodied his characters, were all very wonderful; but his somewhat overdressed appearance and conscious air, and, above all, the fact that he was stagey when he should have been dramatic, left a light but unmistakable flavor of rather second-rate pathos and melodrama from which there was no escape. Much as I admired the performance, and eager as I was to hear him, when it was all over there lingered at the back of my mind a slight sense of disappointment; a feeling that the great imaginative writer who was and had always been so much to me lacked something which he ought to have possessed.

All these things, all these little amusements, these long-faded successes and mishaps, as well as the thought of the friends and the friendships of those days which memory brings in her train, do not make up a very inspiring record of a time which should have been devoted to the advancement of learning. It sounds, now that it is written down here, like the story of an idle and unprofitable boy. Yet there is no phase of it to which I do not look back with pleasure; there is none of it from which I would part withal. I am not sure that it did not have a real value of its own. I think that it fitted me much better for the world than if I had never gone to Harvard. It undoubtedly gave me affections and friendships which could have been acquired in no other way. It is certain, above all, that I achieved one main purpose of a liberal education—a respect for the work of other men in other fields of which I knew nothing. With this came a tolerance for the pursuits and passions of others, and, thanks to Henry Adams, I was imbued with a realizing sense of my own abounding ignorance, which is the first rung on the ladder of learning and the best education that any college or university can give.

The greatest event to me, however, during my four years at Harvard had no connection whatever with the university. In my junior year I became engaged to the eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Davis, and to him and to the family into which I was then brought, I owe in large measure the affection and the happiness which life has accorded to me. Bred in the Boston schools, Admiral Davis entered Harvard in the class of 1825, but left the college at the end of his sophomore year to go into the navy. His career in the navy was a long and distinguished one. He was a man of high attainments in the exact sciences, and his early work in the service after his first years at sea was largely scientific. In this field he gained much distinction. He was engaged in the first work of the Coast Survey. He was one of the founders of the *Nautical Almanac*, and he found time to translate Gauss's "Theoria Motus," a translation which, I believe, has never been superseded. But he was, above all, a sailor and a naval officer. He made many long cruises, and it was he who rescued and brought off Walker and his companions after their filibustering expedition in Nicaragua. When the war broke upon the country, he was eminent in the group of younger officers who came at once to the front and upon whom the burden of our decisive naval operations fell. He was fleet captain with Dupont, they were very intimate friends, and together they planned and carried out the expedition under the latter's command which resulted in the capture of Port Royal, one of the most important, as it was the first, of our great naval successes. Admiral Davis received rapid promotion, and not long after succeeded Foote in command on the Western rivers. He fought and won the battle of Memphis, where he destroyed the rebel flotilla, and soon after was again successful in the fight at Fort Pillow. For these victories he received the thanks of Congress.

Broken down by the river fever, he was obliged to give up his command and return to Washington, where he was put at the head of the Bureau of Navigation, which he organized, and where he acted as chief of staff. Toward the close of the war he was appointed superintendent of the Naval Observatory, the highest scientific post in the navy. When I first knew him he had just returned from a three years' cruise in command of our South American squadron. Handsome and distinguished-looking, of pronounced military bearing, I have never known any man more charming or more lovable. In his perfect simplicity, in his absolute courage, in his purity of mind and generosity of spirit, he always made me think of Colonel Newcome. But, unlike Thackeray's hero, he was a man of the world in the best sense, of high professional ability and unusual intellectual force. A more delightful friend and companion it would be difficult to imagine. He had seen cities and men, he had been in all parts of the world, and had looked upon it with a broad sympathy and a complete understanding. His manners were not only delightful, but I thought then, and think still, were quite perfect. It has long been a habit both in speech and writing to describe manners one wishes to commend as those of "a gentleman of the old school." This has always seemed to me a misleading phrase, involving the error of confusing the incidental with the permanent. Differences in manners—and by manners I do not, of course, mean customs, but only those purely personal attributes which are the results of training and tradition, such as are implied in the words "old school"—are the superficial, accidental differences of time and place. Really fine manners, I think, must have been, and must always be, in essence the same. I never, for instance, saw finer manners than those of the famous Chief Joseph, a blanket Indian, in his full panoply of war-bonnet and paint, one night at a White House reception. Good manners, whatever the outward changes and differences at different periods in history, must be sympathetic, considerate, and, above all, distinguished; and if they have these qualities in high degree, then they are good without regard to details of dress or morals or form of expression. Tried by this standard, no one could have had finer manners than Admiral Davis, and if we add that they might be described as of the "old school," it merely means that we have fallen on a time which, unfortunately, thinks less of good manners than our ancestors did a hundred years ago.

Admiral Davis had travelled also in "the realms of gold" as widely as among the kingdoms of earth, and he loved literature and learning in every form. He was a scholar in the old-fashioned sense, and the Latin classics were more with him almost than those of his own speech, or of any of the modern tongues in which he was versed, for he was an accomplished linguist. This love of letters never waned. He told me that he meant to take up his Greek again when he had retired from active service—a time, alas, which never came—and devote himself to that great literature which he felt that he had too much neglected. His favorite book was Shakespeare, whom he seemed to know almost by heart, the fruit of long voyages, when he read and read again the few books which he could take with him on his ship. His second love was Virgil, and the Virgilian lines were constantly on his lips. The grace and distinction of the gentlest and most refined of Roman poets peculiarly appealed to him.

But more than all his accomplishments was the nature of the man himself. No mean or low thought ever crossed his mind. High-minded himself to the last degree, it was a positive pain to him to hear, still more to believe, anything ill of anyone. His gentleness and kindness were not those of the weakly good-natured, but of the man of strength and courage, who would do his duty without fear or favor, and who hated evil and evil-doers. He had an infinite humor and a love of nonsense and fun, ever among the most endearing of qualities. One could say of him, with the slight change which sex commands, as Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to know him was a liberal education. He had the secret of eternal youth, that gift so rarely bestowed and which has such perpetual charm. With all his experience of life, with all his labors and activities, he never grew old in heart or mind. Age and years appeared to have no relation to him. The freshness of the dawn was ever upon him, and when, paying at last the long-delayed penalty of his hard service in the war, he suddenly broke down at the age of seventy, it seemed to all that he had died prematurely and in the flush of youth.

That others felt about him as I did, and saw in him the qualities I have tried to describe, is shown by the following letter from Mr. Motley, the historian, who was one of the admiral's lifelong friends.

LONDON, *22nd March*, 1877.

MY DEAR CABOT:—

Your last letter was more than six months ago (11th of July, '76) and I did not think that one so interesting and instructive would have remained so long without a reply.

But before I say another word on any other topic let me tell you that my object today is to beg you to express to your wife and her mother my deep, true and tender sympathy with them in the great affliction which has befallen them in the death of Admiral Davis.

It is only within two or three days that I learned the sad event in the newspapers, for I have had no letters from home for some time.

I grieve most truly for you all, for I know full well what he was, and although he has been permitted to attain to a ripe age and to round into fullness a bright, noble and consistent career, yet these reflections cannot mitigate the pangs of such a loss. The longer such a man lives, the more he must become endeared to those nearest and dearest to him.

All that friends can do is to utter words of sympathy and of full appreciation of his virtues and high qualities.

His public career is part of our history. To be highly distinguished both in the practical and the scientific part of the noble profession to which his life was devoted and which he adorned, is much. But it was permitted him to write his name in bright letters on the most trying, eventful and heroic page of our history and there it must remain so long as we have a history.

Death comes to all, but when it comes to end a life which has been filled full of honorable actions, of devotion to duty, of chivalrous inspiration, our deepest regrets are rather for the survivors than for the dead.

For myself I shall always be glad that I had the great pleasure of seeing him in the midst of his family at Nahant during the summer of '75, which I passed among you all.

He was, I am proud to say, my friend from early years and he is associated with many of the brightest and tenderest remembrances of my life. He was the valued friend of one dearer to me than life and it is impossible for me to think of him or of your mother-in-law without thinking of Her.

And he always seemed to me the same man—in youth and in advanced years—of the same simple, truthful, genial, sympathetic, unaffected presence, thoughtful and appreciative of others, undemonstrative in himself—unchanged after he had achieved so much from what he was when his career was but just beginning.

I shall always cherish his memory and once more I beg you to say all that can be said on my part of true feeling to Mrs. Davis and her daughter.

I will say no more.

I reserve for another day a letter which I need to write in answer to yours very soon. I hope you will write to me again whenever you can. Your letters are always very interesting to me.

Give my best love to your Mother, in which, as well as to your Wife, Susie begs to join, and believe me

Sincerely your friend,
J. L. Motley

On May 12, 1871, I came of age. On June 24 I received my degree, graduating entirely without distinction, near the end of the first half of the class. The following day I was married in the eighteenth-century Episcopal church, which faces the college yard and the Common, and looks across the old graveyard to the Unitarian church, with its high, sharp spire, on the other side.

> "Like sentinel and nun they keep
> Their vigil on the green;
> One seems to guard and one to weep,
> The dead that lie between."

In August we set forth on a German liner for Europe, taking with us my wife's sister, Evelyn. The days of childhood and youth, of school and college, of much enjoyment, of cheerful irresponsibility, were over. A new time had begun, and whatever else might happen the future was certain to bring growing responsibilities, for I had provided myself with that assurance as a preliminary. As I look back now to that parting of the ways I pause a moment before I leave the old days to say a word of the changes which have taken place in society between that time and this, in manners, in customs, and in the less serious things of life.

CHAPTER IX

RETROSPECT AND CONTRAST

It is no more possible to draw definite lines dividing one part of life from another than it is to separate historical periods with exactness by the rigid number of a given century. Yet when a man passes from the irresponsibility of the years of school and college, when the artificial period fixed by law for coming of age is attained and coincides, as it did in my case, with marriage, with the assumption of responsibilities, and with the first vague questionings as to what one is to do with life, there seems at that moment as one contemplates the past a natural separation between that which has befallen us since the *annus mirabilis* and that which has gone before. The early days appear to be shut off from those which follow, although in reality they glided quite imperceptibly into each other. Looking back one instinctively pauses at this point, for just here the temptation to compare the world and society as one knew them at the outset of life and as one knows them to-day, after forty years have wrought their changes, becomes irresistible.

That human environment has altered more in the last seventy years, since the first application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication, than it had in two thousand or, indeed, in six thousand years previously, is a truism to those who have taken the trouble to consider this subject. Moreover, since the first application of steam and electricity the revolution in the conditions of human existence has gone forward with constantly accelerating force and rapidity. When I was born the fundamental change had already taken place. For more than forty years the world had possessed the steamboat, for twenty years the railroad, and messages had been carried for six years at least by the electric wire. I have never known, therefore, the world and society as they were before these great instruments of communication and transportation existed. But these far-reaching inventions were nevertheless still in their infancy when I was advancing from the cradle to boyhood and from boyhood to manhood. The steamboat, although widely used, was still, comparatively speaking, undeveloped, especially on the ocean. Railroads were limited in extent and were even less developed than steamboats. The enormous spread of both in all quarters of the globe and the corresponding increase in rapidity of movement have been the work of the last sixty years. The sleeping-car, the parlor-car, the fast through trains, the huge steamships, ten or twelve times as large as any existing in my boyhood, which now cross the Atlantic in less than a week, have all made their gradual appearance during my lifetime. In the world upon which I opened my eyes, and in which I lived and played contentedly for many years, there were no ocean cables and only a very limited system of telegraphs. I remember the beginning of street railways, which in their growth and by the application of electricity as a motive power have revolutionized (there is no other word) local communications, upon which the daily life of the people so largely depends. I have seen the telephone appear and spread until it has grown insensibly to be an integral part of our existence. I have seen wireless telegraphy begin, electric lighting introduced, the motor-car come into general use, and if I should live a few years longer I shall, I suppose, behold, with the indifference born of familiarity, the outlines of flying-machines dark against the sky. There have been many other inventions, many marvellous scientific discoveries, of course, in my time, but I mention only those which have changed radically human environment and the conditions of life, thereby affecting the evolution of the human race as only a changed environment can affect it. If new conditions powerful enough to produce evolutionary movements have been created, then society, customs, and manners, which are the mere reflections of the desires and tendencies of mankind at any given moment, must be profoundly affected also by such extraordinary changes in environment.

To any man who has lived beyond middle age, the alterations which he has witnessed and the contrasts between the world he knows and that in which he began life must be, and at almost any period of human history must have always been, very apparent. How much more startling are such changes and how much more profound and far-reaching when the years cover the birth and growth of new conditions more extreme in their meaning and effects than any which have occurred in man's environment within historic times! The men and women born between 1830 and 1870 who still live have passed through this period and, unconsciously for the most part, have watched these bewildering metamorphoses come and have beheld the new order establish itself. Realizing, as I think I do, these contrasts and changes, it is perhaps, not amiss to note them down. I am not concerned to decide whether the alterations in customs, society, and manners, born of the new environment and the new conditions of life, are in my opinion for better or worse. That is a matter of personal taste. One can take the Homeric position that the men of old time were worth more than those of the present, or, if one prefers, that of early Christian pessimism, and hold, with Bernard of Clairvaux, that

> "The world is very evil,
> The times are growing late."

On the other hand, we can, if we are of a cheerful temperament, cling to the creed of the nineteenth century, that mankind is steadily advancing and that we are moving slowly upward to perfection; or we can fall back on the opinion with which Machiavelli shocked the world, that, although customs alter, humanity is ever the same, never really progressing, but always possessed of the same virtues and, still more distinctly, of the same vices. These are all arguable propositions, but I have no thought of arguing anything. I wish merely to point out certain facts without any attempt to pass judgment upon their merits or to praise or blame existing conditions.

The society into which I was born and of which I became a part was, aside from politics, in its standards and fashions essentially English. The colonial habits of thought, very natural in their proper time, still held sway. In reading the reminiscences of Mr. George Russell and of Sir Algernon West, in which they contrast the society of their youth with London society as it is to-day, I was struck by the absolute identity of many of the vanished manners and customs which they recall with those which I remember. It seemed to me as if in many respects they were writing of the Boston which I knew as a boy. The dominance of English habits, fashions, and beliefs may have been more pronounced in Boston and New England than elsewhere in the United States, but I doubt if there was any serious difference. I am satisfied that American society, in its opinions and habits, was much the same in all the Atlantic States, that is, in the former colonies, and that they impressed their views upon the new Western States as the latter gradually emerged from the backwoods, pioneer stage of development. The books we read from those of childhood onward were English, our fashions of dress were English, our long, generous, heavy dinners were English; the ladies left the men in the dining-room, as in England, and as they still do in Boston, and the Continental habit of escorting the women from the dining-room to the drawing-room was unknown. Our literary standards, our standards of statesmanship, our modes of thought, apart from politics and diplomacy, where we were really independent, were as English as the trivial customs of the dinner-table and the ballroom.

I turn to the "Autocrat," a really great book, which has not even yet come to its proper place, and there, at the very beginning, I find the delightful passage about mutual admiration societies. Doctor Holmes had read more widely, more curiously, more thoroughly, perhaps, than almost any man of his time, and analogies, illustrations, and quotations teemed in his memory and sprang into life as he wrote. Yet what are the examples he gives to sustain his theme of the mutual admiration societies of men of genius or talent? Two very local from New York and two examples from England, the Shakespearian and the Johnsonian groups. The poets of the "Pléiade," the men who gathered about Lorenzo de Medici or Petrarch or Boccaccio, the Venetian group of Aretino and Titian and Sansovino, the French Romanticists of 1830, and many others were as familiar to him as to the rest of the world, but instinctively, in order to illustrate his text, he takes two English groups and no others. Turn to Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and read there his satire about the influence of Scott as displayed in the Southern fancy for the words "knightly" and "chivalrous," and for talking about "Norman blood" and "cavaliers" and all the rest of the stage machinery of the famous novels—a queer trick which has endured to much later times than those of which I am writing at this moment. It all tells the same story of the manners, customs, and social ideals of the United States in the early Victorian period.

The only foreign opinion which we heeded was that of

England, and we showed how much we cared about it by our childish sensitiveness to the arrogant and ignorant brutality which disfigured most English criticism. The colonial attitude of mind was displayed as clearly by the deep hatred of England which most Americans felt as it could have been by the most servile admiration.

The English observers of changes in their own society note many alterations which are common to American society as well, but in the United States forces which had no existence in England have been at work and have resulted in social changes far more sweeping and more profound than anywhere else. The colonial spirit and the English influence have alike disappeared. The Civil War disposed of the one finally, and destroyed with it not only slavery but our crude and youthful sensitiveness to criticism, which was enhanced, if not largely created, by the terrorized silence which slavery imposed. The huge increase of immigration, drawing its armies no longer from the British Isles alone, but from all Europe, has so diluted the English element that it is no longer all-important. Owing to our immigrants and to the vast development of communication and transportation, the United States, so far as its relations to other countries are concerned, has become cosmopolitan. I do not mean by this that we have ceased to have characteristics of our own. Far from it. The American characteristics have changed, and are still changing from those which were familiar and well-nigh universal when I was a boy, but they are none the less definite and are growing constantly more marked. The American of to-day is cosmopolitan in his attitude toward other countries, but he is more than ever strongly American. He is not open to Wentworth Higginson's criticism of a distinguished citizen of the United States that "to be really cosmopolitan a man must feel at home even in his own country." His patriotism cannot be more intense than that of his predecessor in the days before the Civil War, but it is more uniform and more contented. It remains to be seen whether it is capable of reaching the lofty heights attained in the war for the Union, but I am only comparing it with that which existed before the great uprising of the people to save their country. Seventy-five years ago our patriotism was restless, uneasy, self-assertive toward the rest of the world, while at home it was shadowed by the dark clouds of the slavery question and was suspicious and highly localized. The United States was divided by slavery, and when a man's patriotism was aroused it followed sectional lines and did not, as now, cover with impartial affection the entire country. Improvement in communications, the spread of railroads and telegraphs, have had their part in this change as well as the sacrifices of the Civil War which wrought it.

It is to steam and electricity, also, that we owe the material development of the country, which, under old conditions, it would have taken as many centuries almost as it has years to bring to its present point of wealth and prosperity. This rapid development of practically unlimited natural resources has, of course, brought with it not only general prosperity, but huge and quickly acquired riches. Vast fortunes, of course, are no new thing. Poverty and wealth are as old as civilization. The money-maker, the speculator, and the financier were a class as familiar to ancient Rome as they are at this moment to London or New York or Paris. The tax-gatherers, the courtiers, the officials of Egypt, the Phœnicians circling the Mediterranean and stealing down the African and up the European coast, the Greek colonists and traders, the Athenian merchants, the mediæval bankers of Italy and Germany, the Venetian ship-owners, the manufacturers of the Low Countries, the English nabobs of the East and West Indies, the London bankers, were not essentially unlike the millionaires of to-day. That which differentiates our own time is the rapidity with which wealth has been amassed and the size of the fortunes which have been gathered. In these respects mankind has never seen their like, any more than it has seen railroads and steamboats and electricity or the thousand inventions by which we have been able to make the earth in a few months or years yield up its riches to our relentless grasp and to seize remorselessly and with reckless wastefulness every resource which is offered by the bounty of nature. If we may believe Macaulay, Lars Porsena numbered among his followers a rich mine-owner:

"Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines."

But the modern mine-owner, with highly paid free labor, is able to extract a colossal fortune from ore which Seius would have rejected as utterly worthless. Indeed, until within the last thirty years we had not gone far beyond the methods of mining which contributed to the wealth of the Etruscan king.

In the United States, moreover, the change has not only been quicker, but the contrast with what had gone before is much more violent than in the Old World. The conditions of the Revolutionary days, when foreign observers admired us because they found here neither great poverty nor great wealth, neither very rich nor very poor, but a general equality of well-being, had passed away long before my memories begin. Yet the difference, nevertheless, between 1850 and 1913 is sufficiently striking. Some years ago, in 1880, a Boston newspaper published a list of the principal taxpayers of Boston in the year 1830, giving the amount of the personal property upon which they were severally assessed. By far the richest man was taxed upon three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no one else who came anywhere near this amount. When I was a boy a hundred thousand dollars was considered a comfortable property, and the very rich man, with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, was spoken of as a millionaire. Now three hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be regarded, in fashionable society at least, as a very modest provision; a hundred thousand would be looked upon as genteel poverty; and to describe adequately a really rich man, we are forced to "multimillionaire," for a million is no longer great wealth. These simple figures imply, of course, a complete and universal change in the scale of living and a corresponding alteration in the social structure. Society, as I first remember it, was based on the old families; Doctor Holmes defines them in the "Autocrat" as the families which had held high position in the colony, the province, and during the Revolution and the early decades of the United States. They represented several generations of education and standing in the community. They had traditions running back not infrequently to the first white settlement and the days of Elizabeth and James. They had ancestors who had filled the pulpits, sat upon the bench, and taken part in the government under the crown; who had fought in the Revolution, helped to make the State and national constitutions and served in the army or navy; who had been members of the House or Senate in the early days of the Republic, and who had won success as merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, or men of letters. In many places people of this sort have been pushed out of sight, if not actually driven against the conventional wall. Unless they were able to hold on to a certain amount of money or to add to their inherited fortune, they have been swept away. The persons who now fill society, as depicted in the depressing phrases and strange language considered suitable to the subject by the daily press, are for the most part the modern, very modern, plutocrats who are widely different from their modest predecessors of the middle of the nineteenth century. In my early memory, the man who, rising from the ranks, had made a fortune and wished to establish himself, sought entrance to the society of the old families and hoped, and sometimes endeavored, to marry his children among them. To the modern and recent plutocrat the old American family means nothing. He knows naught of the history or traditions of his State and country, and cares less. He has but one standard, money or money's worth. He wants his children to marry money, and for that reason he prefers the children of other plutocrats, no matter how new, or he will buy a European title, because he comprehends that the title has value as a trade-mark and a trade-mark he understands. Old family, whether at home or abroad, no matter how distinguished, if it is without a title, is meaningless to him. His theory, which he has every reason to believe to be sound, is that if he has enough money he can have everything he desires, and that his money will open to him all the social doors, not only in America, but in Europe, and that there is no court of the Old World which will not welcome him, no royal personage who will not receive him, if he only has money enough. Did not Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for once abandoning the tiresome paradox, say that when Mr. Carnegie landed in the British Isles all England was one universal cringe, and has any one had the hardihood to contradict him?

"Novi homines," as the name imports, are no new thing under the sun. We should indeed fare ill if it were not for the men who, starting with nothing, make their own way to the top. They have always been a powerful class in every civilization of which we have knowledge; and in this class, as in every other, the members vary among themselves, from those who wear, as if born to it, the purple they have attained, to those who can only realize and understand mere money and who are the exponents of that vulgarity which is typical of their class, and which, indeed, they come very near monopolizing. So I am far from suggesting that the newly rich man is a modern phenomenon. He is as old as commercial civilization. What I would point out is merely that he is more portentous than fifty years ago or, indeed, than at any period of which we have record. The great inventions of the nineteenth century have so quickened everything that the plutocrat is richer than ever before and of larger and much more rapid growth. The pace has been so accelerated that families which were just struggling into position when I was young are now regarded as ancient and long established, so fast and in such numbers have the creations of the last twenty years crowded upon their heels. These newcomers have absorbed, in fact they are in large measure the *fons et origo* of the society columns of the newspapers, which they fill with their performances, with their entertainments, their expenditures, their marriages, their divorces, and their scandals. The world at large which reads those delectable columns believes that this is what constitutes fashionable society, and is probably quite right in so thinking. Whether it is what used to be technically called in an elder day "good" society is another question. These same people have also taken complete possession of the fashionable world itself in some places, and they are flagrant and not to be overlooked anywhere, either here or in Europe.

In force, in insistence, in self-assertion and pretence, they do not, I imagine, differ widely from their prototypes dimly seen in the receding vistas. But they are much more numerous and much richer than their earlier predecessors. There are two facts about them which seem to me to be new, although I venture the assertion of novelty with much diffidence. It seems to me that the children, the second generation, who come suddenly to the enjoyment of wealth which they have not earned, and who have no restraining habits or traditions, are in a surprisingly large proportion failures; sometimes degenerates who end in an early wreck. The girls do better, perhaps, than the boys, although the story of their marriages and divorces, both foreign and domestic, does not furnish an exhilarating subject either for contemplation or study.

The other fact in regard to them which seems to me obvious is their lawlessness, their disregard of the rights of others, especially of others about whom they are not informed, and as they know only money, their information is limited. I do not mean by this to say merely that they are arrogant; that is an old characteristic of the type. I use the word "lawless" in its exact sense. They pay no regard to the laws of the land or the laws and customs of society if the laws are in their way. They seem to think that money warrants everything and can pay for everything, and that nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of what money wants. The maker of the sudden fortune may have disregarded written statutes and the unwritten laws of honor, but he did it consciously, certainly with full knowledge in the case of the statutes. His children, however, do it all unconsciously, so far as my observation goes, which means that they think themselves born to a position above the laws. There have been classes of people before who have taken this same view of their position, although on different and less ignoble grounds. But the result in modern times has been the same. When the people at large who had to obey the laws finally rose, the end was ruin to the lawless, and sometimes the guillotine. This process of reformation is expensive, and even the most confirmed optimist may therefore regard the gigantic modern plutocracy and its lawless ways with some uneasiness. I am not a "laudator temporis acti." I shun the rôle. I do not say that the modern plutocrat is worse than the plutocrat of other times and other lands, but I say decidedly that he is different and that he merits observation.

On the other hand, this expansion of fortunes and this rise in the power of money are not confined in their effects to those who seem to have profited most largely by them. We can see the same tendency in almost every political issue that is raised, for they nearly all turn on giving some class of people more money. The underlying proposition of most of the agitation now going forward is to take money by means of legislation, through government action, from those who have it, either by earning it or by inheritance, and give it to those who have not earned it, and especially to those who are unable or unwilling to earn it. The old spirit of individualism, which has carried the United States forward to its extraordinary material success, is decried as almost purely evil, to be curbed if not wholly extinguished. Success of any sort, no matter how honest and honorable, especially if it brings a pecuniary reward, is not only no longer admired, as it used to be, but has become a danger rather than a prize for which men should strive. To labor in any way appears to be considered as a misfortune in itself, which, if inevitable, must be mitigated so far as possible, the principal mitigation proposed being an effort to prevent those who work hardest and best from gaining any greater reward than those who work least and most ineffectively. Special privileges which are said to have existed for the benefit of the rich and successful seem to be on the way not to extinction, but to transference, which looks like a doubtful solution if we admit, what has always been assumed, that special privileges, no matter who enjoys them, are in themselves a bad thing. The "carrière ouverte aux talens," which was a watchword of the French Revolution, the equality of opportunity so unlimited in the United States, which Lincoln lauded as one of the glories of his country, were the unquestioned truisms of my youth. Now the talents which profit by the open career seem to be regarded with suspicion, and as prima-facie evidence of wrong-doing. Instead of seeking to assure equality of opportunity, the theory, whether openly expressed or not, appears now to be that without regard to merit there must be equality of result, a widely different proposition, far more difficult of attainment, and certain to end in a kind of injustice that would act as a powerful dissolvent upon the social structure, and even upon civilization itself.

Mr. Debs, when he accepted his nomination for the Presidency, said:

"Capitalism is rushing blindly to its impending doom. All the signs portend the inevitable breakdown of the existing order. Deep-seated discontent has seized upon the masses. Poverty, high prices, unemployment, child slavery, wide-spread misery and haggard want in a land bursting with abundance; prostitution and insanity, suicide and crime; these in solemn numbers tell the tragic story of capitalism's saturnalia of blood and tears and shame as its end draws near."

Mr. Debs's violence of language is only equalled by his looseness of thought and expression. Yet there are large masses of people who would not think of supporting Mr. Debs but who, none the less, hold more or less vaguely the same view that there are many evils in the world, that the existing order is to blame for them, and that if we get rid of the existing order we shall get rid of the evils too, and enter upon a millennium, presided over and guided by Mr. Debs or some equally judicious, gifted, and disinterested person. Mr. Debs calls the "existing order" capitalism, which is a name of no exact significance but well calculated to excite prejudice. Persons less righteous and more lukewarm might describe the "existing order" as a commercial and industrial civilization in contradistinction to those in which the dominant impulse was religious or military. But the name is of no consequence. The "existing order" is the only one we have, and when it is swept away the civilization dependent upon it goes with it. Even at the risk of denunciation as a reactionary it may fairly be said that this is a serious step. The last great civilization which has been overthrown went down with the Roman Empire. The evils of the empire were obvious enough, but its fall does not seem to have been followed by any very immediate improvement in human conditions, so grave an undertaking was it to wreck and replace a great civilization. If it were perfectly clear that poverty, prostitution, suicide, crime, and the rest of the dreadful evils which Mr. Debs enumerates were due to the "existing order," there could be no doubt as to our duty. But it was said nearly two thousand years ago by the Saviour of mankind: "The poor always ye have with you," and there is reason to believe that "blood and tears" and suicide and insanity and crime and prostitution have existed under every government and every civilization of which there is record. It would be a waste of time to suggest to those who think the present order has failed that the only way to judge it justly is to determine whether these evils and wrongs are greater or less, increasing or diminishing, under the present system as compared with its predecessors. In my youth it was believed that these evils were constantly being lessened, that the whole movement of society was directed toward their extinction so far as extinction was possible, and that this was the peculiar mark and glory of our civilization. It is now widely held, and not by Mr. Debs and his followers alone, that the fault is inherent in our civilization itself, which is making human conditions worse instead of better than they have ever been, and that therefore the only way to improvement is by pulling to pieces and destroying the existing order. This is not the place to argue the question if it be arguable from the lukewarm point of view. I merely would point out the enormous contrast between the sanguine mental attitude prevalent in my youth and that, perhaps wiser, but certainly darker view, so general to-day. Let me put the thoughts and beliefs in which I was brought up, and which pervaded the world in which I grew to manhood, in the words of another—better words than I or any one else could find:

"The most notable feature of a disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor, property is desirable, is a positive good to the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence, is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Any one who spoke in this wise to-day would be described in many quarters as a "reactionary," probably as a "fossilized reactionary," and, in the current, cant language, as a friend of "the special interests" and of the "money-power." Yet those are the words of Abraham Lincoln in

1864,[1] speaking to a deputation of a working-man's association—of Abraham Lincoln, a man of the people, a servant of the people, to whom he gave himself both in his life and in his death. We have been moving away rapidly of late from such doctrines as these, and if it be assumed that all movement is good, merely as movement, without regard to its direction, we must have made great advances, if advances are measured merely by distance. Whether the progress is toward ultimate perfection is another, larger, and somewhat disputed question. In any event, there can be no doubt of the wide departure from the principles set forth by Lincoln which we are now urged to make.

I have no criticisms to offer, still less do I desire to say whether the new beliefs are better or worse than the old. But there can be no doubt that the difference and the contrast between them exist, and that the faiths of my youth, then universally held, are now in many quarters not only denounced, but cast aside as only fit for the dust heaps of history.

Social political changes, then, in the United States during the past fifty years have been obviously much more marked, much more rapid, than in the Old World. They are as obvious also in the superficial habits of life as in the fundamental principles upon which American democracy and free government have hitherto securely rested. The fact that we were a young and swiftly growing people made this greater rapidity, one might almost say this violence of change, inevitable. Yet it is curious, as I have already remarked, how similar the alterations have been along many lines in England and in America, if we may trust to such good observers as Mr. George Russell and Sir Algernon West. They both, for example, comment upon the adoption of money and disease as subjects for general, and especially for dinner-table, conversation. I was taught in my youth, and very vigorously taught, that it was not good manners to discuss physical ailments in general society, and that it was the height of vulgarity to refer to money or to what anything cost, whether in your own case or in that of other people. I now hear surgical operations, physical functions, disease and its remedies, freely and fully discussed at dinner and on all other occasions by the ingenuous youth of both sexes. Money is no longer under a taboo. One's own money and that of one's neighbors is largely talked about, and the cost of everything or anything recurs as often in polite conversation as in a tariff debate. Again I am not concerned to decide which is the better fashion, the old or the new. I merely note the difference.

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[1] Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln: A History," vol. IX, p. 61.

The world of Boston, when I opened my eyes upon it, was a very small and simple world as I look back at it now in the glare and noise of the twentieth century. There was an abundance of gayety, but expenditures were small. Everybody knew everybody else and all about everybody else's family. Most people were related, for in the small colonial communities of the eighteenth century the established families had intermarried in a manner most bewildering even to the trained genealogist. Yet the extreme familiarity and ease of intercourse which I now observe among young men and young women entirely unrelated did not then exist. However intimate people might be, a certain formality of address was thought to be demanded by good manners. It was firmly believed that the observance of these conventions was necessary to maintain the dignity of polite society as well as self-respect and respect for others. In that old time, which is really not so very old or so very distant, but which seems to grow more and more unreal as I try to reproduce it before the surprised stare of the exemplars of modern habits and standards, it was an accepted tenet that children not only ought to honor their father and mother, but that they owed them a great debt and were bound to respect them, to help them, to sympathize with them, and, if need were, to care for them. This theory has now been almost reversed. The present view seems to be that parents owe an unlimited debt to children because they brought them into the world, and are bound to defer to them in all possible ways, one reason, perhaps, among many more potent, for the decline in the size of families. Again I do not offer any opinion as to the respective merits of the two systems. I will only go so far as to say that my own generation, owing to this change, has found itself in the subordinate and reverential attitude both at the beginning and at the end of life, both as child and as parent.

The rapidity of fortune-making is but one form of the increased and increasing swiftness which marks to-day every kind of occupation, whether useful or otherwise, as well as every function of daily life. To all societies it has brought haste in living, and incessant movement seems to be the key-note of existence. The leisure class rush uneasily from one amusement to another, the busy transact business and push forward their affairs with feverish and often breakneck speed. That repose which our ancestors so prized and which they thought comported best with dignity of life and manners has departed. Quiet and repose would now be considered stupid and dreary, while contentment is looked upon as the sign of a poor, unaspiring soul. It might be urged that repose of manner and contentment of spirit have not been found incompatible with high achievements, with daring deeds, or with noble aspirations. But it is to be feared that this suggestion would fall now upon deaf ears. The point seems, perhaps, not worth pressing, yet the restlessness and hurry so prevalent and so beloved to-day have produced certain far-reaching results which affect profoundly every activity of life and thought, and thereby the very nature of our civilization. I can best express what I mean by saying that we are now in such a hurry that form is being abandoned, that it has, indeed, been very largely given up. This may seem at the first glance an unimportant matter, but it is really most serious when it is carefully considered, for form has always been one of the essential qualities of all the best work which, in the last analysis, has been the justification and the fine flower of a high civilization. It is form which has preserved for humanity, and given life and savor to, all that mankind has cherished most as it has passed along its toilsome road, choked with the dust of material strife, deafened by the din, and broken and wounded by the blows of the struggle for existence and by the shocks of wars and revolutions.

Let me take a familiar instance. It is a commonplace to say that the old and graceful art of letter-writing has well-nigh vanished. The letters of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, which it is such a delight to read and which revive for us the life, the loves, the hopes, the ambitions, the manners, the scandals, the gossip, the thoughts of a bygone day, are no longer written. It is not merely that the telegraph, the telephone, and the typewriter are the enemies of letter-writing. These might, no doubt these inventions must, reduce the number of letters, but that is no reason why those letters which are written should for the most part be dry, condensed, and ungraceful, and fall as dead as a withered leaf as soon as they have been read. The fact is that it requires time to write a good letter, one worthy of preservation for some reason other than business or historical purposes. A really good letter should have style; thought should be expended upon it, and it should be carefully framed and composed. It ought to possess both form and substance; and if it is easily written, that is the result of training, practice, and care. Robert Louis Stevenson, the best letter-writer of our time, took infinite pains even with a note. But all these qualities consume time, and we have in these days, apparently, no time to give to a particular letter or to the training which is needful if we would have every letter a good one. We are restless and in a hurry, and therefore we abandon any attempt at form and content ourselves with what will do well enough for the moment. Thus it comes to pass that the charming art of the letter-writer, with a few lonely exceptions, dies out from among us.

In sculpture and painting we see the same tendency. Because Rodin, a great genius, sees fit in his later work to leave parts uncut or merely roughly indicated, a herd of imitators who are not geniuses at all rush forward to reproduce the master's trick or oddity or mannerism, which he perhaps makes effective, and announce in shrill tones that the very art which above all others depends on form is best expressed by formlessness. We call the same thing in a Greek statue an injury from time or bad treatment. In the case of Michael Angelo we say with regret that the statue is unfinished, and no one quarrels with the correctness of the definition. But the imitators of Rodin, who have never proved their mastery of form by noble works like the "Age of Bronze" or the "St. John" or "Le Penseur," insist that crude marble, amorphous and rough-hewn, is true sculpture. The fact is that in the hands of the imitators formlessness is only a convenient way of saving time and avoiding labor; a method of escaping from the work they cannot do and which demands a skill and a talent they do not possess.

There have been "impressionists" here and there who have produced beautiful pictures. But the crowd who have practised impressionism, still more those who revert to the drawing of childhood or of prehistoric man and call themselves "futurists" or "cubists" or some other meaningless name, and sing the praises of their various eccentricities as the only true form of art in painting, are, as a rule, the incapables, dominated by the restlessness and hurry of the present day. They proclaim the doctrine that the vague, the unfinished, the undrawn, the flat surface, and the childish lines are the real qualities of true art. This theory, loudly asserted, is merely the dust that is raised to cover the real cause of all these movements, which is to give to those of inferior talent an opportunity and a reason for bad work, for work done quickly in order to meet the clamorous haste which calls aloud to them on every corner and from every housetop. It is not the "call of the wild" which invites them, but the call of the newspaper head-line. The head-line is what they want, and so form is rejected. Form requires time and study and brings no head-line, no interviewer, no sensation in its train.

In writing, style, which is the essence of form, is now quite generally neglected. The reason is obvious. Style requires infinite pains, and taking pains means time. Why waste it when the main object is to pour out books or magazine articles, and swell the vast flood which sweeps under the bridge to the delectation of the idle crowd looking over the railings, and in a day has rushed on to the ocean of oblivion? As one watches the turbid torrent pouring by one feels less disposed to jeer at the old Yankee farmer who, when asked to subscribe to the village library, replied: "I don't care for libraries. Reading rots the mind."

The writers who with infinite care perfect their style as Stevenson did, and who maintain the standards of the great models which have come down to us from a long past, delight the judicious and have a crescent and enduring fame. But it is to be feared that they are looked upon just now by the great mass of readers as dull eccentricities, and the crowd goes on contentedly absorbing day by day the printed word from the most obvious sources which range from the vulgarisms and slovenliness of most newspapers to the loose, careless, colorless, formless stories and articles which pad out, together with advertisements written in the same cheerful dialect, the pages of many magazines. The world is in a hurry, the writer is in a hurry—why waste time over style which has no obvious money value? Form and style, be it said again, require time, and what we desire are new articles and new stories and new sensations so that we may rush from one to another. We do not seek for or demand work well done, work which rests securely on the slow accretions of civilization, and which is inspired by the labors of the men of genius who have added to the intellectual possessions of mankind and then gone their way into the covering darkness.

To those who listen with attentive ears or read with careful eyes it is apparent that the decline in outward form, in that which strikes the senses, is accompanied by a similar and growing indifference to that inner form which is wholly intellectual in its appeal. From writing, painting, or carving in a formless way to thinking in slovenly fashion is but a step. Incoherence of expression is nearly allied to incoherence of thought. Deep thought may lurk under an obscure style and has often been hidden in that way, but an obscure style does not of itself mean depth of thought, although some people appear to think so. An involved, diffuse style frequently conceals nothing but emptiness and confusion. Clearness and simplicity are entirely compatible with profound and original thought, but to those who are neither profound nor original, simplicity and clearness are impossible, because they relentlessly expose the void within. Under cover of rambling and chaotic sentences, vague brush strokes, or shapeless marble, poverty of ideas may claim, if it does not really produce, an effect. It may lead people to mistake eccentricity for originality. It may startle for the moment, and that seems the key-note of much modern work, which imperatively recalls the fat boy in "Pickwick" when he frightens old Mrs. Wardle by saying to her: "I want to make your flesh creep." But when we tear aside the veil the reality is disclosed, and we find only too often that the argument is as formless as the sentences in which it is dressed, the inner thought as meaningless and amorphous as its shapeless wrappings. How seldom, comparatively speaking, do we find in speech or book the argument or thesis in proper form, rising from premise to conclusion in ordered sequence. *Disjecta membra* are flung together, but the thought as a whole is broken and disconnected. To think clearly and connectedly, to know how to begin at the beginning and thence carry the mind of the reader or hearer smoothly on to the inevitable conclusion, is a great art, rare in its perfection, but in a reasonable degree not uncommon in the past. Now, however, it is becoming more and more infrequent, for such thinking demands painful effort, much training, and much time. Is the modern rapidity destined to prove altogether fatal to connected thinking and to well-ordered argument? We are in a great hurry, we are terribly afraid of being bored, the philosophy of life seems to be to do what we wish to do at the moment, provided that we know what our wishes and desires are. We seem to be far removed from the days when a great poet could put the aspiration of a generation into the lines:

> "When duty whispers low, You must!
> The youth replies, I can."

I do not say that the old attitude was the best. Perhaps the modern theory is the better of the two. It is not for me to decide. I merely note the striking change. Hitherto in the history of mankind the decline of a civilization, the break-up of a great social and political system, the sinking into ruin of a nation or an empire, were revealed in literature and art by the devotion to mere outward form, to over refinement, to tricks of expression, with nothing behind them. At such periods form became everything, and under the elaborate forms no substance was to be found. When the final catastrophe came and dexterity of manufacture vanished there was nothing left. Formlessness once more, as at the beginning, reigned in expression, and there was no thought to express. We can see this process in the latter days of Rome's empire, in the condition of Italy after the Reformation there had failed and the glories of the Renaissance had faded. It was from these conditions that men worked upward, rough in form at first but with vigor of thought struggling for expression. They gradually recovered the standard of a great past and once more brought literature and the arts to the highest levels of both form and substance. We do not show the symptom of decay almost infallible in its prophecy and which is unmistakable, when form is everything and substance nothing. Our situation is quite different. The tendency now is to abandon outer form and then to be content with formlessness in thought, because we are too hurried to spend time in securing the one or avoiding the other. Are we going to bring out of a chaos created by ourselves new forms and a new order, or are we deliberately returning to the twilight which precedes the dawn, determined to live in that dim zone because we have not time to spare for the patient labors, for the careful establishment of standards by which, and by which alone, civilization, carrying arts and letters and thought in its train, has hitherto emerged after many conflicts from the bondage of barbarism?

CHAPTER X

EUROPE AGAIN: 1871–1872

I SHALL not give any account of our journey in Europe, for this is not a book of travels, and our wanderings were along much-trodden paths and among familiar places. When my mother went abroad with her father and mother in 1837 they, of course, posted through Europe in their own carriage and followed the well-known lines: France, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, and a brief visit to the German capitals, winding up before their return with a journey through England and Scotland. When my mother went again to Europe in 1866, taking my sister and me with her, although railroads in the interval had changed the entire character of travelling, she very naturally wished to revisit the places which had charmed her in girlhood and to renew the memories of that happy time. When, again, four years later, I went independently, I wished that my wife and her sister should see what I had seen before. So we made our way to London after landing at Southampton, saw the usual sights and renewed our friendship with the Russell Sturgises, who, as always, were unwearied in their kindness and hospitality. Mount Felix, alas, was a thing of the past, and they were living in Carlton House Terrace, but they themselves were unchanged, and we had many pleasant hours with them. We saw sights in abundance, but few people, for we were not of an age to crave society where everything about us was so new and strange and interesting to the eager eyes of youth. Nevertheless, under maternal directions, we went one afternoon to call upon Mrs. Story, who was staying with Mrs. Benson, then living in a very charming house in the Kensington region. The visit is made memorable to me by the fact that we found other callers already there, Mrs. Leslie Stephen and her sister Miss Thackeray. We were quite unknown, very shy I think, and we certainly felt most keenly our youthful insignificance in a strange house, in a foreign land, but it interested me profoundly to know that I was actually face to face with Thackeray's daughters. I recall nothing that they said, but I remember well just how they looked; and their presence seemed to bring me very near to their father, whose books I had read while I was in college and for whom, both as writer and man, I had acquired an intense admiration.

From London we crossed to the Continent, went up the Rhine, and so on to Munich, whence we made our way to the hills in order to see the Passion play at Oberammergau. We stayed with an old white-bearded peasant who took the part of one of the high priests, and the whole experience was most interesting. The play was then given only once in ten years—fashion had but just begun to gather round it and it had not yet become sophisticated and conscious. The old simplicity of feeling and intention was still present, and one felt strongly the atmosphere of faith and the devotion of the villagers. It was an extraordinary performance: most solemn, most impressive, with a great deal of fine acting and a remarkable sense of scenic and artistic effect. In that quiet country the old faith still lingered unimpaired, and one felt distinctly the "tender grace of a day that was dead," stripped of all the evils which had surrounded it when the system of which it was a part was still powerful and flourishing. From the hills of Bavaria we journeyed into Switzerland, and as the summer waned, at the beginning of September, we betook ourselves to Paris. Although I have no intention, as I have said, of rehearsing our sightseeing and our little adventures, yet I must pause for a moment as the evening of our arrival at Paris comes back to me. When I had last seen the most beautiful of modern cities, the empire was in its glory. Now the empire had vanished and war and rebellion had swept across the scene, leaving ruin and desolation in their track. Scarcely three months had elapsed since the Versailles troops had made themselves masters of the city after a week of savage street fighting. Every effort had been put forth to repair the well-nigh incalculable damage inflicted by the siege and by the Commune, but it was impossible to progress far in two months. The Tuileries was a wreck and the Hôtel de Ville a heap of untouched ruins. The column of the Place Vendôme was down; many streets were still torn up; even the repaving of the Rue de Rivoli was not completed. In other streets the remnants of barricades still lingered, and at all the principal corners and along the lines of the fighting were remnants of half-burned houses, while on every side one saw the mark of the rifle-ball, the shell, and the obus. The Bois de Boulogne was a treeless plain and the palace of Saint-Cloud had perished. The signs of mourning, both national and personal, were painfully visible.

One morning I saw a communard arrested in the Champs Elysées and carried off, screaming, cursing, and fighting, by four sergents de ville, who handled their prisoner with little mercy, for they gave but short shrift in those days to any one who was even suspected of connection with the Commune. Doctor Campbell, a leading physician of Paris, whom I came to know well in the following spring, told me of two little incidents which illustrate the condition of public opinion in regard to the members of the Commune better than volumes of description. Just after the entry of the troops he was passing up the Rue Royale, when he saw an officer and two or three soldiers dragging along a prisoner whom they had apparently taken red-handed at one of the barricades. A crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, and as the prisoner came by a woman cried out: "Achevez le!" The officer looked around, drew his sword, gave the prisoner a sweeping blow across the back of his neck, severing the spine, and the soldiers pushed the body into the gutter and marched on. A little later, the upper part of the city having been cleared, Doctor Campbell went out to the cemetery of Montmartre to see if his mother's tomb had been injured by the firing. He found the tomb untouched, but as he passed around behind it he came upon over three hundred bodies stretched out on the slope side by side, lying in windrows "as the mower rakes the hay." The soldiers had taken these communists out there, stood them up in a row, and shot them down. It was a savage time; much worse, I imagine, than any one not actually present ever realized.

When I returned to Paris the following spring an auction sale of some of the effects of the imperial household took place in an upper room of the Louvre. It seemed a suitably mean ending for a government which, under all its glitter, was not only sordid but a sham. My one regret is that I was not wise enough to buy more than I did, for the things sold, chiefly fine china, went absurdly cheap, and such opportunities arising from the fall of empires do not occur often in a lifetime.

But in that September of 1871 the contrast between what I remembered and what I saw was tragic in its intensity, and made a deep impression upon me, young and careless as I then was. It was not merely the heaps of ruins and the destruction of monuments and noble buildings which weighed one down, but the atmosphere seemed still heavy with the terrible storm which had torn its way over Paris. Even the sufferings of the siege and the humiliations of the conqueror's presence seemed effaced for the moment by the horrors of the Commune. Paris in the hands of the mob had tried once again to control France as she had done so often before. This time France declined to be controlled. France had marched on Paris, taken it, put down the revolution, and restored order. It was said that thirty thousand people had been killed in the fighting which resulted in the capture of the capital. It was a fearful slaughter, but it had its effect and was not without its compensation. Paris has not attempted since then to take possession of the government and the country. As Cotton Mather observed after the extermination of the Pequots: "And the land rested for forty years."

After I had written down from memory the impressions made upon me by Paris in 1871, I came across those recorded at the moment. Contemporary description gives some details which memory had let slip, but the general impression has remained curiously unchanged after forty years, and shows how sharp and vivid that impression was. The letter was written on September 23, 1871, and runs as follows:

> There is one subject, however, which interests me very much and which would interest you, too, in a like manner; I mean the country and the city where we now are, the recent theatre of such vast events in the history of the world. When we first entered France everything seemed unchanged. There was no general gloom that we could perceive, and the damages to bridges and houses were being quickly effaced. The country, as you know, is very fertile and looked rich and smiling with its load of grapes. In fact, we were beginning to feel that they had not had such a very hard time after all. But our feelings soon changed. As the train stopped at Dijon, a large town half-way between the frontier and Paris, as you are aware, the first sight that met our

eyes was a company of Prussian soldiers, bronzed men who had been fighting hard, and their dusty, dark uniforms and glittering helmets presented a strange appearance although a most noble one. All at once the terrible fact seemed to burst full on me, and most impressively. Here was a troop of foreigners from the cold North, speaking another language, standing on French soil, and detailed to the station in order to search every train for concealed arms or men. And most thoroughly was it done by two stout fellows. It was war, terrible war in very fact, with the conquerors showing their power by searching a French train on French soil, and you can believe that there was no lack of sullen, gloomy Frenchmen there. But impressive as all this was to us, it is nothing to Paris. The first experience was the harsh evidence of hard, destructive war, but of a manly, stand-up fight between two brave nations. But Paris looks as if it had been the scene of a savage, barbarian massacre. The whole mournful tale is easily read in a few glances at the things around us. In the list of sights is now "Les Ruines de Paris"; Paris, the handsomest city of the civilized world, now makes money by showing her ruins. On every side are awful ruins—from my window, as I write (we were in the Hôtel Meurice), I can see the total wreck of the Tuileries and farther on is the like utter ruin of the Hôtel de Ville. But besides the ruins of her beautiful public buildings, whole blocks are gone, and at every turn in the street the remnants of stately houses meet your eyes. Whole corners are shot away, and almost every house bears the rents of bullets or the jagged seams of fresh cement, showing where the scars are but just healed. It is folly to say Paris is but little changed, as many of our people have said; it is terribly changed; not only the buildings are in ruins, but the people seem to be. The shops are filled with inflammatory books and pictures crammed with lies about the Prussians, and everybody seems ill at ease and restless. As far as papers and appearances tell—and straws show the wind, especially large straws like popular books, papers, and pictures—it seems to me that the French are worse than ever, and that all they cherish is not the prosperity of their country but a wild desire for revenge and military glory, the bane and poison of the life of France. My friend Munroe told me to-day, what I had inferred, that the whole fabric of society seemed to him to be perfectly dissolved and demoralization to be very general. Time may cure it all, but the signs of the time are not favorable, to say the least. Another change, and one I do not like to see, is the fancy for words, mere words. For instance, all public buildings have printed on them, in large, staring letters:

> "RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.
> LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ."

At every turn this meets one, and it must afford them the greatest satisfaction from the number of times in all places it is written up, with much stuff like it. This is a decidedly pessimistic view, I know, and very extreme, as is natural to a young man, of course, but I cannot help feeling that the French nation, great as it has been and can be, is wanting in the steadiness and strength which make a nation, and no amount of terrible teaching seems to supply those qualities.

The reflections in this letter are superficial enough; the prejudice against France owing to her attitude during our Civil War, then still so near, is obvious; and, after the fashion of the young, no allowances are made. Yet the keenness of the impression of a great country and a noble city in the hour of their desolation remains, and I know now what I did not understand then, that it was all due to the miserable imperial government and not to the French people, and that the overwhelming victory of Germany was anything but an unmixed curse.

From Paris we went to Germany, stopping at Cassel and visiting Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon III had been held a prisoner, and also the Rembrandts in the galleries, much better worth seeing than the retreat of the fallen Emperor, for they are a very fine and comparatively little-known collection. Thence we went to Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, on to Venice and the cities of northern Italy, and so southward to Rome, where we passed most of the winter. Here we renewed our inherited friendship with the Storys, who were, as always, most kind, and Mr. Story as clever, amusing, and charming as ever. But that winter in Rome is now chiefly memorable to me on account of an influence which then came into my life, affected me much, and passed away from me after a few brief months. That influence emanated from a character and an intelligence which, most untimely lost, have always seemed to me so unusual as to deserve at least the slight commemoration of a friend's recollection.

Among my classmates at Harvard was a man named Michael Henry Simpson. He was a Bostonian born and bred, but it so happened that I had never seen him until we met at Cambridge. His father was a rich manufacturer and well known in the business world. Simpson stood high in scholarship from the beginning, but two years passed before the other boys began to find out that he was also a "good fellow"; two things which in youthful philosophy are apt to be regarded as well-nigh incompatible. It may be said in behalf of the boyish philosophy that it has in it an element of truth. The hard students and first scholars, the "digs," as we used to call them, do not as a rule shine in the lighter side of life. The combination of the successful student, the pleasant companion, and the good fellow is not very common, but Simpson was one of these exceptional men and united all these qualities. In time he was discovered, became one of the most popular men in the class, was elected to the societies, and caused us all to wonder at the fact that we had not found him out before. I came to know him well in the theatricals of the Hasty Pudding Society, where we acted and managed together, and in Henry Adams's course in mediæval history, which appealed strongly to Simpson as it did to me. He also crossed the ocean to Europe soon after my departure from the United States, and we corresponded and discussed our experiences in foreign lands with youthful energy. I was very fond of pictures and statues, and knowing little about them I set myself to learn, if it were possible, something in regard to them and of the history of art as well, by studying the galleries and reading all the books I could procure which related to art or to architecture, for which I also entertained a keen, if ignorant, admiration. In these eccentricities I had few sympathizing friends of my own age, and I was charmed to discover that Simpson had precisely the same weaknesses. I also liked to see sights, if only to make sure on Doctor Johnson's principle that I did not care to see them again, and here, too, I found that Simpson, differing from our other young friends, who frankly found sight-seeing a bore, was at one with me. So when we met in Rome no more congenial pair of companions could have been imagined. We saw everything in Rome and its neighborhood, and all with a diligent minuteness which left traces never to be effaced. We read Suetonius together and then pored over the busts of the Cæsars in the Capitoline Museum. We wandered over the Campagna and among the ruins of Ostia and of Hadrian's Villa; then we went together to Naples and to Pæstum. It was a delightful winter, a happy time, a charming companionship; but in such close association we talked of many things besides pictures and statues, ruins, architecture, and history. We became very intimate, and, in the blessed fashion of youth, opened our hearts to each other and talked of ourselves without the dreadful and well-founded suspicion, which is brought by advancing years, that such conversation with another man is not, as a rule, conversation at all, but something to be shunned as the mark of the egotist, most unbearable of bores to his fellow beings. In this way I came in contact for the first time with a young man of my own age who had done some thinking for himself upon various matters of importance. This was an exercise in which up to that time I had never indulged. I was a Gallio and had been very happy and contented in that careless condition. I had taken the world as it came and had found it on the whole a very pleasant world. I had been brought up in a family holding the liberal tenets of Unitarianism, and about those tenets I had never troubled myself. But although the old doctrines of the church of my ancestors had been abandoned, the hand of the Puritan was still felt even among the Unitarians of Boston in such matters as churchgoing and Sunday observance. I regarded both these fixed habits as necessary interferences with the pleasures of life, but accepted them as part of the established order to be shirked when possible and dropped when I should become my own master. As to what I should do with my life or in my life, I had given to that somewhat important subject—important, I mean, so far as I was concerned—no attention at all. I was not pressed by need of money. I had everything I desired, and there was nothing to goad me on to think about the future. When I was in college I read Macaulay and conceived for him an intense admiration; his force, his rhetoric, his sure confidence in his own judgment, his simplicity of thought, all strike a boy very vividly. He did not seem to me a great or in the true sense a real poet, even then, and so, quite unconsciously, I passed successfully Matthew Arnold's primary test of poetical judgment; but I profoundly admired Macaulay's prose writings and felt that his career, which combined that of the public man and of the man of letters, was the most enviable which could be imagined. Later, when I came to Europe, when I read more and began to realize history and art, I also began to cherish some vague desires for a literary life. But beyond these nebulous fancies I had not progressed. Then I became intimate with Simpson. In him I found a man brought up in the same town as myself, who had thought much upon all these things and had reached some very definite conclusions, starting from premises to which I was wholly a stranger. His family were strict Congregationalists of the old New England type, devoted not only to the austere forms but to the rigid doctrines of the Puritans. They were of the people who locally were called "Orthodox," a term well understood in the days of the Unitarian schism. In such an atmosphere the conception of a man's duties in life had sunk deep into the boy's mind. He had joined the church, taught in the Sunday-school, and accepted the stern creed of Calvin. Then he began to think about religion and man's place in the universe. The old creed dropped away, and so he went on until he found that he could no longer accept the dogmas in which he had been bred, and was content to call himself an agnostic. All this he had kept to himself, for he was loath to hurt or wound those whom he loved unless it became absolutely necessary, and he told me that he had never before confided to any one the bitterness of the struggle through which he had passed or the conclusions he had reached. He was as far removed as possible from a prig; he seemed to the world simply an exceptionally clever, lively young man of unusual intelligence, full of fun and humor and of the joy of life. His serious side he kept to himself.

But although the dogmas had vanished and the unquestioning belief in the Bible legends had crumbled away before a clear, uncompromising reason and a finely honest mind, the inborn and strongly inculcated sense of duty remained. He saw neither intelligence nor pleasure in an idle, self-indulgent life. He felt very deeply that there were certain duties which must be fulfilled, and that the more fortunate a man was in his circumstances and conditions the heavier the responsibility which rested upon him. He had no desire for more money and no love for business. He wished to give his life to literature and public service. But he felt also that he owed a great deal to his father, and to gratify him he intended to enter at once into business and to aid in carrying on the important industry which was part of his inheritance. He meant to keep on with his reading and studies, in the hope that some day he might be able to turn to literature, as even then he longed to do. But he also felt that whether his work was in literature or in business he owed a duty to his country, and that every American, especially every educated American, ought to take part in politics and make himself effectively useful. No thought of public office was in his mind, for the business claimed him, but he proposed to make himself felt in the work of politics and to exercise influence and power for what he believed to be right and in behalf of the Republican party, in which he had been bred and in the principles of which he had entire faith.

I have been thus minute in describing the thoughts and opinions of Simpson, not merely because he was a lovable man and a dear friend, but because his experience, his mental conflicts, and his conclusions, which are all rare at that age, made a profound impression upon me and greatly affected my life at a moment when I was drifting vaguely and was very susceptible to outside influences. All this consideration given to serious things, all this thought about man's place in the universe, about the undiscovered future and the meaning and uses of life, coming from a man, a boy really, of my own age, were to me at once very strange and very impressive. Hitherto, like Mrs. Quickly in her consolation to Falstaff, "I had hoped there was no need to trouble myself with any such thoughts yet." And now here by my side was a man of my own age who had troubled himself much with these thoughts and who had faced them and come to certain conclusions thereon. It made a deep and lasting impression upon me; I, too, began to think and try to reach conclusions, and to long to do something with my opportunities. A life of unoccupied leisure no longer attracted me.

So the pleasant winter wore away and we left Simpson in Rome and took our way to Paris. Soon after our arrival I had a long letter from him, written in Florence. We were planning a little journey to Spain later in the spring. Then I heard that he was ill. It was malignant typhoid, and in a few days news came of his death. The blow fell heavily. He had become so much to me that I could hardly realize that I should see him no more. His death left a gap in my life which after all these years has still remained unfilled.

From Paris we went to Belgium and then to Holland. We found the Motleys established at The Hague and we saw much of them. I remember particularly one evening when we dined with them, only the family and ourselves. We were just in the longest days of the year, and although we dined late it was still daylight. I can see the room now as we sat there after dinner in the gathering twilight and listened to Mr. Motley as he talked, with the eloquent energy of which he was so capable, about the treatment he had received at the hands of the Grant administration. He had turned for relief to his own work and had come to Holland to complete his life of John of Barneveld. It was peculiarly interesting to hear him describe the great Dutch statesman there in The Hague among the very scenes in which he had won his triumphs and gone to his death.

After our little journey through the Low Countries we crossed over to England, and I, with some friends, made a tour through England to see the cathedral towns, and then through Scotland, which, owing to my love for Scott and the Waverley novels, was to me most interesting and at the same time seemed strangely familiar, so deeply were all the scenes imprinted on my mind by what I had read. In

August we sailed for home, and reached Boston safely toward the end of the month.

After Simpson's death I turned for advice and help as to my future to Henry Adams, to whom I already owed so much for the first glimmering of real education that I had ever received. He replied at once with a kindness and an interest which I shall never forget, and I give his letter here because it not only encouraged me, but had upon me at that turning-point of my life a profound effect.

CAMBRIDGE, 2 *June*, 1872.

MY DEAR LODGE—

Your letter of May 6 arrived safely a few days since and gave me the pleasant sensation of thinking that I may after all have done some good at college; if you ever try it, you will know how very doubtful a teacher feels of his own success and how much a bit of encouragement does for him. Poor Simpson's death, too, seemed utterly disheartening. What is the use of training up the best human material only to die at the start!

There is only one way to look at life and that is the practical way. Keep clear of mere sentiment whenever you have to decide a practical question. Sentiment is very attractive and I like it as well as most people, but nothing in the way of action is worth much which is not practically sound.

The question is whether the historico-literary line is practically worth following; not whether it will amuse or improve you. Can you make it *pay*, either in money, reputation, or any other solid value?

Now if you will think for a moment of the most respectable and respected products of our town of Boston, I think you will see at once that this profession does pay. No one has done better and won more in any business or pursuit than has been acquired by men like Prescott, Motley, Frank Parkman, Bancroft, and so on in historical writing; none of them men of extraordinary gifts, or who would have been likely to do very much in the world if they had chosen differently. What they did can be done by others.

Further there is a great opening here at this time. Boston is running dry of literary authorities. Any one who has the ability can enthrone himself here as a species of literary lion with ease, for there is no rival to contest the throne. With it comes social dignity, European reputation and a foreign mission to close.

To do it requires patient study, long labor and perseverance that knows no limit. The Germans have these qualities beyond all other races. Learn to appreciate and to use the German historical *method* and your style can be elaborated at leisure. I should think you could do this here.

I shall be in London, I hope, on the 1st of August, to be heard of at Barings. If we are there together we will have a dinner and talk it over. Remember me to your wife.

Yrs truly,

Henry Adams.

Encouraged by this letter, I set to work when I reached home and was fairly established in Boston. I had no definite plan; no taste, no aptitude, no mastering passion beckoned me into any particular path. I merely desired to read history and to write, if I could. So I turned to the early law of the Germanic tribes, toward which my studies in mediæval history had led me, as the foundation of the legal and political history of the English-speaking people. I doubt if I could have selected a drier subject. I certainly could not have found drier reading than the latest and most authoritative German writers of that day upon this subject, Sohm, Von Maurer, and the rest, at whose books I toiled faithfully for some weary months. The work was not inspiriting, it was in fact inexpressibly dreary, and I passed a depressing winter so far as my own labors were concerned. I seemed to be going nowhere and to be achieving nothing. I led a solitary life, except for my immediate family, and I found it a doleful business struggling with the laws and customs of the Germanic tribes, without any prospect, so far as I could see, of either reward or result. I am inclined to think now that the discipline of forcing myself to work, when I did not need to work at all, was of real value in giving me control of such faculties as I possessed, and in enabling me to apply my mind to any subject which it was necessary for me to understand, no matter how little I cared for the subject itself.

As winter was fading a visit to Norfolk, Virginia, where Admiral Davis was living as Commandant of the Navy Yard, made a most helpful break. The climate was a pleasant change from Boston, and there was opportunity for exercise by rowing on the river and taking long walks. I threw aside German authors and Germanic law, and read all the principal Elizabethan dramatists, which was a pure delight. I returned to Boston sufficiently refreshed to go on with my apparently pointless studies, and so the spring wore away and summer came, and Nahant.

Then one day Henry Adams, who had recently returned from Europe, appeared at luncheon; and afterwards, as I was walking down with him to take the wagon for Lynn, he told me that he had accepted the editorship of the *North American Review* and wished me to be his assistant editor. I have had since that summer morning in 1873 my share of rewards and honors, more, very likely, than I have deserved; but nothing has ever come to me which gave me such joy as that offer from Henry Adams. I know the exact spot on the road where he made the announcement to me, and I can see the whole familiar scene as it looked upon that eventful day. I came home, my heart swelling with pride and with a feeling of intense relief, for it seemed to me that the darkness in which I had been groping had suddenly lifted and that at last I could see my way to doing something. The *North American Review*, then a quarterly, old, famous, and respected, appeared to me, who had always looked at its pages with distant awe, one of the most important publications in the world. To be connected with it, to have a chance to write for it, was a dazzling prospect which I had never dreamed would open to me except possibly after long years. Now I was to be one of its editors. I trod on air as I walked, and the whole world was changed.

In tracing my own very unimportant and very quiet life during the first year after my return from Europe, I have not paused to mention one really terrible event of which I was a most unwilling spectator, and which naturally made upon me a very profound impression. Early in November, 1872, soon after our return from Nahant, the great Boston fire occurred. I heard the first alarm as I was reading in the library and thought nothing of it. Then came the general alarm and I went out. I had always felt the genial interest and more or less active pleasure in fires which is common to healthy boys, and with this habitual and slightly excited feeling I went forth that evening. I have never regarded any fire in a city since then with anything but intense anxiety and real alarm. It was an experience which no one could ever forget, and the frightful devastation of that night was something which could never be obliterated from the memories of those who saw it. After leaving my house I crossed the Common and walked down Summer Street. The fire had then made but little progress, comparatively speaking, and was raging in the lower part of the street just in the neighborhood where I was born. I went from point to point and watched the fire spread, which it did with terrifying rapidity. I saw tall buildings catch in their roofs like huge matches and blaze up, I saw walls falling and stone crumbling in the heat, and in a short time I realized that the fire was far beyond control. I was ready and eager to do anything I could, and there were plenty of willing volunteers, but unluckily there was nothing that volunteers could do except to help here and there in saving the contents of threatened buildings. Long after midnight I went home and reported what was happening. I could not sleep and sat at an upper window for a little while watching the sea of flames rolling by in great billows to the eastward. I found it impossible to stay where I was even though I was useless elsewhere. So again I went out and again made my way down Summer Street. When the tardy dawn came at last it showed the ruin that had been wrought. I worked my way round to State Street and to the office of Lee, Higginson & Co., where the safety vaults were situated. Those in charge wisely refused, as I remember, to allow any one to enter the vaults or to remove anything. From that point I watched the final struggle with the fire. We could see the flames, only one block away, through the old Chamber of Commerce building opposite, and it looked then as if State Street must go. But the area of the fire had been gradually narrowed and it had reached its limit. There, just before it touched State Street, it was stayed. The blow to the city was a heavy one, but it was met with a fine courage and had no lasting effect. Fortunately the pathway of the fire had not lain through a residence quarter. At the point of origin some tenements and houses of the poorer class had been destroyed, and a few more went in the Fort Hill region, but all the rest of the space swept by the flames was covered with business blocks, warehouses, office buildings, and the like. Nevertheless many poor people were rendered homeless and had lost their all on the edge of winter. An ample fund for food, clothing, and rent was raised, and in the distribution I took part, finding at last for the time being something useful to do. The supply of all these necessaries was so ample that I think a good many persons found themselves much better off and more warmly clothed than before the fire. But none the less I then gained a knowledge of how a part of the world lives which I had never possessed before, and which it did me much good to learn. The distribution of aid to sufferers by the fire led me to undertake district visiting for the Provident Association, which I carried on for two years, and there, in the houses and rooms of the very poorest people, I was taught many lessons which I hope have not been wholly unfruitful.

CHAPTER XI

STARTING IN LIFE: 1873–1880

After the great good fortune which came to me by my selection for the assistant editorship of the *North American Review,* I had no further reason to complain of lack of employment. My depression departed. I no longer felt that I was laboring in an objectless, purposeless fashion. In fact, I am rather surprised as I look back at the many interests which sprang up about me and at the amount of work which, for better or worse, I managed to do. But work, after all, is the best of friends. I believe that it is one secret of health. Without it one can never enjoy either leisure or a vacation, and work, free from anxiety, is always a tonic, and in some of the darkest hours an anodyne. I do not believe that it ever did any one anything but good, provided that a man takes plenty of exercise, which I have always done, riding at all seasons, hunting in the autumn, and in summer living in or on the water, and always varying my amusements out-of-doors by much walking and by the simple labor of chopping and sawing wood.

My duties on the *North American Review* began at once. I read manuscripts and proof and aided Mr. Adams in every way in preparing each number for the press. I learned much in this manner from my chief's instruction as to methods of criticism and also as to style. Very early in my apprenticeship I remember his handing to me an article by an eminent local historian and antiquary, and saying: "We shall print this article, of course, but I wish you to go over it and strike out all superfluous words, and especially all needless adjectives." I faithfully performed my task, and found to my surprise when I had finished that, without changing or cutting down the article, I had shortened it by several pages. It was a valuable lesson. At the same time I received much more important and much more direct instruction than this. Like most beginners I was prone to write long and involved sentences. Mr. Adams insisted that the very first step was to learn to write clearly, in short and simple sentences, and that when that difficulty had been mastered the greater and finer art of ornament and of choosing words wherein one's ideal is never attained, would follow. He sent me to Swift to study simplicity of style as well as force and energy of expression, because these qualities are exhibited in the highest degree by that great master of English prose. He encouraged me to write critical notices for the *Review*, but was very severe when it came to the question of acceptance. My first article, about a page in length, which attained the honor of publication was a critical notice of Baxmann's "History of the Popes." I rewrote it eight times before it passed muster. It looks very dry and abrupt to me now, but I can see that it was at least clear, and that no one could fail to understand the sentences or what I was trying to say. I went on writing critical notices, some quite elaborate and involving much work, but three years elapsed before I rose to the dignity of a leading article. The appearance of my essay upon Alexander Hamilton in 1876 was another epoch in my life, and I wish I could again feel about anything the glow of pride which filled my being when the number containing it appeared.

But the *North American Review* was not my only occupation. I entered the Harvard Law School in 1872, not with any intention of becoming a practising lawyer, but partly because I was at a loss what to do, and partly because I felt it would be of value to me as a form of education. In this I was not disappointed. I became convinced then, and have ever since held the opinion, that for mental training, no matter what a man's work in life might afterwards be, nothing was equal to the study of the law. There is no better discipline for the faculties of the mind, and it not only teaches men to reason closely and exactly, but it also drives home the great lesson, so often left unlearned, that to most questions there are two sides at least, and that it is necessary, if you would master a subject, to know every side and phase and be prepared to meet all kinds of objections, if you wish to be successful in presenting your case. I was fortunate also in entering the law school just at the time when Professor Langdell revolutionized the old methods of instruction. For lectures at which students took notes in the conventional manner, he substituted teaching by cases, which forced the student to discuss the principles of law developed in the decisions and thus to use his own mind, instead of learning on authority and accepting the conclusions of the writer or lecturer. This system, thus begun and since extended and fully carried out, has put the Harvard school at the head of all law schools, and has even drawn to it students from England. Incidentally the study of cases taught us also the history of the common law and of equity, and made the judges and chancellors of England and America not mere names in a foot-note to support an assertion, but living men whose influence upon the law, whose views and whose lives, were all of interest and moment. I learned a great deal of English history in this unlikely way, and turned from the law books to read the biographies of the men whose decisions I studied. In 1874 I took my degree at the law school, and the next year I went into the office of Ropes & Gray and there had a brief experience of practice. At the end of my year in the office I came up to be examined for admittance to the bar. My examiner was Judge Devens, an old friend of my family, a distinguished soldier as well as an eminent lawyer, and a most delightful man. He knew that I did not intend to practise, and he asked me some questions about constitutional law, among others about the right of secession. I replied that I did not regard secession as a constitutional question at all. The question whether the Constitution had made a nation was a question of fact. Secession was revolution, and revolution could not be provided for or prevented by a paper Constitution. I went into the point quite fully, and when I had finished, Judge Devens, who had listened to me with apparent interest, smilingly said: "That was hardly Mr. Webster's view." But he admitted me to the bar, of which I have been a member in good and regular standing ever since, although I have never practised.

Years afterwards I was reminded of my own examination for the bar, and of my cheerful readiness to answer decisively a difficult and much mooted question, by the account which Mr. Reed (the Speaker) gave me of his own experience. He was in California after the war and there applied for admission to the bar. There was another applicant with him, a young Southerner, who had also come to the Pacific coast to seek his fortune. The judge said to Mr. Reed: "Are the legal tenders constitutional?" Mr. Reed at once replied: "They are." The judge then asked the same question of the young Southerner, who replied with equal promptness that the "legal tenders" were not constitutional. "Very well," said the judge, "you are both admitted. Two men who can answer that question without hesitation ought to be admitted to any bar."

The mention of Judge Devens brings to my mind Judge E. R. Hoar because he, like Devens, had been not only a

Judge of our State Supreme Court but also Attorney-general of the United States in Grant's administration. His family had been conspicuous in the history of Massachusetts from the days of Leonard Hoar, President of Harvard in the seventeenth century, down to our own time. His father was Samuel Hoar, champion and defender of the slaves, a leader at the bar, a man of the highest and finest type of character. Emerson said of him, that when he took his place on one of the benches in the town-hall, "there honor came and sat beside him." Judge Hoar was in all ways worthy of his inheritance. He possessed abilities of the first order, both as a lawyer and as a public man. A leader in the anti-slavery movement, he had been one of the founders of the Republican party in Massachusetts. He was by nature a partisan, for his convictions were strong, and he expressed them with uncompromising force. Many persons had a vague notion that he was also unduly austere, an idea which found expression in the story that he resigned from the Supreme Bench because he was unable to decide against both parties to a suit as he often longed to do. This conception, as so frequently happens, came I think wholly from those who saw only the external and unessential attributes and did not know the real man. Judge Hoar was in truth as tender-hearted and affectionate as he was fearless and high-minded in all the affairs both of public and private life. It has always been a great regret to me that I did not have the opportunity to know him better, for he awakened not only my interest but my admiration and respect both for his ability and his character. I met him occasionally at the Historical Society, and later when, in 1884, I was chosen a member of the board of overseers of Harvard, of which he was the presiding officer, I saw him constantly. He was very kind to me, very sympathetic in regard to the political opposition against which I was then contending, and I shall always remember with gratitude that kindness and sympathy from a man so distinguished at a moment when both meant a great deal to me. I liked to watch him presiding at the board with his rather saturnine smile and with an occasional shaft of wit which much enlivened the proceedings. As a presiding officer he could take no part in the discussions and had but slight opportunity for the display of those powers of debate, and especially for the telling retort and quick repartee, which had made him famous both in Congress and in political discussion before popular audiences. He was one of the wittiest men of his time, and had also a keen sense of humor not always allied with wit. His sayings were widely repeated and quoted, for, if not always gentle, they never lacked the power of striking deep into the public mind. I will repeat only one here because it is characteristic not only of his quickness but of the ingenuity with which he could give an entirely unexpected turn to an apparently obvious and commonplace incident.

It was just on the eve of the Civil War, during the months of devouring anxiety which preceded the inauguration of Lincoln. All was confusion and every sort of scheme was put forward to save the country from disunion. Worthy men, especially old conservative Whigs, were holding meetings in behalf of peace and union, which they usually wished to secure by surrendering to the South all that had been won in Lincoln's election. Among other bodies a society known as "The Survivors of the War of 1812" met and passed resolutions. I dimly remember a handsome, white-haired old gentleman with an empty sleeve pinned across his coat, who they told me was Colonel Aspinwall, who had lost his arm in the last war with Great Britain. The members of this society were men of that kind, patriotic, well-intentioned, but out of touch with the time and with no realization of the inexorable forces which had the country in their grip. So they came together and passed some futile peace resolutions. A friend asked Judge Hoar what he thought of the resolutions of the "Society of the Survivors of the War of 1812." "It seems to me," said the judge, "that men who would pass resolutions like those would probably survive any war." Anecdotes might be multiplied by anyone who knew Judge Hoar in those days, but my thought here is not so much of the humorist and wit as of the eminent lawyer and distinguished public man who was good enough to step out of his way to be a kind and sympathetic friend to me.

These slight reminiscences of Judge Hoar and of my admittance to the bar by Judge Devens bring to my mind another distinguished lawyer and eminent judge, of whom I saw much in those days. This was Horace Gray, judge and then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and later for many years a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was the older, much older half-brother of my early companion and contemporary, Russell Gray, and in a remote fashion I had always seen and known him. He was also the half-brother of John C. Gray, in whose office I studied law, and who is not only an eminent lawyer of great ability and learning, but a most accomplished and cultivated man, for many years a distinguished professor at the Harvard Law School. In this way I came very naturally to know Judge Gray, and to see him more and more frequently after I returned to Boston from Europe. He lived not far from us, on Beacon Hill, and as he asked me to come to see him I fell into the habit of going there in the evening and sitting with him, sometimes, I fear, to unconscionable hours, while we smoked and talked. He was kind enough to take a genuine interest in what I was doing, or trying to do, which is a sure way to the heart of a young man. He knew a great deal about American history, as he did about most subjects, and was especially versed in all that portion of it which concerned Boston and Massachusetts, to which my attention was just then particularly directed. As a matter of course his knowledge of lawyers and judges, both at home and in England, was unlimited, and although he rarely talked about the law he had a great deal to say about those who practised it, and about the traditions of the English and American bar, which was far more amusing. But our chief subject of discourse was politics. The judge, from his position, was obliged to be silent as to things political, but by nature he was admirably fitted to be a distinguished public man, and he loved politics dearly. He held strong opinions and was a very pronounced Republican. Feeling that he could rely on my discretion, he talked to me with entire freedom, and liked to hear from me all the details of local as well as general politics. He had but little liking for the various independent movements, in which as a young man I was interested, nor did he put much faith in Mr. Schurz and the other leaders of those movements; but after I became one of the active men in the Republican party in which we had both been brought up, he was the most sympathetic and helpful of friends. I was often asked to dinner at his house, where it was always most agreeable to be, for he had the faculty of gathering about him the best and most interesting men of all professions and callings. Of one such occasion I find a note in my most fragmentary diary. We were asked to meet Mr. Edward Freeman, the English historian, and the "we" included Judge John Lowell, of the United States Court; Judge Endicott, Secretary of War in Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet; Francis Parkman, the historian; Mr. John C. Gray; Mr. Melville Bigelow, the well-known writer upon early law, and myself. I looked forward with much interest to meeting Mr. Freeman, for my studies had led me to read his books with care, and while I had not always agreed with him I had much admired his force, learning, and vigor of statement. Memory recalls him clearly, and a feeling of disappointment as well. The contemporary record in this case does not contradict memory and brings back the scene very distinctly. It runs as follows, in the unchartered freedom of brief notes:

"Mr. Freeman, a short, stout Englishman—full, rather good reddish brown beard—tallowy, yellow hair, of a dark shade—small mouth apparently defective in teeth. Spoke but little. When he did, with point and often humor. Seemed to understand what was being said when he spoke and yet appeared utterly heavy and indifferent most of the time, not infrequently yawning. Seemed almost impossible that he should be a man of great historical reputation who had written some really good books. No snap, no quickness, no vivacity, no sympathy. Judge Lowell's dry and pleasant humor seemed to escape Mr. Freeman unless it was repeated."

Obviously we did not interest our distinguished guest, although, as I was the youngest and most silent of the party, I think I may say that those present were intelligent, well-bred, and well-educated men, not without achieved distinction, and quite fit for any conversation possible even to the historian of the Norman Conquest. I remember that at the time the verses which had recently been printed in England came into my head:

"Ladling butter from their mutual tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman,
Freeman butters Stubbs."

Possibly we were deficient in the agreeable art here attributed to the excellent and learned bishop.

Not long after this dinner, which occurred in October, 1881, Judge Gray was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and consequently lived in Washington from that time until his death. Whenever, after his appointment, I went to Washington I dined at his house, where, as in Boston, he brought together the most interesting men then at the bar or in public life. A few years later I also went to Washington as a member of the House, and later as senator, so that once more I saw him constantly and our old talks were renewed.

The high judicial reputation which Judge Gray had acquired in Massachusetts was greatly increased and extended during his service in the Supreme Court. He was a learned judge in the fullest sense, and his learning was as wide as it was profound. To a rapidity of acquisition such as is seldom seen was joined a memory of extraordinary strength and exactness. On any question which arose precedents and authorities seemed, without effort, to assemble and marshal themselves in order before him. Some of his opinions, like the case of the "Paquette Habana," were complete presentations not only of the law, but of the entire history of the subject. It was sometimes said, in criticism, that Judge Gray indulged too freely in authorities, tempted thereto by his immense and always ready knowledge. The criticism never seemed to me to have much weight, but it is certain that he was quite capable of plucking out the heart of a case and setting forth sharply and very briefly the central principle, stripped of all citations or comments, as he did in his opinion in one of the "Island cases."

Judge Gray was a very imposing and impressive figure, especially in his judicial robes, and on the bench physical appearance has its especial value, for it is well that the court should not look insignificant or unimportant. Gray certainly fulfilled every requirement. He was very tall, four or five inches over six feet, and large in proportion. His head was massive and fine, and his full, rosy face was at once strong and of high intelligence. I never saw a man who looked the part of a judge in a high court of law so well as Horace Gray.

Writing as I am at this point of lawyers, what I have just said of Judge Gray's stature and imposing appearance brings to my mind, by the law of contrast, I suppose, another great lawyer whom I came to know in those early days of the seventies and eighties. He was born in Boston, educated at the Boston Latin School, at Yale, and at the Harvard Law School, but he had left his native city and had been admitted to the New York bar some years before I was born. I therefore never saw him in my boyhood, and I think he was first impressed upon my mind by my reading about his noted argument in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, the first President I ever looked upon, when he came to Boston on his famous "swing around the circle." Gray's whole life was judicial. Mr. Evarts, on the other hand, was never on the bench and always at the bar, except when he was attorney-general in one cabinet, secretary of state in another, and senator from New York toward the close of his active life. He was the very reverse of Gray in appearance: rather short, very slight, with a keen, intellectual face, so thin that he appeared almost hollow-cheeked; and yet he never failed to impress any one who looked at him with an immediate sense of penetrating power and mental force. In the spare, wiry figure there was no sign of feebleness, and over the thin, well-cut face, with its long jaw, was a broad forehead and a wide space for brains. Of Dutch descent on the father's side, and on the other a grandson of Roger Sherman, Mr. Evarts always seemed to me, both in looks and mental quality, a characteristic type of the best New England stock. He presented a striking appearance as he walked along with a large, imperfectly brushed hat, always a tall hat, pushed far down on the back of his head, and with his coat collar, in cold weather, rising up above his ears. Once seen he was not a figure to be forgotten, and the last man, one would think, to be impersonated by anybody. Yet on a certain occasion, when election frauds under the auspices of Tammany were rampant in New York, on going to the polling-place and giving his name to the election clerk he was told that Mr. Evarts had already voted. "Has he, indeed?" said Mr. Evarts. "I hope he voted right."

I had the happiness to make his personal acquaintance on one of my early political excursions to New York. He identified me immediately as the nephew of my uncle, George Cabot, who had been his classmate at the Boston Latin School, and he was most kind and friendly to me then and ever afterwards. I find in my fragments of a diary that I was in New York on April 5, 1885, and made the following note:

> In the evening we went to the Irving dinner for which I came on. Sat near the front between John McCullough, the actor, and Roosevelt. McCullough was never a great actor, although a popular, successful and painstaking one, but he was also, as I was told, one of the most pleasant and good natured of men. He is now quite broken by a brain disease—very pathetic to look at—fine face—no speculation in his eyes. The dinner was very pleasant. Evarts, Irving and Beecher spoke admirably, the rest poorly. Just before dinner I had a few words with Evarts. McCullough and Florence (the actor) came up to Evarts and recalled to him a voyage they had made together. "In what ship was it?" asked some one. "I don't know," said Evarts. "I only know that we were all in transports." The other night at the Yale dinner just as Evarts rose to speak the large sugar ornament in front of him fell over. Evarts without a moment's hesitation said: "Ah, gentlemen, this is a candied tribute I did not expect."

A little later in the same month Mr. Evarts came to Boston to make a political speech before the Middlesex Club, and on the following day, April 19, he dined at my house. I give the account of the dinner which I find in my roughly written notes, just as it is, with abrupt and detached sentences:

> April 19th, Sunday.—Evarts dined here today. I had to meet him Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells, Judge Devens, Governor Long, Francis A. Walker, William G. Russell, F. E. Parker—these with Mrs. Lodge and myself made up the ten. It was very pleasant. Evarts is by all odds the most brilliant after dinner talker I ever heard. His talk is phosphorescent, flashing all the time and with no more apparent effort than the waves. He told a good story of the Great Eastern case and George Ticknor Curtis' rhetoric; "Six men, six, save that Leviathian etc! ! Six men would be worth no more than six—six—six babies." Evarts interrupting him: "Six babies are something in a squall." Disgust of Curtis and breakup of rhetoric.
>
> Evarts said that Sir Roundell Palmer acknowledged to him after full consideration that Judah P. Benjamin was the leader of the English bar,—a very extraordinary case. Evarts told many good stories, as of the convict, who thanked the clergyman who had obtained his pardon and returning with gratitude the bible lent him, said he hoped he should never have occasion to use it again. But it is not so much as a story teller as in the flow of conversation that Evarts excells. We sat at table until nearly midnight and then Evarts rose with great reluctance, ensconced himself in his rough, old beaver hat, extending from his coat collar to his eye brows, and slowly withdrew.

On that same occasion, although it is not in the diary, he said something to me alone which I have always remembered. I was just then beginning to make studies for my "Life of Washington," and I told Mr. Evarts in that connection how much I had been amused by his reply to Lord Coleridge. A little more than a year before when Lord

Coleridge was in America some one pointed out the place near Fredericksburg where Washington had thrown a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. Upon the lord chief justice expressing surprise, Evarts said: "You know, of course, that a dollar went much farther in those days than it does now." The story ran through the newspapers, became a twice-told tale, and had a deserved success. On my recalling it Mr. Evarts smiled in his dry way and said: "Yes, it was very well for the moment, but I was humbled soon after by finding how much more witty other people were. Some perfectly unknown newspaper writer put in a paragraph to this effect: 'What Mr. Evarts ought to have said; That to throw a dollar across the Rappahannock was nothing to a man who had thrown a sovereign across the Atlantic.' " Neither I nor any one else had seen that paragraph in the newspapers, but it amused me to learn how Mr. Evarts had revised his first version.

The fact was that wherever he went he left behind him some saying or witticism which clings to the place like an inscription on the walls. Every one, for example, who goes to the State Department is aware that Mr. Evarts, looking at an elevator car as it slowly ascended, filled to overflowing, observed that "he had never before seen so large a collection taken up for foreign missions." Every visitor to the same department knows that Mr. Evarts proposed to have carved on one side of his door: "Come ye disconsulate," and on the other: "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate." Mr. Evarts was noted for procrastination, for not doing to-day what might be done to-morrow. Mr. Schurz told me that when they were in the Hayes cabinet together it was very difficult to extract from Evarts a report on any matter referred to the State Department. One day the President was extremely urgent, and Mr. Evarts said: "You don't sufficiently realize, Mr. President, the great truth that almost any question will settle itself if you will only let it alone long enough."

When he was in the Senate, my colleague in after years, Senator Hoar, had a bill about which he was very anxious, and which had been referred to Evarts for report. Months passed and no bill appeared. Meeting Mr. Evarts one day in the corridor, Mr. Hoar, who was his first cousin, said: "By the way, Evarts, when you report that bill of mine, just notify my executors." "They will be gentlemen whom I shall be delighted to meet," was the reply. Mr. Evarts might delay action on a report, but he never procrastinated in repartee. The little stories, all well known, which I have just repeated, illustrate his extraordinary quickness, his possession of that rare faculty of saying a good thing, of uttering a witticism on the instant when by no possibility could there have been any chance for preparation of any kind. But the ready wit, the humor, and the jest, were really the least part of his remarkable qualities. Mr. Evarts was a man of the first order of ability. He was a great lawyer, for many years the acknowledged head of the American bar. He was an eminent public man, distinguished in every office he held, and a high-minded public servant. He was a powerful and eloquent as well as a humorous and witty speaker. It used to be said that he spoke sometimes at too great length, and I remember hearing him say in a speech that he "had been criticised as many of our railroads were criticised for a lack of terminal facilities." But whether he spoke briefly or at length I never heard of his wearying any one. Personally he was the most agreeable and delightful of men, and I have always been very grateful for the unvarying kindness which he showed to me when I was a young, unknown, and wholly unimportant person.

The diary entry of the guests at my little dinner for Mr.

Evarts brings to my mind another friend of whom, as I have been speaking of lawyers, I must say a word here, although I have no intention of launching out into recollections or stories of either bar or bench at the time when I completed my legal studies. Mr. Francis E. Parker was a distinguished member of the Suffolk bar, one of the leading lawyers of Boston. Yet it is not in his professional capacity that I think of him, but as a friend to whom I was much attached and as a very unusual and quite remarkable man. That he was not known beyond his State and city was wholly his own choice, for he had talents which would have carried him to the front rank in public life had he so desired, and he might easily have figured as one of the best-known lawyers of his time if he had ever been willing to push himself forward in the practice which not only brings professional renown but which also rivets the attention of the public. He had, however, a contempt for notoriety and a dislike of publicity, and he turned deliberately away from opportunities which seemed to involve either. A graduate of Harvard, and devoted all his life to the interests and the affairs of the university, he was a scholar in the broad sense, a lover of books, widely read and a most accomplished linguist. He had travelled much and seen a great deal, looking with an observant eye on men and cities, and upon the works of ancient and modern art, of which he was very fond. In his day he was one of the best-known figures in Boston, and his wit and his peculiarities were quoted and laughed at by every one. Never married, he lived in chambers surrounded by his books, his prints and pictures, and by the many things he had collected in his wanderings. He was most hospitable and kind, especially to young men to whom he could give a helping hand. Beneath the calm exterior and cool manner, behind the sarcasm and wit, was a most generous and sympathetic nature, concealed by preference from the world at large, which knew him chiefly by clever epigrams, sometimes more witty than good-natured. He was impatient of dulness, especially if accompanied by pretence or pomposity. I remember his saying of a person for whom he had, I thought, an unreasonable and too serious dislike: "I knew his father well, a very honest and excellent man. He kept an intelligence office—not at the time of X's birth, however." X at one period undertook to be a real estate broker, and Parker, who administered large trusts, being asked by a client to recommend a good, permanent investment, replied: "I should define a permanent investment as purchasing some real estate and giving it to X to sell."

Like Lamb's Hester, he had:

"A waking eye, a prying mind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind."

Perhaps these are not gifts to be desired, for they make one perceive foibles when affection would fain have blindness. Such was the case, at all events, with Mr. Parker. I remember his saying of an intimate friend—very probably he said it to him, for he was wholly honest—a friend whom he loved, and in common with every one else admired: "That if he had lived in the Middle Ages he would have gone to the stake for a principle under a misapprehension as to the facts."

This epigrammatic force was very characteristic and very telling in his conversation. I have heard him debate in the board of overseers of the college, and he was one of the best and keenest debaters I have ever seen in action, and I have seen and heard many. He was elected once to the State Senate from a Boston district. Everybody thought that there, in a political body, among all sorts and conditions of men, he would be particularly out of place. On the contrary, he proved a great success. The members from the country districts, and indeed all the members, not only liked him, but came to admire him and feel proud of the distinction he brought to the body. He declined a re-election, and never held office again. It seemed as if he merely wished to demonstrate that he could succeed in politics if he chose, and having done so, he went out and closed the door behind him. His friends thought he would fail in a popular representative assembly, because they believed that the members of such a body could not penetrate what was external and superficial and find the real man of strong ability and character and of genuine sympathy behind the personal peculiarities. In so thinking they gravely underestimated the shrewd intelligence of the men who in those days sat in the Massachusetts Legislature.

Mr. Parker was a man who valued details. He dressed most quietly but very well and carefully, and in a studiously finished way. He always looked his part—the barrister of high standing. With a well-knit, rather slender figure and a clear-cut, strong, and intellectual face, he was not a man to be passed by unnoticed. He spoke his native language extremely well and very scrupulously, with a slight English inflection; his voice was clear and even and his enunciation quite perfect. People thought these qualities and a sharpness of repartee from which he could not refrain would excite prejudice in the Legislature. As there was a genuine man behind them, they aroused admiration.

This mention of his care and respect for the language which he spoke brings to my mind an occasion interesting on other accounts, but which is indelibly associated in my mind with Mr. Parker. I find in my diary, under date of April 12, 1883, the following:

> Dined at General Whittier's to meet Ex-President Diaz of Mexico. Very handsome dinner—music, etc. There were twenty

at the dinner—all men. I sat between Frank Parker and Endicott Peabody. Diaz himself has a strong, Indian half-breed face; ruthless, calm, vigorous, soldierlike; an ideal leader of South American revolution. He speaks no English and French badly. Senator Rubio (with Diaz) sat opposite to me; pure Spanish type; spoke no English but some little French. Very pleasant dinner.

In view of all that has happened since, my impression of Diaz in 1883 seems now to have been fairly accurate. I remember Senator Rubio asked me what I thought of his chief. I made suitable reply, and added with a smile that he looked rather stern, and as if he would not hesitate to shoot an enemy before breakfast. "Shoot an enemy!" said Senator Rubio; "I have known him shoot three hundred enemies before breakfast."

But what amused me most at the dinner was Parker. On his other side was some distinguished Mexican who asked him if he spoke Spanish. "No," said Parker in Spanish, "English is the only language I know other than my own." This answer naturally left the Mexican rather dazed. Then I heard Parker, in seeking a common medium of conversation, address his neighbor in Italian, which failed, then in Latin, which also failed, and finally in French, with which they managed to get along sufficiently well.

Parker was very fond of Italians and of Italy. Almost every summer he went abroad and took a walking tour in the Alps or the Tyrol. One year he chanced to go by Turin, and the next year, as it happened, he went the same way and stopped at the same hotel where he had passed a night a twelvemonth before. The waiter made the customary assumption of recognizing him, as Parker thought, but when he offered the wine-card he said: "*Il solito, signor?*" This so delighted Parker that ever after he made a practice of going to Turin just for the pleasure of hearing that waiter ask him once a year if he would take his usual wine.

I might run on with many memories of one of the most delightful of men whose humor and wit and wisdom I am happy to say I prized at the time. But I will stop here with this very inadequate attempt to recall and picture a man who gave me his friendship, and whose death, all too soon, has deprived me of one whom I have never ceased to miss.

I did not confine my studies at this time, however, to law and equity and the statutes and practice of Massachusetts. While I was still in the law school I entered upon a post-graduate course in Anglo-Saxon law with Henry Adams. There were two other students: Ernest Young, a very clever man, who died prematurely, and J. Laurence Laughlin, who has since reached distinction as a political economist. In this field the forlorn studies of the year after my return from Europe proved of use, but the work imposed upon me demanded a wide investigation of early charters, laws, and chronicles, and I was obliged to learn Anglo-Saxon sufficiently well to read the original documents. My subject was "The Anglo-Saxon Land Law." The essay which I wrote thereon was neither easy nor cheerful reading, but it represented a great deal of honest work and of thorough and original investigation. I offered it as the thesis for which I received the degree of Ph.D. from Harvard in 1876, and it was also included in a volume which Mr. Adams published on Anglo-Saxon law, containing essays by himself and by Young and Laughlin. Years afterwards Sir Frederick Pollock sent me his book on "Land Laws," and I found in it a note discussing some opinion which I had expressed in my essay on "The Anglo-Saxon Land Law." So completely had I been drawn to other subjects and other interests that every vestige of knowledge of what I had myself written had been swept away, and I stared in blank ignorance at my own statement. I could not say, as Swift did, when in his old age he looked at the "Tale of a

Tub," "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" but I thought: "How much I knew when I wrote that essay which I have now ceased to know!" It seems as if the mind could hold a certain amount upon a given number of subjects, and when it is full a new subject displaces an old one. I suppose I could, with much effort, recover my knowledge of "the Anglo-Saxon land law," but I was impressed by the completeness of its erasure as I read Sir Frederick Pollock's note.

In studying law and in the work of editing the *North American* I had been gradually drawn toward the history of my own country. My inclination in that direction had been strengthened by my carrying out a long-cherished plan of bringing together the letters of my great-grandfather, George Cabot, senator from Massachusetts from 1791 to 1796, and one of the leading Federalists of his time, and of printing them with an accompanying memoir. Mr. Cabot, who seemed throughout his life to aim at self-effacement, had destroyed all his letters just before his death. This was a great misfortune, for he had been an intimate of Hamilton, as well as in close relations of friendship with Washington, Oliver Wolcott, Timothy Pickering, and all the leading statesmen of the days when the government of the United States under the Constitution was being established. But Mr. Cabot's correspondents had preserved his letters, even if he had destroyed theirs, and I was able to get them from the various collections and sometimes copies of their letters to him when such had been kept. In this way I gathered an abundance of material. The book developed into quite an ample volume, and also into a study of New England federalism, and of the conditions which led to the famous Hartford Convention, of which Mr. Cabot was president.

This biography of my great-grandfather, my first venture in the literary field, is inseparably connected in my mind with Colonel Henry Lee, to whose assistance, and still more to whose unflagging sympathy, I was deeply indebted in the preparation of my book. I had always known him, for his eldest son had been at school with me, and he was an old friend as well as the kinsman of my mother and the companion and contemporary of her only brother. But our intercourse had necessarily been merely that of a mature man with a boy young enough to be his son. Now he became my friend, adviser, and helper in the work I had undertaken. As I have just said, we were related. His grandmother was the only sister of my great-grandfather, who had left college to go to sea with his brother-in-law, Joseph Lee, with whom he was later associated in business. The actual relationship was not very near, but with Colonel Lee family feeling was very strong, and blood was a good deal thicker than water. Moreover, he felt intensely about our early politics, and was as violent a Federalist as if he had lived through the administrations of Washington and Adams and Jefferson. So when I undertook to write the biography of his great-uncle, whose memory he had always cherished and revered, he took as much interest in the book as I did. To him I not only owed all my information about the family, but the fruit of his own researches, and all his knowledge of that period in our history, were put freely at my service. My gratitude at the time I tried to express to him; it was certainly both deep and sincere. But I like to make this little record of it here. Apart from the book I was grateful also for his friendship, for he was a man whose friendship was an honor. For many years he was one of the most respected as he was one of the best-known men in Boston. Although he was always actively engaged in large and very successful business affairs, he was one of the most public-spirited men I have ever known. He never sought or desired public office of any kind, but he was always ready to serve State or nation or city without any thought of personal recognition or reward. During the war he was a member of Governor Andrew's staff, and labored unceasingly in the heavy and anxious work of organizing and sending out the regiments of Massachusetts. He was a thorough American of the best type, intensely patriotic and a hater of political misdeeds, as in his youth he had hated and fought against slavery. No public movement for good in Boston was complete without him, and he was as fearless as he was active and energetic. He entered into every field: the college, the city, the State, all commanded his time and his labors. He was generous in all ways, giving not only to every good object, but indulging largely in that hidden kindness to men and women which carries happiness and release from care to those upon whom the bounty, delicately given, falls. His interests were many. He knew a great deal of our own history, both local and national. He was a lover of books and literature, of art in all forms, and had a strong taste for the theatre, being himself the best amateur actor I have ever seen. The chief characteristic about Mr. Lee, as I look back on him, was strength—mental, physical, and moral. He had a great deal of humor and said many good things which were widely quoted, sometimes, I think, because he had a way of freeing his mind and uttering rather searching criticisms in the presence of the person criticised. It always seemed to me that the old Puritan qualities were very vital in him. The soul of honor himself, he was not disposed to make allowances for any one who seemed to him to deviate from the strait and narrow path. He had strong opinions, vigorous likes and dislikes, and some equally strong prejudices, all very similar to the attributes of his ancestors who had waged the great rebellion and established the colony of Massachusetts Bay. It is easy in these laxer days to point out the defects of the Puritan qualities, but in the last analysis it is upon those fundamental qualities that enduring states are built. In later years Mr. Lee sometimes did not approve my course in politics and never hesitated to express to me his disapproval, but he always made me feel that his personal affection had not changed, and I trust that it remained, as mine did for him, undiminished to the end, like the gratitude I owed him and the genuine admiration which I felt for a strong and fine character, of which we have none too many at any time.

In this fashion I was drawn insensibly toward American history, and in 1875 I was appointed a lecturer at Harvard and gave a course upon the history of the American colonies and subsequently upon the early history of the United States. I lectured for three years, resigning my post in 1879 at the end of the college year. President Eliot wrote me a letter on my retirement, which was a great gratification to me at the time. I give it here to show that I at least worked faithfully:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
12 *Feb.* 1879.

MY DEAR MR. LODGE—

I take note of your intention to resign your instructorship at the close of the current year. Your withdrawal is not unexpected, but still leaves the Corporation greatly perplexed about the future support of the electives in American History. I should be very sorry to have this teaching cease, yet I confess that I do not see who is to carry it on. That you have found your work at the University not without profit and interest is a great satisfaction to me. I assure you that the Corporation feel under obligations to you for your almost gratuitous services and will sincerely regret your withdrawal.

Do you know anybody whom you would think qualified to carry on your work?

Very truly yours,
CHARLES W. ELIOT.

My lectures at Harvard led me to make an elaborate study of manners, customs, and social conditions in the colonies as they appeared here and there in the original sources. This involved a great deal of labor and research, and the result was embodied in a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. The lectures were so far successful that Mr. George William Curtis wrote to me, asking me to make a book of them and let the Harpers publish it. I need hardly say that I was much elated by this proposition and promptly closed with it. But I spoiled my book by adding summaries of the political history of each colony to the studies of manners and customs, which were then fresh and original, and which were afterwards found useful by other writers who in some cases omitted to mention their indebtedness. The political summaries, on the other hand, were necessarily condensed, and were hopelessly dry. They made the book long and cumbrous and defeated the purpose I had in view, which was to give a popular view of the colonies as they actually existed, and of the daily life and habits of the people who separated themselves from England and founded the government of the United States.

Still I had some reason to be pleased at my second attempt at authorship. The "Short History of the Colonies" sold fairly well at the moment, and although it was a keen disappointment to me, and fell far below what I had hoped to accomplish, it continued to sell as a text-book for colleges and schools, simply because it had the merit of completeness, and was as accurate as I could make it. My life of Mr. Cabot, which appeared first, had an unexpected success. It was merely a contribution to the materials of our history, and could only hope to interest students of the period and historians. But it had the good fortune to fall into the hands of Gail Hamilton (Miss Abigail Dodge), who had conceived a lively dislike for me because in 1876, the year prior to the publication of the book, I had been active in opposing Mr. Blaine's nomination as President. She devoted no less than four articles, filling eight columns of the New York *Tribune*, to an elaborate review of the biography, attacking and making fun of me and my respected ancestor in every possible way. I was much surprised, but rather pleased, for I had not expected so much attention from any one. I met my kinsman Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson one day just after the appearance of Miss Dodge's article, and he said to me: "I hope you do not mind Gail Hamilton's attack. You ought to be very grateful. I wish that she would assail one of my books in that way, for I have observed, and you will by experience learn to agree with me, that the practical value of a critical notice is in proportion to its length, and not in what is said." Gail Hamilton, in any event, sold my first edition for me, and greatly to my surprise, made another necessary.

Apart from books I gradually made my way as a writer in other directions, and became a contributor to the *Nation* and to the *Atlantic Monthly*, as well as to other periodicals. I remember well the profound satisfaction I felt when I found that from my lectures and my writings I had made three thousand dollars in a year, and had thus demonstrated my ability to earn my own living and to take care of my family by my own exertions if I should have the misfortune to lose all my property.

The preceding pages, I fear, give the impression that my life during these years was all work and no play, and that it had no lighter or more lively side. This would be a very erroneous idea to deduce from the fact that I have given a condensed account of my occupations, which were of great interest to me and of very slight consequence to anybody else. I have done this merely to get myself out of the way, so that I might turn to an account of some of the people I knew at that period—people who, I think, are of real and general interest.

My pursuits in Boston and Cambridge led to many things: to various associations and to acquaintances and friendships in which I found much pleasure. In 1876 I was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society—one of the youngest members ever chosen, I believe—and I not only took a keen interest in its meetings, but met there many men of distinction in letters and in other fields whom I had as a boy looked up to from a respectful distance. When I became a member Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, of whom I shall have something to say later, was president. Dr. Samuel Greene, who happily still lives, and Dr. George Ellis, Mr. Winthrop's successor, were, apart from the president, the two great pillars of the society, for which their names seemed to be interchangeable terms. Dr. Ellis was a retired Unitarian clergyman. He had a comfortable fortune and had for many years devoted himself to historical studies, possessing strong antiquarian tastes. He was an authority on the history of our Indians and widely read in all American history, especially that portion of it which related to Boston and Massachusetts. Blest with a very retentive memory, he knew all the traditions of the town and endless details relating to persons and families. The axiom that one fact is gossip and two connected facts are history had for him no terrors, and in no wise diminished his liking for a fact or an incident, even if it stood solitary and detached.

I remember well, when I had brought down on myself the wrath of certain surviving Webster Whigs because I had stated in my biography of the great senator that, like the younger Pitt, he drank more at times than was good for him, Dr. Ellis told me the following anecdote. On the occasion of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument Mr. Webster was to deliver the address, and Dr. Ellis, then pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charlestown, was the chaplain of the day. Preparatory to going to the platform Mr. Webster came to the house of Dr. Ellis, and on arriving said he would like something to drink before speaking. Dr. Ellis took him into the dining-room, where he had made some little preparation for his guest. Mr. Webster asked for brandy, and taking the decanter, filled an old-fashioned tumbler full to the brim and drank it off. Then he went out and made his speech, one of his famous addresses. After the ceremonies he returned to Dr. Ellis's home and drank another tumbler full of raw brandy, and after a little chat departed. Dr. Ellis said that so far as he could see Mr. Webster was not affected in the slightest degree by what seem to the average man very potent and generous draughts of brandy taken in the morning without eating anything. It reminds one of Pitt and Dundas and their four—or was it six?—bottles of port at a sitting.

In May, 1882, I met Dr. Ellis at the house of his brother, Dr. Rufus Ellis, and he gave me an account of a visit he made to New York with John Quincy Adams. His story interested me so much that I wrote it down when I went home. My note runs as follows: "It was in 1844. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the New York Historical Society. The Massachusetts Historical Society sent a committee, Mr. Adams being the oldest and Dr. Ellis the youngest member. At the cars Mr. Charles Francis Adams appeared and told Dr. Ellis that he had tried to persuade his father to take a servant but the old gentleman, then nearly eighty,[1] replied: 'I can take care of myself as well as you can of yourself. I won't have a servant.' Mr. Charles Francis Adams therefore asked Dr. Ellis to look after his father. They went to 'Bunker's' on the Battery and had a large airy room together. Mr. Adams would have no

[1] He was seventy-seven years old.

fire (it was November) but insisted on having the window wide open. After they were both in bed Mr. Adams would begin stories and narrate all sorts of experiences full of fire and vigor, and, Dr. Ellis said, most amusing; that he had to stuff the sheet in his mouth to prevent himself from roaring with laughter. After talking some time Mr. Adams would say: 'Now it is time to go to sleep and I am going to say my prayers. I shall say also the verse my mother taught me when a child. I have never failed to repeat it every night of my life. I have said it in Holland, Prussia, Russia, England, Washington and Quincy. I say it out loud always and I don't mumble it either.' Then he would repeat in a loud, clear voice:

" 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

At about 5 A. M. Mr. Adams would arise, and, a wood fire being laid, would get from his trunk an old-fashioned tinderbox—he despised the recently invented lucifer matches—and would strike a light, kindle the fire and light his candle. Then he would strip, place a basin of water on the floor and sponge himself vigorously from head to foot. Then partially dressed, sit down by the fire, place the Bible on his knees, and holding the candle in one hand, expound a Psalm in the most vigorous manner to Dr. Ellis. At the banquet of the Historical Society Mr. Adams made a speech. Jackson had recently accused him of lying on some matter, and had said that at the period in question, he, Jackson, had had no intercourse with Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams had searched his files and found a misspelt acceptance of a dinner invitation from Jackson at the time referred to, with a list of the guests on the back. He began his speech by advising young men to preserve their papers, 'for some day they might be assailed by the tongue of *slander*,' and then he told the story and produced Jackson's note. Dr. Ellis said that word '*slander*' rang in his ears to this day. It sounded like the crack of a whip, it was so sharp, clear, and stinging, the old man pointing his forefinger in a way greatly to emphasize his words."

It is interesting to read in this connection Mr. Adams's own account of this speech, recorded in his diary for November 20, 1844: "Mr. Luther Bradish, late Lieutenant Governor of New York, toasted me—or roasted me—with a speech so fulsome that it overset all my philosophy, and I stammered a reply; the only palliation was its brevity." I wish that I had noted down more of the interesting anecdotes I heard from Dr. Ellis, for he told them well and had an inexhaustible memory, but this is the only one of which I find any record.

I was also elected at this time a member of the Wednesday Evening Club, an institution more than a century old, to which many of our Boston worthies in successive generations have belonged. During the whole of its long existence it had met every Wednesday evening in the winter at the house of each member in turn. The club had one singular merit—it had no serious purpose. Talk and a supper constituted the entire proceedings. Then a very young man, I found myself the companion of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the elder, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. S. K. Lothrop, pastor emeritus of my old church in Brattle Street, Mr. Jefferson Coolidge, Mr. Augustus Lowell, Mr. Charles Dalton, and others whom it was a great pleasure to be associated with in that way. I recall one evening at my own house when I had at supper various old Madeiras which had come to me from my great-grandfather and grandfather, who had possessed a very fine assortment of vintages of that wine, so much prized at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Among others was one celebrated in its day called "Essex

Junior," from the famous ship, and of the vintage of 1812. Very little of it I think was left. My mind being full just then of the Federalists and their history, including especially the "Essex Junto" and their quarrels with John and John Quincy Adams, I poured out a glass and said to Mr. Adams: "Here is some 'Essex Junior,' a good old Federalist wine, and you know their wine was as sound as their principles." Mr. Adams smiled, and taking the glass said: "Their wine was always fine and sound. I will say nothing of their principles."

Two years after my election to the Historical Society I was chosen a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. I appreciated the honor, but never went to the meetings, which were wholly occupied with scientific questions of which I was and have remained painfully ignorant.

The club which I most enjoyed, however, was a small dining club formed by some of my friends and myself, and which long since disappeared as the members grew older and became scattered or were carried off by death. It was called the Porcupine Club, and chose as its motto the Horatian line: "Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo." We were not lacking in youthful conceit, as the choice of a motto indicates, but it was a very delightful club none the less. We were all about the same age, young, active, ambitious, interested in law and politics and literature, and ready to argue about any conceivable subject. Among the members were Lucius Sargent, Russell Gray and Sturgis Bigelow, who had been my schoolmates and companions from childhood; Brooks Adams, youngest of the sons of Charles Francis Adams, whom I knew in college and with whom I became very intimate; and Howard Stockton, of the old New Jersey family, who had been in the regular army but who had resigned, married, and settled down in Boston as a lawyer. These were the members with whom I was most intimate, and

I was greatly attached to them all. They were all clever and interesting men. Lucius Sargent, handsome, fascinating, my inseparable companion in riding and hunting, most loyal of friends, died in the prime of his manhood from injuries incurred by a fall in the hunting field. The others have been my close friends through life. With Brooks Adams and Russell Gray I read and studied Shakespeare; with the latter I kept up my Latin and Greek, losing the last, alas, as I was drawn into the active work of politics. But then we all had much the same pursuits. I was chosen one of the trustees of the Boston Athenæum, the great proprietary library of Boston; Stockton and Gray soon joined me, and as members of the library committee we had much enjoyment in the management of an institution which appealed strongly to our tastes for books.

CHAPTER XII

PUBLIC MEN AND MEN OF LETTERS

I HAVE tried thus far, as I have already said, to give a mere outline of the occupations of these formative years, and of the associations and clubs to which I belonged, in order to open the way for some account of the men I came to know who were distinguished in public life or in literature, and who are of infinitely more interest than anything which concerned me. I came upon the stage of life just as the remarkable group of men who had made New England and Boston famous in the middle of the nineteenth century were passing off. They included both those who had led Massachusetts in the great struggle which had preceded the Civil War, and those who had made her fame in literature.

Let me begin with Charles Sumner, of whom I have already spoken, and who is inseparably connected with all the memories of my childhood and youth. Long before he entered public life he was a friend of my grandfather and grandmother Cabot, and was constantly at their house. This friendship was extended to my father and mother, and after Mr. Sumner became senator my father was one of his most ardent supporters. When Sumner by his speeches against slavery had alienated respectable and conservative Boston, when all the Webster Whigs, the "Silver Greys," and the cotton manufacturers, when business and society alike turned against him, he was practically ostracized, and the people among whom he had always lived closed their doors to him. Henry Adams told me long afterwards that his father's house and my father's house were the only ones in Boston at that time, so far as he knew, which remained open to Sumner. The intimacy therefore was peculiarly close. Whenever Sumner was in Boston he dined constantly with us, and every summer he passed six weeks or more at Nahant, dividing his vacation between us and Mr. Longfellow, who was one of his best and most faithful friends. He is therefore to me almost one of the family, as I look back on my early years, and he continued to me the inherited friendship. After my father's death he came to the house and stayed with us just as before, and when my sister and I had separate houses he divided his time between us. I wrote to ask him to come to me as usual the summer after I returned from Europe, and I give his reply because it shows the affectionate side of Sumner's character, of which I think the world knew little.

WASHINGTON—
12th April '73

MY DEAR CABOT

I recognize in your note the friendship of yr father and grandfather, renewed in another generation. It makes me feel that I am not entirely alone in the world.

Thanks! dear Cabot, you touch my heart. I am very feeble; but I hope to reach Nahant & to enjoy the hospitality you so kindly offer.

Thanks also to yr charming wife and to yr mother too.

Ever sincerely
Yrs
CHARLES SUMNER

As a child I looked at him with awe and wonder, with a vague idea that he was a great man, although I did not very well know the reason. But I was never afraid of him, for he was always kindness itself to me, and was wont to ask me in his solemn way about my school and the books I studied, of which he knew a great deal, and he would also make serious inquiries, as I think he felt bound in duty to do, about my sports and amusements, of which he knew very little. It was not, however, the misty idea that he was a great man which alone made Sumner impressive to my boyish imagination. He was a most imposing figure. Tall, large, not regularly handsome in features, but with a noble head and a fine, intellectual face, no one could look upon him and fail to be struck and attracted by his looks and presence. To all this was added that rarest of gifts, a very fine voice, deep and rich, with varied tones, and always a delight to the ear. If ever a man was physically formed—

> "The applause of listening Senates to command,"

it was Charles Sumner.

He was a man of wide learning. He had read everything, was familiar with all the great languages, ancient and modern, had the power of devouring books with extraordinary rapidity, and the much more precious gift of remembering everything he read, whether important or unimportant. He always reminded me of Macaulay in the extent of his acquirements and in the way in which upon any subject which was started he could give all the facts and dates, deluge the conversation with precedents and parallel cases, and recite long lists of names if opportunity offered. He was nearly contemporary with Macaulay, and I have sometimes wondered whether these attributes of indiscriminate learning, relentless memory, and readiness in pouring out vast stores of knowledge were not, in a greater or lesser degree, characteristic of the period. Sumner did not monopolize the conversation, as Macaulay is said to have done, nor reduce it to a monologue, nor would any one have said of him, as Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, that he had "flashes of silence." Sumner was often silent, entirely ready to listen to others, and never burdensome in conversation. He talked well, and if he sometimes talked at length, I always found him interesting, which is, I think, a good test, for a young man is easily bored. In another way Sumner's learning and memory were less fortunate so far as he was personally concerned. They led him very naturally to elaborate and lengthen his speeches, not at all for display, but merely because it was easy and agreeable to expand, and he could not resist the temptation. The result was that he has never, as it seems to me, obtained the recognition as a speaker and debater to which his presence, his delivery, his beautiful voice, his accomplishments, and his good English entitled him. Those who heard him were too often weighed down by the mass and quantity of his utterances; while his published speeches not only remain, like most other speeches, unread, but they have not, I think, received in history the attention which their importance and their quality alike warrant and justify. He would have been saved from all this if he had possessed a sense of humor, and yet had he been gifted with much humor it is possible that he would not have accomplished the noble work or played the great part which fell to him in those momentous years of the antislavery struggle and the Civil War. The absence of a keen sense of humor was probably the defect of his qualities and his virtues, but there can be no doubt of the fact of its absence. I do not mean to suggest that he was morose or solemn, or that he frowned on mirth. Quite the contrary was the case. He was always genial and kindly, and liked to see others, especially young people, enjoy themselves; but his sense of humor in the broad and true sense of the word was defective. It was this deficiency which made him unable sometimes to realize the effect of his own words. Mr. Schurz told me, I remember, of an incident which perfectly illustrates this point. It was at the time of their quarrel with Grant. Sumner was preparing to make a speech in the Senate upon some phase of the administration policy. Mr. Schurz talked the speech over with Sumner and begged him not to indulge in any bitter attacks upon the President, and urged him to be temperate in his language, as violence would do more harm than good. Sumner agreed with him, and promised to be very careful. When he spoke, Schurz was horrified to find as the speech proceeded that Sumner had apparently utterly forgotten his promise. He launched out into the invective of which he was a master, and denounced Grant bitterly and savagely. When he had concluded, he turned to Schurz and said: "You saw I was very moderate and temperate, and I hope you think that I was wise not to be more severe." Schurz said that after this remark he saw how useless it was to expostulate, because Sumner evidently could not perceive the force of his own words. His observation about his own moderation was made in perfectly good faith, and disclosed, of course, a rather alarming lack of humor. This came out amusingly in much less important ways. Mr. Longfellow, who was always devoted to Sumner, but at the same time entirely conscious of his deficiency in humor, told me that when the "Biglow Papers" were published Sumner was staying at his house. It was a rainy afternoon, and Mr. Longfellow was obliged to go out, leaving Sumner stretched on the sofa reading Lowell's volume. When he returned, he asked Sumner how he liked the poems, and Sumner replied: "They are admirable, very good indeed; but why does he spell his words so badly?" Mr. Longfellow attempted to explain that the poems were purposely written in the New England dialect, but Sumner could not understand.

One summer at Nahant I dined at Mr. Longfellow's with Sumner and some others. Sumner was a collector of china, about which he knew a great deal, as he did about many other things. He told us a story of his going to see Lord Exmouth's collection and how fine it was. When he was taking his leave Lord Exmouth gave him two rare plates and offered to send them to his lodgings, but Sumner would not be parted from his prize and insisted on taking them home with him in his cab. When he had concluded his story, which was interesting but long in narration, "Tom" Appleton, Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, who was present, said: "A pleasing tale illustrated with two plates." Everybody laughed, and Sumner, looking about most good-naturedly, said: "What are you all laughing at? I suppose Appleton is up to some mischief, but my story is quite true."

Yet, although Sumner lacked humor, he could say good things himself, which, if not humorous, had both keenness and wit. He was staying at our house shortly after the fall of the second empire and the establishment of the French republic. He had just returned from Paris, where Gambetta had called upon him, and he gave us a most interesting account of their conversation, in which Gambetta had discussed the whole situation and had asked Sumner's counsel and advice. He said: "Gambetta rose to go and as he took my hand he said: 'Ah, M. Sumner il nous faut un Jefferson!' I replied: 'Trouvez un Washington, M. Gambetta, et un Jefferson arrivera.'" Nothing could have been better.

In the same way, although he was capable of being so bitter in denunciation and would use language of the most savage kind about opponents or about those who had wronged him without in the least realizing the wounding force of his words, no man had better manners in daily life, manners at once kindly, stately, and dignified, and he could do a courteous action in the most graceful way. A little incident connected with Mr. Motley's appointment as minister to England illustrates this quality in Sumner very well. It was known that Mr. Motley's name was being considered by the President, but there were other aspirants and the usual speculation and uncertainty were rife. At last the President told Sumner that he would appoint Motley. That same evening Motley dined with Sumner. There was a large party, and although there was conversation about the English mission no one had any idea that the question had been settled. When the dinner had ended and the cloth was removed Sumner raised his glass and, looking at Mr. Motley, said in the quietest, most matter-of-fact way: "When does your Excellency intend to sail for England?"

Coupled with his deficiency in a sense of humor and akin to it was a curious simplicity of nature. He was not in the least arrogant, to my thinking, although I have heard arrogance charged against him. He was anything but conceited, but he had vanity—"the most philosophical of those feelings we are taught to despise," as Mr. Justice Holmes has said—in a marked degree. So complete were his credulity and simplicity in this respect that designing men could easily take advantage of him. It was not the vanity which offends, for it was too frank, too obvious, too innocent to give offence, but it made him an easy prey to those who wished to profit by it. When in Washington I always dined with Sumner, and on one occasion Caleb Cushing and John W. Forney were both there; I think he always had some one at his hospitable table, as he disliked being alone. I remember my surprise at seeing Caleb Cushing. In our Free Soil, Republican household his name was anathema as a pro-slavery Massachusetts Democrat who had sold himself to the South for a cabinet office. I knew nothing of his career. I only had the vague notion, acquired in childhood, that he was one of the wicked, and it never occurred to me that it was possible for me to meet him in any house to which I should be invited, least of all in Sumner's. I was therefore surprised to find a well-bred man, with a keen, intellectual face, who made himself most agreeable. It was really quite natural that he should have been at Sumner's, for his last gyration had brought him to a strong support of the Union cause, of which I, as a boy, had been profoundly ignorant. I recall nothing of his conversation except that it was interesting and tinged with a certain cool cynicism which I now know was characteristic of the man. One thing, and only one, that he said has clung to my memory. The talk turned upon Grant, who had just been elected, and was a warm friend of the former attorney-general. Cushing said: "When the War broke out I remarked to a friend that I wished I could pick out the subaltern in the Army who would be the next President of the United States and now here he is."

The other guest, Forney, was very different. He devoted himself to deluging his host with gross flattery, which the subject of the eulogy received smilingly and without deprecation. I had been brought up in an atmosphere charged with affection and admiration for Sumner, but this sort of adulation I had never heard, and I sat by in silent amazement, wondering greatly, feeling uncomfortable, and sympathizing with Sumner, who, I thought, must feel uncomfortable too, a belief in which I was quite mistaken. Forney knew quite well what he was about, and had definite, practical purposes to serve. Whether the stories then current were true or not, there is no doubt that intimacy with Sumner was valuable to Forney, and he held his friendship with him by a flattery which only a nature of the utmost simplicity and vanity could have accepted without suspicion or revolt. I saw another instance of the same weakness with a man who had no private end to serve. On several occasions when Sumner dined at our house in Boston my mother asked Wendell Phillips and no one else to meet him. Wendell Phillips was a most delightful man in private life and at a family dinner of the kind to which I refer. But I was amazed at the way in which he seemed to flatter Sumner, and still more, as in the case of Forney, at the manner in which Sumner accepted it with a pleased smile and without a murmur of dissent. Phillips, as I thought at the time, did this either because he liked to please Sumner, or possibly with an underlying love of mischief, of which he was entirely capable, and which afforded him a certain cynical enjoyment by the exhibition of a human and harmless weakness. I have since come to the conclusion that what Phillips said was not only genuine, but that he did it because he knew how much it would gratify the recipient of his praise. For Sumner Phillips had a very real affection and one which I think never wavered. Among many notes from Phillips to my mother I select two which show his love for Sumner in a way which puts any suspicion of mere flattery or of a mischievous wish to show Sumner's simplicity of nature out of the range of possibilities.

DEAR MRS LODGE

Having told you one incident of Arch & the workingmen's visit to Sumner, it is but fair to them to add another, which he will never tell you, but I think it gave him a moment's pleasure.

Arch had been insisting on the evils England suffered from the long tenure of office, hereditary &c. Sumner was answering, "Well, Sir, we cure that here. If a Governor misbehaves we leave him out next year; if a Representative votes wrong, we let him stay at home next winter. We only trust men a year at a time."

Of course the whole crowd were listening in *silence.*—And as he paused one of the workingmen broke in—"Yes, Mr Arch, we only elect *one Senator for life.*" All applauded and Charles acknowledged it with a smile. A graceful compliment was not it? —and deserved.

Yrs

7 Nov—'73 WENDELL PHILLIPS

MY DEAR MRS LODGE—

You are very kind to remember me and offer me a share in so pleasant a meeting. I shall certainly be with you and we can exchange congratulations that our old commonwealth honors herself so much by this flood-tide of admiring pride in her oldest public servant and honestest.

He must surely be touched by this evidence of public confidence and loving interest. It will strengthen him for a brave winter in Washington.

No matter that you forgot the place where I live, since you've never forgot the place where any hard duty called you,

Very sincerely

Yrs

50 Essex St. WENDELL PHILLIPS
20 Nov.—

I have thus far spoken chiefly of Sumner's foibles because it would be impossible to understand him or know him without realizing them. But these peculiarities which I have described, although used against him by his enemies, were only foibles and nothing more. They did not really affect the essential greatness of the man. Sumner was a great man and did a great work throughout the stormy times in which he lived. Justice in many instances has not been done to him, and even among those who have praised him he has not always been rightly praised, because both the praise and the blame have been awarded on what seems to me a mistaken view of his life and work. A man should be judged and criticised for what he was, not because he was not something else or because he failed to be what he was not and never tried to be.

Sumner by nature was a dreamer, a man of meditation, a man of books, and a lover of learning. By the circumstances of his time and by the hand of fate he was projected into a career of intense action and fierce struggle. There he played a great part, but his nature was not changed. He still remained at bottom a dreamer and a man of books. Everything which interested him, whether great or small, he approached from the precincts and with the habits of the library and in the manner of a deep, delving student. I have spoken of his love for china and porcelains. He was fond of them, and had made quite a collection not only of examples of European manufacture, but of Chinese and Japanese work, at that period little understood or appreciated. Yet this interest which to most persons is merely a taste or an amusement was to Sumner a subject of research and study. How good his judgment was I cannot undertake to say, but he had mastered all the learning and read all the books on the subject, and could talk about the history and processes of manufacture and the famous makers of pottery or porcelain by the hour together. As a matter of course, Sumner had a good library and knew about books, but he also became interested in bindings, and I remember hearing him on more than one occasion discourse about bindings and celebrated binders in a manner which would lead a casual listener to think that bookbinding had been the study and occupation of his life. It was the same in regard to pictures, architecture, and sculpture, all subjects in which he was interested. It was inevitable that he should carry the same habits and propensities into the serious work of his life, and that whenever he made a speech on any subject his learning should flow out copiously upon every topic. This led, as I have already said, to his overloading his speeches when he should have used the stores of his reading and memory with extreme reserve, and solely for illustration or decoration. His wide and accurate historical knowledge as well as his legal training fitted him peculiarly for the treatment of international questions, and the important position of chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which he held so long, attained to greater authority in his hands than in those of any other of the many able men who have occupied the same place. The work of that committee was not only agreeable to Sumner, but was peculiarly suited to him, and he was one of the guiding forces in our foreign policy during the trying and difficult years of the Civil War. He was intense in his Americanism, and all the quite unequalled attention which he had received abroad, especially in England, never affected him in the slightest degree where the interests of his own country were concerned. He was severely criticised for his extravagant advocacy of the untenable Indirect Claims, which came so near to wrecking the Geneva Arbitration. But I have always thought that Sumner's deliberate purpose was to break up the arbitration, because he did not believe that it was the wise course for the United States to take. Sumner felt deeply the conduct of England during our Civil War. The very fact of his many friendships in England made his resentment all the keener. When the war closed it seemed to him that the time had come for a final settlement, and that settlement to him meant the acquisition of Canada. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has shown recently how near we were to this solution, for at that period England had none of the feeling about her colonies which she has to-day. The statesmen of the extreme Free Trade school were in the ascendant, and the general feeling was one of indifference to the colonies, coupled with a readiness to let them go if they so desired. Sumner's policy was to refuse all arbitration with England as to the "Alabama" depredations and the injuries she had inflicted upon us and to take Canada as an indemnity, thereby closing the door to all future difficulties with Great Britain. He believed the transfer would be peaceable, but with the greatest army of tried and veteran soldiers then existent, and an equally powerful navy, he was quite prepared for a war which could have had but one issue. The policy was feasible, and if we had taken Canada at that time, many questions would have been laid to rest forever. We accepted arbitration, an apology, and fifteen millions of money. Perhaps it was the wisest as it was certainly the safest course, but Sumner's policy was none the less strong, intelligent, far-seeing, and final. In regard to Cuba, when the insurrection broke out which culminated in the affair of the "Virginius," Sumner declared the presence of Spain in the Western Hemisphere to be an anachronism. He did not press for active measures against Spain, because there were still slaves in Cuba, and that chilled his sympathy. But he saw the true situation before others had grasped it, and declared that what was done thirty years later was inevitable and ought to come to pass. He was a generation ahead of his time in his views of our relations to Spain, and of the necessary result which was bound to come because Spanish rule was an anachronism in America.

It was the same in regard to the treatment of the South when the war closed. Sumner believed that the true course was to divide the States lately in rebellion into military districts, without regard to State lines, and give them for a time a purely military government. This opinion came from no fanatical hatred of the South, for Sumner was the most generous of victors, and was censured by the Massachusetts Legislature for proposing to erase from the battle-flags of the United States the names of Union victories, because he believed in removing all outward signs of the triumph of one American over another. Again he was ahead of his time, and his plan for temporary military government arose from his belief that it would be best in the end for all concerned. The only real alternative to Sumner's policy was to let the Southern States come back as if nothing had happened. For this high trust the South at the moment showed itself unfit, because the Legislatures seemed to have learned nothing, and began at once by the device of peonage laws to thrust the negro back into practical slavery. On the other hand, the North thought military government too extreme and too much at variance with American principles. The result was that neither the one plan nor the other was adopted, and so we had reconstruction based on negro rule with all its failures and miseries. Sumner's policy would have spared the country all this, and it would have been better for the South, which would have infinitely preferred the government of the army to that which we forced upon them.

Sumner was a statesman in the largest sense, although not a legislator who drafted laws and attended to legislative details. Still less was he a politician, for he cared nothing for politics, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Yet it is not upon his statesmanship or upon his power as an orator that his fame depends. Sumner's greatness rests securely on the fact that he was the representative of an idea. He stood for human freedom. He was among the first of those who have been well called the human rights statesmen of that period. He was one of the great leaders among the men of 1848 when the movement for political liberty swept over the world of Western civilization, and when it was believed that in political liberty, manhood suffrage, and republican government, whether in Italy or Austria, in France or Germany, or among the negroes of the South, would be found a cure for all the ills and miseries of mankind. It was a noble faith, its champions did a great work for humanity. Their success did not bring a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, for, alas, there is none, but they made the lot of mankind better, and rendered an inestimable service to their fellow men. Sumner was one of the greatest among them in his devotion to the cause. Not only by what he said, but by what he suffered, and, above all, by what he was in character and attainments, was he enabled to strike the most deadly blows at slavery ever dealt up to that time in Congress. He had the spirit of the martyr and the crusader. He was entirely fearless. He never would compromise, retreat, or flinch. He was just the man needed in the conflict which culminated in the ten years preceding the Civil War, and during that period he fills a large place.

As I saw him he was a lovable man. He was kindness itself, gentle and affectionate in our household, of which he was so often a part. But as I look back on that vanished time I see now, that which I vaguely felt then, what a pathetic, almost tragic, figure he was. He was singularly lonely. He had no near relations after the death of his brother George. His marriage proved most unhappy, and led to separation and renewed isolation. He never fully recovered from the Brooks assault, and the disease of the heart, which finally caused his death, produced acute suffering. Yet he never murmured. He bore his loneliness and physical pain alike in silence and with a smiling face. He had high moral courage, and never cried out under the blows of fate. His career is part, and a large part, of the history of his time. I have no thought of rewriting it here in these rambling recollections, but I wish to give the impression which was left to me by close association with a remarkable man in the days of childhood and youth, and of whom I had that nearer view which sometimes brings a better understanding than official records or the researches of the historians.

There were no others of the antislavery leaders, the "human rights" statesmen who came into control of Massachusetts politics during the fifties, and who played a large part in the history of the United States, whom I knew and saw closely, as was the case with Sumner. Henry Wilson, Sumner's colleague, was little more than a name to me until I met him in Washington when he was vice-president, and shortly before his death. I there had a long talk with him. He knew about me and about the friendship of my family with Sumner, and he was most kind and pleasant. I noted in a diary the fact of my talk with him, but made no record of the conversation, which has now entirely escaped my memory. I remember very well, however, just how he looked: large, fair, with a florid complexion, a pleasant voice, and agreeable manner. He was a man of remarkable qualities, for he had worked his way up from as low a starting-point as it is possible to conceive. It was said that he was the son of English gypsies, and that his name was really Coldbath, but he had no trace of the gypsy look, and probably came from one of those families of English stock who are confused with the true Romany merely because they lead a wandering gypsy life. However this may be, he was born in the utmost obscurity and poverty. He had no chance for any schooling, and no friends to help him. He learned the trade of shoemaker, made his own living, educated himself, entered politics, rose to be one of the leaders of the Republican party in Massachusetts, then became senator, and died vice-president of the United States. He was not only able to hold his own in the great positions he filled, but, so far as I could see, there was no trace of roughness about him or of that almost ferocious self-assertion which is so apt to appear in men who have fought their way from humble beginnings and through great difficulties up to success. He was dignified and simple in manner, and there was nothing to suggest to any one who saw him as I did that he was not to the manner born.

Governor Andrew I never really knew, although as a child I saw him at his home. I knew his family well, and his son, who died comparatively young, was a close friend of mine for many years. We served together in the Legislature and in Congress, and although we parted politically in 1884, our friendship was never in the slightest degree interrupted. He was very quick and clever, a delightful companion, a loyal friend, but he did not possess his father's unusual force, his depth of feeling, or his remarkable ability. I never, as I have just said, really knew the governor, for he died while I was still a boy, soon after the war, worn out by his labors during those terrible years. Yet Governor Andrew remains in my memory as one of the most vivid figures of my early days, just as he was one of the commanding figures of the time, a great war governor, a pillar of support to Lincoln and the Union cause. I see him now far more clearly than many persons whom I knew much better. My vision of him is always as he stood reviewing the troops when they marched past the State House, and I used to look after him, when I passed him in the street, with wondering eyes. To me, who had never been beyond the bounds of Boston and its neighborhood, he seemed the incarnation of the government, of freedom, and of the Union. A short, heavily built, squarely solid figure, as I described him in an earlier chapter, with a large head covered with tight-curling light hair, a smooth round face, and inseparable spectacles, he was not physically the type of man who would by his looks appeal to a boy's imagination as a hero. Yet to me he was unquestionably heroic. I cannot recall a word that he uttered when, a small unit in the crowd, I heard him speak. I was moved because everybody about him was moved by what he said, and the contagion of a crowd is very powerful.

Still, the fact of the impression remained, and I now explain it by the man's real greatness, by his sincerity of soul, and, above all, by his emotional force, which carried his audiences away and which struck so deep into my boyish imagination that his image has never been effaced, or even dimmed.

Dr. S. G. Howe was another of the antislavery leaders whom I cannot be said to have known, but who stands out sharply in my memory. Both he and Mrs. Howe were friends of my mother, to whom as a young girl Dr. Howe's expedition to Greece and his part in the war of liberation made him appear, as indeed he was, a romantic hero, with the temper and courage of a crusading knight. I think I saw him first when I was fourteen years old and went to a picnic at the Howes' place near Newport. I looked at him with eager curiosity, for I had not only heard of his exploits and wild adventures in behalf of Greek liberty, but the story of Laura Bridgman was familiar to me, and I had always wanted to see the man who had worked such wonders. Dr. Howe, as so seldom happens, fully satisfied my imagination. He was a most striking-looking man, hawk-eyed, hawk-nosed, with the expression of wild daring which I expected. The Laura Bridgman side was not apparent to a small boy staring at the hero of many adventures. Yet that was really the dominant side, for if ever a man lived who, without a thought of self, devoted his life to helping his fellow men—the poor, the deformed, the crippled in mind and body, all the heavy-laden of our struggling humanity—it was Dr. Howe. That such a man should cast himself into the movement to free the slaves was inevitable. He had no love for politics, but he fought the battle of the slaves politically and in every other way, on the plains of Kansas and in the streets of Boston. He was one of Sumner's closest and most devoted friends, a friend who never flattered and was all the more valuable to Sumner on that account.

Anson Burlingame I never knew, and I do not think that I ever saw him in those early days. Yet my impression of him as I recall those times is very vivid, merely because I heard him talked about so constantly. He was one of the heroes of the household in the days of the antislavery struggle, and my father, who was one of his constituents, had a very great admiration for him, not only on account of his brilliancy in speech and debate, but for his fearlessness and readiness to fight if need be. He dwells in the memory of my first ten years as one of the champions of the good cause to whom we all owed a most especial allegiance.

Of Wendell Phillips I saw much more, as it happened, after I grew up. He cannot be said to have belonged to the group of human-rights statesmen who took possession of the stage when I was a child, and held it for many years afterwards, for he was not a statesman and never acted long in harmony with anybody. Brought up in a free-soil Republican household, I had imbibed the notion that Phillips was an agitator who injured the good cause by his extravagances. His assaults on the Union of States, his denunciation of the Constitution, and his attacks upon Lincoln all combined to foster this idea. Later, as I began to think for myself, these early impressions were strengthened by Phillips's support of Butler and Butler's appointments in Massachusetts, by his zeal for the negro governments of the South, by his praise of assassination in the case of the Czar in his Phi Beta Kappa speech, and by his reckless diatribes against everybody who crossed his path. He was in truth an Ishmael, and his hand was against every man's. When Judge Hoar, on being asked if he was going to Phillips's funeral, replied, "No, I cannot go, but I approve of the proceedings entirely," he expressed by his jest the general feeling in

Boston about Phillips. Yet when I came to know him, although I did not alter my opinion of him as a public man, I could not help being attracted by him personally. He was tall, singularly high-bred, and distinguished-looking, handsome, and with the most beautiful voice I ever heard. The well-known anecdote of Lord Morpeth and Mr. Ticknor gives the best idea of the way Phillips appeared so far as mere exterior went. Lord Morpeth was in this country in 1842. In Boston he stayed with Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, who had travelled much, making it his business to see every one of note, and who naturally took charge of most of the distinguished foreigners who visited his native city. Lord Morpeth, standing one day at the window of Mr. Ticknor's house in Park Street, said: "Who are those two men walking together? They are the most aristocratic, the most distinguished-looking men I have seen in America." Mr. Ticknor looked out and replied: "Those men are Edmund Quincy and Wendell Phillips, two abolitionists and agitators, violent, dangerous persons." Mr. Ticknor was a conservative, a friend of Webster, a "cotton" or "Hunker" Whig, as they were afterwards called, and Lord Morpeth's comment on Quincy and Phillips was not to him a sympathetic observation. Yet the two agitators were entitled to their looks if birth, good family, and generations of education and refinement meant anything. By Mr. Ticknor they were regarded much as an anarchist of the extreme type is regarded now, and he could not see them in any other light. I was too young to have known Mr. Ticknor, but I remember as a boy seeing him constantly, walking slowly in the sunshine on winter days along Beacon Street, where we then lived, not far from his house. He was short, looked like the typical elderly Englishman of the Palmerstonian period, had a rather stern expression, and an air of conscious importance. He was a man of learning and of real scholarship, especially in his own domain of Spanish literature, and did most admirable work in that field. But he was, I imagine, a somewhat conceited man, and these qualities, together with his political attitude in the years of the war and those preceding it, had made him unpopular.

But I have drifted away from Phillips. Through our common descent from John Walley, the provincial lieutenant-general of the time of William of Orange, my father, to whom Phillips's fearlessness strongly appealed, had always kept up relations with him. My mother had, of course, known him from her girlhood, and despite his many violences and bitter attacks had, I think, retained not only a lasting admiration for his early services to the antislavery cause in the dark days when few people dared to say a word on that subject, but a real affection for the man himself. In any event, he used to dine with us now and then, especially when Sumner was at the house, and it is on those occasions that I remember him. I can see him now sitting at the dinner-table with his attractive smile and turning down all his wine-glasses to show his support of total abstinence and State prohibition of liquor-selling. He had a most charming manner and was always agreeable and interesting, for he was a man of wide reading and talked well on many subjects. He cared nothing for accuracy—his many enemies said he cared nothing for truth—but this failing does not make conversation less amusing, however much it impairs its moral or statistical value. He would also say bitter and witty things about people whom he disliked, and they were many, but all in his quietest manner and in the most silvery tones of his beautiful voice. I remember very well how interesting he was once in discussing public speaking, of which it is needless to say he was a master, and of the rules to be observed in the practice of that difficult art. "Use the conversational tone as much as you can," he said; "in fact, no other if possible, for in that way the inflections are preserved which are all lost when a man shouts. Moreover, shouting and roaring often defeat themselves by mere noise and monotony. Making an audience hear depends on the pitch, not on the loudness of the voice. Another great point overlooked by most speakers is the position of the head and the direction in which you send your voice. Most speakers drop the head a little and talk to the people seated in the middle of the hall, on the floor-level. Nobody hears them, or hears only very imperfectly, back of the middle of the audience. Always talk to the most remote man in the gallery. If you can make him hear, as you can with a proper pitch and clear enunciation, everybody between you and him will hear too." I had no thought at that time that I should ever make a public speech, but what Phillips said struck me very much. I always remembered the simple rules he laid down, and they have been of the utmost use to me in speaking at all times, and under all conditions.

Another of the leaders of the Free-Soil movement whom I came to know in those years, and one of a very different type from the men I have already mentioned, was Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Through my intimacy with two of his sons, Henry, and Brooks, the youngest of the family who had been in college with me, and also as a member of the Historical Society and of the Wednesday Evening Club, I saw a good deal of him. He was not an easy man to know and was the reverse of expansive, but I watched him with interest and talked with him whenever I had a chance. He was a short, strongly built man with a very marked resemblance to his father, John Quincy Adams, as well as the characteristic look of the family. His forehead was broad with abundant room behind it. His features were sharply cut, the eye keen, and the jaw—his most notable feature—large, square, and strong, giving an impression of a grip like a bulldog. His mouth corresponded to the jaw, not handsome but of straight clear line, and, as Carlyle said of Webster's, "accurately closed." Altogether his head and face gave an unmistakable expression of intellectual power, iron will, and calm determination. The outward appearance told the truth. Mr. Adams had all these qualities in a high degree. He was popularly supposed to be hard and cold-blooded, and his political enemies made this charge in season and out of season. Superficially there was reason for the popular idea, but I am certain that he was neither cold-blooded nor hard. I know that he was a man of warm affections, and I think that he had a high temper, but he concealed the one and controlled the other. He was very reserved, and reserve and self-control, as is so often the case, were mistaken for hardness and coldness of disposition. I met him abroad when he was in Europe on the Geneva Arbitration, and I saw him often in Boston afterwards. He was, as a rule, very taciturn, and joined but little in general conversation, but when I was fortunate enough to obtain an opportunity to talk with him I found him always as kind and pleasant as possible. He never, so far as I could see, talked about himself or his experiences or what he had done. His talk, always good, marked by entire independence of opinion and great lucidity both of thought and expression, was always impersonal, but none the less interesting, although it was somewhat remote and detached. I recall one little anecdote which he told me that interested me very much, for it was one of those stories which bring men of the past close and make them live again for a moment. Stuart painted a portrait of John Adams in extreme old age, when he was nearing his ninetieth year. It is a very fine portrait of the old man seated and leaning on his cane. Mr. Adams, a boy of nineteen, used to keep his grandfather company during the sittings and watch the painter at work. He said that Stuart, who was old, too, and near the end of his career, was physically feeble. Both his hands shook violently. From a quivering palette he would take his color, and with his brush shaking and trembling he would approach the picture. Mr. Adams said it looked as if he might dash the paint on anywhere, but the brush always touched the portrait, extraordinary as it seemed, in exactly the right spot and in precisely the right way. Despite his shaking hands and trembling fingers, the old artist never made a mistake.

Mr. Adams left with me not only a feeling of affection and a memory of kindness, but the assurance that he was a very strong, very able, and very remarkable man. He was stanch, true, entirely fearless, and an American in every fibre, a patriot of the highest type of patriotism. He was as providential in his place as minister to England during our Civil War as Lincoln was in the White House. The heir and representative of a line of statesmen, thoroughly versed in history, diplomacy, and politics as very few men ever are, he met the public men of England on something more than an equality. He could not be awed or overridden; he was as highly trained as the best of them, and much better informed. He was calm and quite incapable of bluster or violence, but when the right moment came he could strike harder than any one else and with all the pent-up force of the strong man who knows how to wait. I have always thought that he went through those four terrible years of unparalleled difficulty, trial, and danger without making a single mistake, and with the utmost degree of effectiveness. There could be no higher praise.

I will venture to give two of his letters to me, because they not only are evidence of his kind-hearted readiness to encourage a very young man, but they are also characteristic and show some of the qualities I have tried to describe. The first relates to an article upon Alexander Hamilton, the second to my memoir of my great-grandfather, George Cabot.

QUINCY 25 *July* 1876

DEAR MR. LODGE.

In looking over the July number of the *North American Review*, I was very naturally attracted to your article as one in which I might take an interest; and on reading it I was not disappointed.

You have taken up a difficult subject and have managed it with skill and good temper. You have also labored to be impartial in questions where your very natural bias might most reasonably lead you to take a side. In my opinion you have acquitted yourself with great credit. I shall be glad to see the *Review* often supplying equally instructive matter, in an equally dignified way.

You will not understand by this that I always agree with you in your judgments. On the contrary, I should perhaps differ in your analysis of all three of the great men of whom you treat, but that would not in the least impair my appreciation of the value of your work. I am very glad to find the young men endeavoring to understand them historically and not in the spirit of old prejudices handed down from generation to generation. In my youthful days the fashion was intense panegyric or else ferocious malevolence. I think we have improved on them in this respect if not in many others. I trust the *Review* may continue to be favored as well as to be benefitted by such contributors.

Very truly yours
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

QUINCY 4 *July,* 1877.

MY DEAR SIR

Engrossed as I have been for some time in the final corrections of the press of my own work, I have not yet had the leisure necessary to peruse your's which you have been so kind as to send me. I thank you for remembering me, and I shall read it with the attention which I see it deserves. If not convinced by the argument, or the conclusions, it is at any rate a consoling reflection that all the acerbity that infected the subject has passed away, and we may commit it to the same umpire which has passed upon human action from the days of Romulus and Pericles and Moses down to the last Napoleon and Sir Robert Peel. When I was entering into life I was disposed to mount a high horse and challenge the world to disputation for prizes which now I would not cross this room to secure.

Such are my reflections whilst listening to the cannon in Boston which remind me that we have a country about which with all it's short comings we can all agree still to esteem quite as well worth living in as in any other on the face of the globe.

Very truly
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Another man, distinguished in public life during the trying years which preceded the Civil War, whom I came to know well at the time was Robert C. Winthrop. In politics he was the antipodes of the men I have thus far mentioned, and in the atmosphere of Free Soil and Republicanism which I had breathed I had gathered the vague idea that he was little better than a pro-slavery Democrat; that, like Webster, he had made the great refusal and had abandoned the cause of freedom and of the country. When I came to know him I changed my conception of him very materially, although I never thought he was right in the political course which he adopted. He was president of the Historical Society when I became a member, and I think that my election was largely due to him. He was nearly seventy when I first knew him, and seemed to me much older, for he appeared to cultivate an appearance of age, although he was really strong and active and lived to be over eighty. To me he was very kind in the way which is never forgotten. His first wife, the mother of his children, was a cousin of my grandfather, and he took a genuine interest in the work I was doing in collecting my great-grandfather's letters and preparing a memoir of him. To me he was sympathetic and gentle always, and I became very fond of him. A descendant of John Winthrop, the founder of Massachusetts, he was a gentleman in every sense, and in the best sense. His manner was formal and very courteous, with the savor of an elder day. He was an accomplished man, a scholar in the old and generous acceptation of the word, widely read, widely travelled, and a most delightful companion. Early in life he had entered politics and had been highly successful. From the Legislature he had gone to Congress and had been elected Speaker when the Whigs secured control. He was a Whig candidate for the Senate and had filled an unfinished term, but had lost his election owing to the rising anti-slavery tide and the coalition between the Democrats and Free-Soilers which swept Massachusetts from her Whig moorings. This was the end of his political career. He could not bring himself to accept the Republican party; he fell out of the race, and ended by voting the Democratic ticket and losing all hold upon the people of Massachusetts. Although embittered by his experience, he did not complain, but behaved always with dignity and turned to historical studies for occupation. Only once in all my talks with him did the old feeling flash up. One day we were discussing Webster, with whom I had unquestioningly placed him as an ally and follower, when to my great surprise he spoke of Webster with an acerbity and energy which revealed to me a vigor and intensity of feeling of which I had not thought him capable. I do not remember what the precise grievance was, but he felt that Webster had betrayed him and he had not forgiven him. The real man came to the surface through the gracious, formal manner, and I was interested to see what very strong, human feelings the real man possessed. Mr. Winthrop was an orator of much power and grace. His style was of his day, stately, careful, dignified, and his addresses and orations on many occasions gave him a large reputation throughout the country. But what I think of chiefly, as I recall him, is the kindly, high-bred gentleman, thoughtful and well-mannered, who was always so helpful and encouraging to a young man who had no claim upon him except that we both loved books and history.

Let me turn now from the men of public affairs to the men of letters whom I remember in my boyhood, and whom I knew or came to know in the years which followed my return from Europe. I was born just at the time when the remarkable group of writers who made New England and Massachusetts famous were at their zenith, or rising to their highest achievement. In the fifties the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, and the essays of the "Autocrat" begun. The first series of the "Biglow Papers" had been written, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow had already won their fame, and Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft had established their reputations as historians. Hawthorne I never saw, a misfortune I deeply regret, for I should have liked to cherish at least a memory of his looks. All the others I not only saw, but, with the exception of Mr. Prescott, met frequently, and in the process of the years came to know them personally and well. Let me begin, then, with the one whom I knew first, and who is associated with my very earliest memories, John Lothrop Motley. Mr. and Mrs. Motley, although much younger, were, I may repeat, intimate friends of my grandfather and grandmother Cabot, and this friendship was extended to my father and mother. Lady Harcourt, Mr. Motley's oldest daughter, was named Elizabeth Cabot for my aunt, a very beautiful girl who died when she was only nineteen years old. Whenever the Motleys were in the country they stayed with us at Nahant, I was taught to call them uncle and aunt, and the friendship thus begun with their three daughters has lasted through life, undiminished and unchanged either by time or separation. Mrs. Motley, whom I loved much better than most of my blood relations, was, as I have said in an earlier chapter, and like to say again, a very handsome woman of unusual charm and warm affections, coupled with a warmth of feeling and an energy of opinion when she was moved which made her only the more attractive.

It is not easy to me to describe Mr. Motley, because he was so entirely a part of my childish world that I accepted him as a matter of course, just as I did my father and mother, and never thought of looking at him from the outside point of view. He was a remarkably handsome man. That fact impressed me at a very early day. He had, as I realized later, a singularly high-spirited look—eager, sensitive, proud; he always made me think of a thoroughbred horse with its brilliant eyes just touched with wildness, its quick response to every movement, and the undaunted courage which holds until nature gives way and then drops never to rise again. Mr. Motley's nature corresponded to his looks. He had the keenest intensity of feeling, together with an unusual power of expressing it. His opinions were strong, and a calculating discretion never caused their concealment. As is common in such sensitive and emotional natures, he was full of fun and humor, which are apt to lie near the sources of anger or of tears. He was deeply loyal to his friends and very bitter toward his enemies. He acutely felt and fiercely resented wrong, whether to himself, to his friends, or to the weak and oppressed; above all he resented any wrong to his country, for despite his living so much in Europe he was an ardent American, intense in his patriotism as in all else. The romantic movement in literature and art was in full strength as Mr. Motley came to manhood, and, like other men of imagination, he was in entire sympathy with it and a part of it. He began his literary life with two novels, "Merry-Mount" and "Morton's Hope." The stories dealt with one of the episodes of the early settlement of New England which was enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery and romance not too common in the history of the grim struggle to found a state on that bleak and rugged coast. These novels were by no means devoid of merit, but they had no great success, and were overshadowed by the genius which, going to the same field, produced "The Scarlet Letter," the "Twice-told Tales," and "The House of the Seven Gables." Mr. Motley was dissatisfied with them and never alluded to them. They were not republished and, having been long out of print, are now a prize for the collector of first editions. Leaving fiction to others, Mr. Motley turned to history and selected as his subject the struggle of the Dutch for liberty and independence. No part of modern history could have been better adapted to his talents and his temperament. His love of liberty, his gallant spirit, his hatred of oppression, all were appealed to by the heroic battle of the Dutch against the power of Spain, and the romantic episodes of that long fight against overwhelming odds touched the chords which vibrated so readily in those days of successful revolt against the dry, cold conventions of the eighteenth century. With a care and industry remarkable in one of his quick mind and impatient temper, he explored the archives and toiled through untouched and original authorities like the veriest antiquary. The result was "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," which had an immediate and brilliant success, both at home and abroad, and which made his fame secure. He carried into his books the same energy and enthusiasm which made him so inspiring and so fascinating in private life. Long before I had read his history or knew anything of the period I had become deeply interested in all his heroes, especially in William the Silent, merely from hearing him talk about them. He made me feel as if they were all alive and fighting their great fight at that moment, and, boy-like, I longed to be a "Beggar of the Sea," and hated Philip II with a vigor which, I confess, a larger knowledge has not materially diminished. Mr. Motley comes back to me now as I recall those early days with his flashing eyes, his high-spirited looks, his head flung back, talking with eager eloquence about Egmont and Horn and William of Orange, or about American slavery and North and South, always with the same intensity when he was moved, and with the same hatred of wrong and oppression, whether among the dikes of Holland or on the plantations of the South. I wish that I could manage to give in words some idea of the effect of his presence and manner, which in many ways were the most striking I have ever seen in any man. But my attempt at description seems to me painfully inadequate. He had something in his look, something in his manner, which arrested attention as soon as he entered a room, and was in some indefinable way at once exciting and inspiring. In reading the attractive reminiscences of Lady Saint Helier, I was much pleased to notice that Mr. Motley, in her opinion, produced the very effect which I have tried to describe. She says: "There are some figures and faces one can never forget, and Mr. Motley was one of the most striking people I have ever seen. At this moment the impression he made upon me is as vivid as on that evening when I first looked upon the author of one of the most entertaining books of history that it is possible to read." When I read this testimony of a disinterested and keen observer, I felt that my own impressions of Mr. Motley's striking look and inspiriting manner were not led astray by propinquity and affection. He was, as Lady Saint Helier says, one of the rare people who are not only vivid, but can never fall a prey to forgetfulness among those who have seen and known them. He had, and I am inclined to think that his historical work had, something of that "wrath and partiality" which Byron admired in a historian. But these qualities make his books more and not less attractive, especially in these days of "scientific history," when it is the fashion of a certain school to hold that history is not literature, unmindful of the fact that it is only the history which is also literature which survives and is read, and so serves to enlighten and convince the world.

The success of the Republican party found Mr. Motley in Europe, where he plunged into the fray in defence of the Union cause, outraged by the attitude of England and English opinion. He was soon appointed minister to Vienna, and there we found him, late in the winter of 1867, and renewed the old friendship and intimacy. When he returned to the United States after Grant's election, he was constantly at our house in Boston. That was, I think, the happiest time of his life. His place as a historian had been won, the Union cause in which his heart was bound up had triumphed, his party was successful, and he was on the eve of the recognition to which both his success in literature and his public services entitled him. I wish that I had known enough to make notes of his talks in those days, as they ranged from affairs at home, over European politics, to the history of the sixteenth century. I can only recall his description of Bismarck, then just assuming his commanding place in Europe, and with whom Motley had been intimate as a fellow student at Göttingen. Bismarck's greatest achievements were still in the future, but Mr. Motley had the utmost confidence in his powers, and told us much of those qualities of force and intellect about which the world was then wondering and speculating.

Mr. Motley was appointed minister to England, and his ambition was gratified. Into the unhappy incidents which led to his quarrel with the administration and his removal from office this is not the place to enter. The blow was a cruel one. To a man of his sensitive nature and quick feelings it was wounding to the last degree. When we were abroad in 1871–2 we went to The Hague, whither he had gone to complete his life of John of Barneveldt, and there we saw him and all the family, as full of kindness and affection for us as ever. A proud man, Mr. Motley kept a brave face to the world, but in his own house he could not and did not conceal his bitter resentment at the treatment which he had received. I could see how much he had changed under the wrongs which he felt had been inflicted upon him. The old enmities and the old friendships, the intense feeling, the deep interest in past and present, were unaltered; but the high spirits, the fun and the laughter, always so engaging, were largely gone, and his talk was tinged with bitterness, while there was an air of depression about him when he was silent which had never been there before, and which it was sad to see.

When I saw him next, three years later, it was still sadder. Mrs. Motley had died, and the light of his life had gone out. He had been crushed under the blow, and had suffered a touch of paralysis, from which he was rallying, but which affected his walk, although not seriously. He came home in 1875, and passed the summer with my mother at her house in Nahant, two of his daughters, the eldest, now Lady Harcourt, and the youngest, now Mrs. Mildmay, being with him. I saw him constantly during all that summer, was with him almost every day, and I think that I was of some comfort to him. His mind was as keen, as brilliant, as ever; and although he was broken in spirit, he liked to talk of history, of the events of the world past and present, and of the men he had known. He also took the most affectionate interest in all that I was doing, in my hopes and ambitions, in my speculations about life and its meaning. How much I wish now that I had made some note or record of those long talks, but I enjoyed them and let them pass, as is the fashion of youth. Now I have only memory to turn to as I recall those summer days. I remember one occasion, when we happened to be speaking of style in prose and verse, his calling my attention to the beautiful effects which Shakespeare produced by his arrangement of words of Saxon origin in contrast to, and in juxtaposition with, those of Latin derivation. He quoted, as perhaps the best example, the lines from "Macbeth":

> "No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine;
> Making the green one red."

As soon as he repeated the familiar lines I saw at once that the effect which they make, and which at once arrests the attention and delights the ear, arose from the long, rich, full-sounding Latin words being sharply followed by the short Saxon words coming like the sharp beats of a drum after the organ notes of the preceding line. I never forgot either the lines or what Mr. Motley said, and it helped me to appreciate beauties in verse and high artistic skill in placing words when I had felt, but had never understood before, the reason for either.

Apart from this I can only recall one other little remark; and why that should have struck me and remained in my memory I cannot tell, except that it seemed to body forth the sensitiveness of Mr. Motley's nature and the sadness which then pervaded him. We were on the Point one evening toward autumn and watched the moon rise out of the sea and slowly climb upward from the horizon. It was a fine, cool night, and the moonlight was very clear and brilliant. He remarked upon it, and I said: "Nothing could be more brilliant except our moonlight in winter glittering on the snow." He turned on me almost fiercely and said: "I cannot bear moonlight on the snow. I hate it. It is so cold, so cruel, so unfeeling." He had suffered so much in his pride and his affections that he quivered under the slightest touch, and even the thought of the cold radiance of a moonlit winter night pained him.

He returned to England that autumn. He wrote to me occasionally, delightful and affectionate letters, and I shall yield to the temptation of giving one or two of them here, for he died two years later, and I never saw him again.

5 SEAMORE PLACE,
MAYFAIR
LONDON, 11 *March*, '76.

MY DEAR CABOT:

I ought to have sooner acknowledged and thanked you for your kind and interesting letter of 25 Jan., together with the excellent centennial number of the *N. A. R.*

Unluckily writing is more difficult to me than ever as in addition to unsteadiness of right hand has come dimness of right eye—so that I am inclined to howl "solve senescentem" to all to whom I owe letters. At the same time with national recklessness I am all for contracting fresh obligations while in a state of notorious bankruptcy.

So I beg you to write to me frequently, constantly, unremittedly. I should so much like to hear from you as often as you can find a spare quarter of an hour to enlighten me a little as to our political conditions.

You say in your letter "in politics, as you have probably seen, there is the most absolute calm. But it is only the treacherous stillness which precedes the storm."

Truly you are a prophet and the grandson of a prophet—for is not the gale blowing freshly enough now?

I only hope it may blow away some of the vile effluvia by which the political atmosphere has become almost too poisonous for human existence.

Certainly the daily telegrams from Washington to the London press make every patriotic and honest American hang his head.

But I believe in the American people nevertheless as I always have done and I trust that this very putrid administration will soon be buried out of sight with all its belongings.

I have had read to me two of the articles in the *N. A. R.* and shall have the others read also. I liked those on politics and on economic science very much.

Is your thesis on Anglo Saxon Law printed? If so would you send me a copy?

I should like to have the *N. A. R.* regularly sent to the above address. I hope future numbers will have many articles from your (and my) favorite author.

Give all our love to your wife and mother and believe me always

Affectionately yours,
J. L. MOTLEY.

P. S.—When you see Professor Peirce I wish you would give my love to him and tell him how much I wish to thank him for his most kind and genial reference to myself at the Harvard Club dinner. It gratified and touched me very deeply. I need not say how interesting the whole speech was.

KINGSTON-RUSSELL HOUSE,
DORCHESTER,
DORSET, 2 *June*, 76.

MY DEAR CABOT:

I received the letter you were kind enough just two months ago to write to me and had very great pleasure and I may add instruction in reading it—which I did several times—besides showing it to one or two persons able to comprehend and kindly enough to sympathize with the mental condition of honest men in the present shameful condition of our politics.

As I never despaired for one moment throughout our war with slavery from the beginning of it to the end, so I am able to hope now. I believe that the American people have not yet sold themselves to the devil. It looks very like it just now. It looked very like it during the long period of compromise and prevarication which preceded the war. But the people are better and braver than the politicians. They found out the issue then. I hope they will again. I trust they will smash paper money as they smashed slavery and at much less expense. I even hope to live long enough to see a beginning of purification in the Civil Service. As soon as the vile phrases "to the victors the spoils" and "rotation in office" can be expunged from the politicians' creed there may be a chance for decent government. Not till then.

I also received the invitation[1] which you sent to me thinking I might like to see it. Of course I understood that it was not addressed to me personally and so did not answer it. I trust it is hardly necessary for me to say how fully I am in sympathy with the object and the men. Only in this way can that most vulgar and dangerous tyrant King Caucus and his elaborate and skillful system be deposed and destroyed. Since your letter came I see by the papers that the movement in which you did such good service has proved a success even if you don't force either Bristow or Tilden this time. But I think you will. Probably the latter.

I hope you may find time to write me again. The sooner the better. I take great interest in you and I am likewise much interested in what you write. I wish I could send you something in return. But I am in the deepest retirement and I am also rather shaky, so that writing is a great effort. Nothing, however, could be more insipid than English politics or more intensely respectable.

I shall look for your impending publication with greatest interest. Meantime with much love to your Mother and your Wife I am

Always Affectionately yours,
J. L. Motley.

As I have begun my recollections of the literary men whom I came to know during the years which intervened between my return from Europe and my entrance into public life with a historian, I will go on to other historians whose friendship I had the good fortune to possess. Although, as I have said, Mr. Prescott was not only a friend of my grandfather, one whom he saw much and to whom he was much attached, but also of my mother, I have no personal remembrance of him, as he died in 1859 while I was still a boy. I must have seen him many times, yet nothing remains in my memory except the impressions given me by my mother of his charm and gentleness, his refinement and knowledge, and of the distinction which any one can see in the calm, high-bred face that looks out upon us from his portrait. One little story which my mother told me I still recall. She said that several times when she was a young girl Mr. Prescott would take her aside when they met and say: "Come, let us talk about our friend George Bancroft. We care nothing about his politics, but we love the historian." This was at the period when Mr. Bancroft's Democratic politics had made him extremely unpopular in Boston and Massachusetts, which were Whig strongholds, and when "Society" in the fashionable sense was almost universally Whig and bitterly hostile to President Jackson. The remark was very characteristic of Mr. Prescott, and my mother always spoke most affectionately of his kindness to her. One little note, which in some way has escaped the destruction wrought by time, I will also print, recalling as it does a trifling incident of the days that are gone. It is addressed to my grandmother, and what the gift referred to as a "Prince Albert" may have been I cannot conjecture.

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[1] This refers to the gathering known as "The Fifth Avenue Conference."

DEAR MRS. CABOT—

I think I know the "friend and admirer"—at least I have no doubt as to the kind *friend,* who sent me the "Prince Albert" this morning. I am more likely indeed to fight my battles with the pen than the sword—and though a sword is rather an odd *gage d'amitié,* I most gladly receive it as such, and assure you I shall always wear it next my heart—tho' you will hardly expect it shall ever be at your service.

With the best wishes for a happy New Year, and many a happy New Year, I am, my dear Mrs. Cabot,

Most truly your obliged friend

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

BEDFORD ST.
Jan.—1—1841.

The little story brings me to another historian, Mr. Bancroft, whom I knew very well indeed, although he was fifty years old when I was born. But he lived until I was myself more than forty, and I corresponded with him for years, met him at Newport, and after I came to Congress I saw him constantly in Washington. He was an old friend of our family, connected with us by marriage, as his sister married my mother's uncle, Mr. John Blake. He was an especial friend of my grandmother and my mother, and among the latter's papers I found not only many notes from him, but copies of verses, for he had a turn for writing verse in his younger days and indeed published a small volume of poems which he afterwards made every effort to buy up and destroy, so that the book is now rare, and has become a rarity prized by the collector.

Mr. Bancroft was a man of great vigor and activity, both of body and mind. A graduate of Harvard and then of Göttingen, he in this way received an education to which very few Americans in those days attained. He was ambitious both in politics and in literature and in both he succeeded. To both he brought great energy, unwearied industry, a keen, penetrating, and relentless mind, and he drove forward to his object with ceaseless effort. He began by teaching school. It was a famous school in its day at Round Hill in Northampton, and excellent in its instruction, but the highly efficient head master was neither loved nor popular. Then he went into politics, an aggressive Democrat in a wilderness of Whigs with a strong Federalist tradition. He was appointed by Van Buren collector of the port of Boston, for the administration was only too delighted to find in New England a man of Mr. Bancroft's position and antecedents on the Democratic side. Already regarded with disfavor by the Whig community in which he lived, his success increased his unpopularity, for success is the most unforgivable of sins in the eyes of those from whom we differ. On his side, moreover, Mr. Bancroft was not a man to disarm dislike. He was combative, he could say bitter things, and he said them freely. Then he was the Democratic candidate for governor, secretary of the navy in Polk's cabinet, and minister to England. When he returned to the United States he abandoned Boston, where he was so disliked, and made his home in New York. There I first met him, although I had known all about him from my earliest years, for my mother had always maintained her friendship with him. I was a boy of fourteen when I was taken to dine at his house, and I well remember the occasion, the kindness and hospitality, and Mr. Bancroft's sharp incisive talk. Among other things I recall his saying that astronomers had recently calculated that the earth as a home for man would last only twenty-five million years longer. It seemed to me a most depressing statement, and I lay awake some time that night thinking over the approaching destruction of the world.

During these years of politics and public service the "History of the United States" was begun and carried steadily forward. This is not the place to criticise or examine Mr. Bancroft's great work. The florid style and the apostrophes to freedom and equality characteristic of the first edition and dear to the hearts of the followers of Jefferson and Jackson have lost their charm and now obscure the merits of his history and the enormous labor which it represented. But whatever the demerits of the style or the opinions, Mr. Bancroft rendered an inestimable service to American history by his thorough research, his examination of huge masses of manuscripts, and by bringing to light an almost unlimited amount of original material never touched before, and without which the story of the colonies and the Revolution could never have been known or properly told. For these labors the debt of the American people and of all later historians and students of American history to Mr. Bancroft is very great indeed.

After my first meeting with Mr. Bancroft in New York I did not see him again for many years, but when I returned from Europe and started to collect material for my life of my great-grandfather I began to correspond with him, and after that we kept up a constant intercourse. I can never forget his help, his encouragement, his unfailing kindness to me, and his interest in all I was doing and writing. Then later, in Washington, I was much at his house. It seemed to me that he was as quick, as alert, as sharp of speech in those closing years, as at any time. Until the very last, age did not wither him, and he used to ride and walk and talk as if he were sixty instead of eighty. He had a great deal of caustic humor, vast knowledge of all kinds, and was a most interesting and entertaining companion. There was in his nature a vein of hardness, and he was a good hater both in life and in history. But he was an able man, a devoted American, an earnest patriot, and to me the kindest of friends. He had, no doubt, mellowed with age, but the qualities which had made him unpopular were never shown to me, although I can conceive that in his younger days he may well have been a formidable and also an irritating opponent. I am writing at the table on which he wrote, and a picture of himself which he gave me hangs close by. They awaken only pleasant memories of a kind and helpful friendship, and bring before my eyes the slender, alert figure, the snow-white beard, the keen eyes, and the quick speech which made Mr. Bancroft so long one of the marked figures of Washington. He had outlived the old hostilities and was revered and respected by every one; honored by successive Congresses as a man who had done great work both in writing and in making history. I am going to give here a few of his letters which will show the qualities I have tried to describe better than any words of mine.

Mr. Howe, in his most excellent biography, has very properly chosen the letters dealing with matters of immediate or historical moment. Of necessity they are grave and elaborate in proportion to their importance. Those from which I select are the little notes of friendship, hastily written, concerned with slight and passing incidents of the day, of no deep import either in politics or history. But they show a side of Mr. Bancroft which his more serious letters do not disclose; the side which certainly appeared to friends for whom he cared, even if the world never saw it. In these letters his humor and his love of fun come out; while through them runs at the same time a vein of sentiment and affection which it seems to me now very pleasant to recall. The letters which I have gathered together from their resting-places begin with one to my great-uncle, Dr. Kirkland, on his resignation of the presidency of Harvard College, a letter full of enthusiasm, admiration, and gratitude to the good man to whom Mr. Bancroft felt that he owed much. This letter was written in 1828; and the others to my mother, to my father, and to me, come down across the years to 1888. From this long period of sixty years I choose a few, beginning with some to my mother when she was a young girl, advising her as to her reading and studies:

The hermit hopes that his *friend* is not given up to gloom, that she selects for topics such melancholic subjects as the retreat of the ten thousand and the fall of Empires!

(Addressed, without date or signature, to Miss Cabot.)

This month I saw the moon over my right shoulder, and I prepared myself for good luck. But little did I dare to expect that my gray hairs would be honored with the present of the most beautiful purse that young hands ever knit. I shall keep your precious gift, dear Miss Cabot, among the choicest of my manitous and pray heaven to teach me gratitude.

Most sincerely
Your obliged
Oct. 26. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Here is Sir John Caldwell's favorite volume of Rousseau. *The Confession of the Savoyard Vicar* with which it opens is world-renowned. Despise Cottin; or rather commiserate Beranger's songs. I have: Lamartine's poems; Casimir de la Vigne; some things of Chateaubriand. All, my dear Miss Cabot, at the service of your class. I can select beautiful detached passages of Rousseau; Of Voltaire have you read Nanine?

With profound respect as is fitting
faithfully yrs
Wednesday. G. BANCROFT.

On this fourth day of March 1841, Mr. Bancroft cannot repress the expression of his exultation at discovering a transcendental neighbor. Cousin has written no system: his works are fragmentary; all which Mr. B. has, and entirely at the service of Miss Cabot. But this little volume of Damiron contains an outline and history of the whole brood of eclectics, and furnishes a pleasant introduction for one wishing information on the state of opinion in France, as expressed by Cousin and his compeers.

DEAR MRS. LODGE—

Mrs. Bancroft would neither let me read her letter, nor add a postscript; so I blew a kiss into the letter which you will please give to Lillie Lodge. I had a word to say, but with best regards to Mr. Lodge, time would not let me say how strongly I am attached to old and faithful friends. Ever my dear Mrs. Lodge,

Very truly yrs
Feb. 3—'47 GEORGE BANCROFT

Mrs. Bancroft overlooks me and says this note is not worth much. For myself I set a value on the slightest testimony of regard.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have not been out of my mind, chère amie, since I left America; and in token of it I beg to send you the homes of the poets done in India ink on napkins by a fair dame of Scotland. Your brother in law dwells in my memory, and on arriving in London, if I am absent, he will find a letter for him to Mr. Rush, who is a little too old for the Meridian of Paris, and the Secretary of Legation will look after him. I say, if I am absent, which on my own account I should very much regret; for as you do not let us see you, as we expected, I desire very much to get news of my vis-a-vis, my true friend, who heaped upon me kindnesses and whom I never forget. Indeed I cannot buy a ticket to hear Jenny Lind or pay a debt of any kind without being reminded of my debt of gratitude to you. For while one of my purses is treasured up as a talisman, the other is my constant companion.

Betty, my wife, has never seen the continent. So I shall, tomorrow night, take her across the Channel to Ostend and show her Cologne and the Rhine, the Alps and their glaciers, Geneva and its lakes; with Chamouni and perhaps Altdorf and the Lake of Lucerne; and I shall leave her the option of her route back, only she must return quickly. Louise we leave at school in Geneva and my boys must plod at Greek and Latin at Vevey. It will be two years before we sleep under a roof in America, two years more that my household Gods must be travellers and sojourners.

Give my best regard to your father and to your husband and remain my dear Mrs. Lodge the true friend of

Your affectionate cousin and friend

GEORGE BANCROFT

90 EATON SQUARE
31 August 1847

To John E. Lodge[1]

NEW YORK 26 *February*—1851

Blessed be the discoverers of tea, dear Mr. Lodge, and blessed be the good "Padre" and the good friend that has enabled us to inhale its delicious fragrance and enjoy its delicate and exhilarating power. The tea came as you intended and we were all impatience to enter upon the experimental knowledge of its excellence. And be sure, it is the nicest black tea I have tasted for many a long day. My wife is still more enraptured with it; so she has deputed to my tempered and moderating admiration the pleasing office of acknowledging your kindness. For a good cup of tea, what a blessing it is! And how constantly the benefit returns! Evening and morning, as regularly as the hymns of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the delicious beverage is prepared; and I assure you, in sober earnest, it is as good tea as I ever tasted. For the Dragon, I am not so good a judge; and I have been so pleased with the "Padre" that I shall not readily divide my homage at present with anything else.

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[1] My father was, as I have said, a China merchant and always imported for himself and his friends some chests of especially fine and rare tea. The Dragon was a curio, but that was long before the days of Japanese and Chinese collections and probably interested Mr. Bancroft very slightly.

I am glad you returned safely and found the babies well. I hope you like us so much that you will soon come again. Give our love to Mrs. Lodge; remind your daughter of us; make our regards acceptable to Mr. Cabot and believe me

My dear Mr. Lodge
Very truly
Your obliged
George Bancroft.

Saturday 8 *July* (1876)

DEAR COUSIN, RELATIVE AND FRIEND,

Learn to do just homage to Brooks Adams. I lend you his precious oration; but do not be misled into the idea that it was Lincoln who received the sword of Cornwallis.

I dreamed last night of our drive over Indian Cliff, and our finding our way into Paradise Avenue as tho' it had been made for us.

Yours devotedly
George Bancroft

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7 *July* '77

MY DEAR COUSIN AND FRIEND:

The rabbit said to the lioness, you have but one son: True, said the lioness, but my only son is a lion. I congratulate you on having a son who joins a devoted affection for his mother with the superior ability and seriousness of character which his life of

George Cabot displays. Nothing could make me more happy, than to have a son or grandson who would write a book, marked by such exhaustive research, such manly independence and such substantial impartiality of statement, while his heart was throbbing with the intensest devotedness to the love of family and home. The work of Mr. Lodge, which I have read or rather studied from the first word to the last with the closest attention, is the most important contribution to our history that has been made for many a day.

I am ever dear Mrs. Lodge, with truth and affection, your servant relative and friend.

George Bancroft

Dr. Palfrey, Mr. Bancroft's contemporary and his senior by only four years, was kind enough to give me advice and help when I was beginning my historical work, and I am glad that I have among my letters a few from him. But he was then so old a man, and living in such retirement at Cambridge, that my acquaintance with him never went beyond the correspondence. I regret that this should have been the case, not only because I greatly admired Dr. Palfrey's "History of New England," a monument of unwearying research and of precise and careful narrative, but also because Dr. Palfrey had been one of the antislavery leaders and had fought the good fight in the darkest days with unwavering courage and constancy. He was one of the oldest of the "human-rights statesmen" who rose to control in Massachusetts and in the nation, and passed early from the stage when those who followed him or fought by his side were predominant. All that remains to me is the pleasant memory of the kindness of an old and eminent man, distinguished in politics and letters, to a young fellow just entering life.

One other American historian of that time, who was nearly a generation younger than Palfrey and Bancroft, but yet associated with them in my memories, I knew well, and my remembrance of Francis Parkman, his friendship and unvarying kindness to me, are among the best of the possessions which are assured to me by the grim security of the past.

Some years ago Theodore Roosevelt and I published a little volume entitled "Hero Tales of American History," and I found a subject for one of the tales which I tried to tell in the life of Parkman. One does not look usually to the lives of historians and men of letters for examples of heroism, and yet if there ever was a heroic life and a victory of will and courage over pain and infirmity, it was that of the man who wrote the books which tell the story of the great struggle between France and England for the control of the American continent. For many years practically blind, never able to use his eyes except in the most limited way, crippled at times physically by affections of the nerves, a constant sufferer from sleeplessness and intense pain in the head, he examined difficult manuscripts, toiled through dusty archives, amassed material for an almost untouched subject, and wrote a great history in many volumes. If he had simply cared for his health and borne without complaint that long disease, his life, those who knew him would justly have wondered at and admired such fortitude. But he trampled pain and infirmity under foot, performed an amount of labor which would have been heavy for the strongest, and if ever there was a high and victorious spirit it was his. As to his work, I agree with my friend Mr. Rhodes that it is the one achievement of an American historian which belongs to that small number of histories which never become obsolete and are never superseded. There is no room for the discovery of new material sufficient to supplant his story or seriously modify his conclusions. It will be no more possible for the future historians of the American continent to push Parkman aside than it is for new writers on the

Roman Empire or the early Middle Ages to relegate Gibbon to obscurity or remove him from the lonely height which he occupies with Thucydides and Tacitus. So thorough was Parkman's work that but little new material exists untouched by him; and his histories have, moreover, the enduring qualities of precision, fairness, and dignity, as well as a finished and simple style, usually somewhat cold but capable of rising to great heights, as in the chapter which describes the victory and death of Wolfe and the defeat and death of Montcalm, heroic figures both.

I remember well seeing Mr. Parkman when I was a boy, and he made an impression on my memory and imagination which is vivid to this day. A tall, slender figure in a long gray coat, with a fur cap, in winter, drawn down close over his head, he would come walking up Beacon Street moving with great rapidity, a heavy cane in each hand, on which he rested his weight and by which he propelled himself. Going at a tremendous pace, he would suddenly stop as if exhausted and lean against a house or a railing. Then in a few minutes he would resume his canes, and push away as though he were running a race. I learned afterwards that he was at that time much crippled, and that only in this way could he get air and exercise; but he could not move deliberately and his intense nervous energy drove him forward with restless rapidity, although every exertion was a pain to him. I remember asking my mother who the gentleman was who thus arrested my wandering attention, and she explained to me that it was Mr. Frank Parkman and told me what a battle for life he was compelled to make.

When I came to know him after my return from Europe he was much better. He walked normally, he was one of the corporation of Harvard College, he was able to go about and see his friends, now and then he dined out, but not often, for his sleep was still insecure and his eyes required the most delicate and constant care. I found on nearer view that the striking figure of my boyhood was accompanied by a face and look even more striking. All Mr. Parkman's features were irregular. Under analysis I do not suppose one of them could have justly been praised as handsome. Yet I have seldom seen a finer face. Whatever the details, the effect was that of beauty; intellect, force, character, breeding, distinction, were all there in his strongly marked features, and, despite all he had passed through, so powerful had been his will that he had no expression of suffering nor in the least the look of an invalid. My acquaintance with Mr. Parkman began, as did that with Mr. Bancroft, and was continued in roses. Both were rose-growers and most successful. Mr. Parkman, however, carried his pursuit, taken up when he could not work at his history, to the perfection of a profession. He not only won prizes everywhere with his roses, but he wrote a most excellent book in regard to them and their cultivation. The manner in which he dealt with this amusement was very characteristic. He pursued the occupation with relentless energy until he had made himself complete master of his subject and attained the highest degree of excellence. Spurred by these illustrious examples, I, too, began to cultivate roses, and, writing to Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Parkman for information, received the most cordial advice and help from both, which enabled me to succeed in growing the most beautiful of flowers sufficiently well to give myself much pleasure until absorption in other and more serious occupations compelled me to turn my bushes over to my gardener.

From that time forward I saw a great deal of Mr. Parkman and talked with him freely about politics and history and the affairs of the college. He dined with us occasionally, came to see us frequently, and was most kind to my children, who thought him the best of companions, for he had the qualities which attracted children, although I do not think that side of his character was generally appreciated, any more than his abundant humor, sometimes a little grim but always very real and true. He was a perfectly fearless man and would set forth unpopular opinions with an entire disregard of consequences. As he expressed all his views on any subject with a most incisive vigor, no one was ever in doubt as to what he thought. But the memory which dwells with me was of his constant kindness and sympathy freely given to a very young man, of the patience with which he would listen, the help and advice which he would give, and the freedom with which he would discuss all subjects, interesting me very much and teaching me more.

From the historians I come to the poets, the makers, members of that goodly company which during the centuries of recorded time have sung to us and rejoiced the heart of mankind, and who out of their imagination, whether in verse or prose, have created men and women often more real to us than those who march in the pageant of human history. The first poet I ever saw was Mr. Longfellow. He lived at Nahant in summer, and his love of the place, of the sea and shore, of the lights and shadows and sounds of the ocean, is told in many charming verses. As a boy I saw him constantly and gazed upon him with a distant awe because I had read and recited many of his ballads and narrative poems, and a real poet in the flesh seemed very wonderful to me. In those early days I naturally did not talk with him, but it was much to me then to have seen him. I have often, as I have recalled that dream-like past, had Browning's lines come to my lips:

> "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems and new!"

No men more unlike than Longfellow and Shelley could be conceived. As poets they not only cannot be compared, but they cannot even be named together, so far did Shelley outsoar Longfellow, as indeed he outsoared almost all other poets of the modern world. Yet I like to think that as a boy I saw Longfellow plain, and I am sure that he must have been much pleasanter to live with than the "pard-like spirit" whose fevered life ended in the waters of the Mediterranean.

Yet although I had often seen Longfellow as a boy, I did not really know him until after my return from Europe. Then in various ways I came to see him frequently. He was Sumner's most intimate friend and loved him with a deep loyalty of affection. Sumner, as I have said, divided his time at Nahant every year between Mr. Longfellow and ourselves. The result was that I dined at Mr. Longfellow's and went there often to see Mr. Sumner, and he dined with us, not only to meet Sumner, but my father-in-law, Admiral Davis, who was a lifelong friend of the old Cambridge time. In those days when I saw him Mr. Longfellow was very quiet, invariably gentle, but usually silent while others talked, although he always listened sympathetically. I used to imagine that he had grown silent since the tragic death of his wife, and that the shadow of that sorrow never lifted. Occasionally I met him on his walks, and then he would allow me to join him and talked much more than when others were present. It was most delightful to be with him, for he seemed so calm, so removed above the storms of life, and yet always so kind, so very gentle, and so sympathetic. But the gentleness implied nothing soft or indefinite. He held strong opinions and was without fear. I remember well at a dinner which my mother gave for Mr. Schurz, when he delivered in Boston his eulogy upon Sumner, I sat next to Mr. Longfellow. Mr. Schurz was an accomplished speaker.

His address had been received with great applause and I had fallen in with the current, and without analysis was in a mood of uncritical admiration, although I cannot now recall a word that Mr. Schurz said, nor did he give me a thought or a phrase which has remained with me. I asked Mr. Longfellow if he did not think Mr. Schurz's address very fine. "No," he replied, with clear decisiveness; "it was a clever speech, but I do not believe in proceeding by negations. I did not wish to have him tell us what Sumner was not, but what he was." Under the gentle manner now and then, if he were roused by anything, or if his indignation was excited there would come a flash in his eyes and a look in his face which made one feel the presence of a strong nature and strongly suggested that his own "Viking bold" was numbered among his ancestors.

He was a very handsome man, handsome, as so rarely happens, in his old age, with his clear blue eyes and snow-white hair and beard. Inseparable from him was the air of distinction and high breeding without a trace of egotism or any suggestion that he was conscious of his own fame, which, however men may differ as to his poetry, was as wide as the language in which he wrote, and which had conquered recognition in other tongues. He had read widely and well, and one always felt the presence of the scholar when one was with him. As an English critic said at the time, Mr. Longfellow was always an artist, and his respect for his art and his refined taste were perfectly apparent in the converse of daily life. He comes back to me now as a very noble figure of those early days, and I like to think that he was one of the men I knew. I will give one little note from him, not because it has any intrinsic importance, but because it shows how ready he was out of sheer kindness of heart to extend a helping hand to a young man to whom he had given his friendship. With Mr. John

T. Morse, Jr., I had just taken up the editorship of the *International Review,* and I wrote to Mr. Longfellow asking if he would not send us a poem for publication. This was his reply:

CAMBRIDGE, *March* 18th 1879

DEAR MR LODGE

I am sorry I have not something more elaborate to send you for the International than these two stanzas. They are enough, perhaps, to show you my good-will, and being short, stand a better chance of being read than if they were longer.

I am glad you have taken the Review and hope it may be fully successful. For that you have my best wishes.

Yours very truly
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Then follows the little poem entitled "Jugurtha" written out in his own clear, precise hand.

Mr. Emerson I saw at the Historical Society and on one or two other occasions. I cannot, and I deeply regret that I cannot, say that I really knew him. When I saw him I watched him with the deepest interest, although I was then far from realizing what a truly great man he was and that I was in the actual presence of one of the remarkable minds of the century; poet, thinker, creator of ideas, planter of thoughts which were to grow up and flower in alien soils to which the very name of him who sowed the seed was unknown. Tall, thin, with a face full of intellect, unscarred by passion, in a way remote in look and yet with such human sympathy and feeling in the regard that no one could call it ascetic, he seemed to me a man whose mere appearance must have impressed the most careless gazer. The last time I saw him was at the Historical Society, where he read a little paper in memory of Carlyle. His mind had begun to fail, or rather his characteristic absent-mindedness had increased. His daughter was with him to help him with his papers. All that he said had the old charm, but there was a slight touch of sadness, of pathos about it. His words, as Lowell says of Villon's famous line,

"Où sont les neiges d'antan,"

seemed "to falter and fade away in the ear like the last stroke of Beauty's passing bell." The occasion on which I remember Mr. Emerson best was at a dinner at my mother's house, to which I have already referred in connection with Mr. Longfellow, on the occasion of the Schurz eulogy upon Sumner, April 29, 1874. By some lucky accident I made a note of it in one of the many diaries which in the ardor of youth I was continually beginning, only to drop them into some convenient oubliette with their little writing and their many blanks. I find from my notes that Mr. and Mrs. Schurz and their daughter, Longfellow, Emerson, and Dr. Holmes were the guests. Then the note continues: "Longfellow as always very silent except to his next neighbor (who happened to be myself). Emerson also very quiet. Only one remark of his I remember. Dr. Holmes was describing a dynamometer, or contrivance for measuring memory, with great enthusiasm. The machine was his own invention. Emerson listened in silence and then said, in a low voice, 'Such things are very disagreeable to me.' The beauty of Emerson's smile is very striking. I never saw so winning and attractive a smile in a man. Holmes talked well and drew Schurz out and into a very interesting talk about debating." So the meagre entry in the diary ends, but I am glad to have even so poor a record of an evening that still dwells in my memory.

"Holmes talked well," says the note. When did he not talk well? Good talk at the dinner-table, or after dinner, or by the fireside—I mean the best talk—is very rare. It is much rarer than is generally supposed, for I am excluding tête-à-tête and mean talk to a group, with others present to talk and listen. I think I have heard some of the best talkers of my time. "They were not many, they who stood upon the heights," but I am sure of their quality. John Hay, Mr. Evarts, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Lord Morley, Henry Adams, Mr. Speaker Reed, Mr. Lowell, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Dr. Holmes; these seem to me the best. I am speaking only of after-dinner talk, an art by itself. I could cover the page with the names of men of ability to whom it was always a pleasure to listen and whose talk has been to me an admiration and delight, appealing to every faculty and stimulating every nerve. But the talk to the little company around the table or by the fire, which it is impossible to define exactly, is peculiar in its requirements and demands an especial combination of qualities. It must have humor, wit, and seriousness, all three. It demands wide knowledge of books and men. The anecdote it uses must be apt to the highest degree and sparingly employed. It must pierce deeply and yet touch lightly. In a word, it must have charm, that impalpable attribute which no one can define but which in absence or in presence is at once recognized. Among those men whom I have just mentioned it would be invidious even to attempt a rank-list, but I may go so far as to say that in this most difficult art I do not think Dr. Holmes was surpassed by any one. In fact, I have referred to it only to define Dr. Holmes. In this talk he seemed to me to be gifted with every one of the rare qualities, still rarer in conjunction, which the art requires. His wit and humor were boundless and always on the alert. His memory was extraordinary and his knowledge in all directions remarkable. His curiosity was insatiable and had taken all learning for its province, while at the same time it made him eager to know the experience and thoughts of every one else, no matter how young or insignificant the every one else might be. This rendered the monologue, the great danger of all brilliant talkers, impossible to him, and made him as good in listening as he was in speech, a very uncommon combination. His criticism was frank and telling, sometimes severe, but never harsh or wounding, and my impression was always strong of his kindness and sympathy. We all were so used to him in Boston that, much as we loved and admired him, I am quite sure that we never did him full justice.

When he was a very young man, just beginning the practice of medicine, he placed a card on his door bearing these words: "The smallest fevers thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged." Every one laughed, but it hurt him professionally, although he was a most accomplished physician and an admirable teacher of anatomy, upon which he lectured for half a century. It is a perilous thing to make people look to you habitually for a laugh if you are trying to do serious work in the world. If a man is suspected of not taking himself seriously there is danger that other people will fail to do so. Everybody loves the jester who jests well, but those who listen and laugh are apt to forget that under the jest of a really brilliant man the most serious purpose may be hidden. No one jested more or better than Lincoln; the joke was often his armor of defence, and yet no man ever lived with a higher seriousness of purpose or who did a mightier work. I have always thought that the stories about Lincoln and his own jokes were a powerful reason for the misapprehension from which he suffered in his lifetime and unduly protracted the period which passed before he came into his own. I remember very well one day in the House Mr. S. S. Cox, then a member from New York, and one of the ablest Democrats in the House, as he was the wittiest and cleverest in public life, when I was laughing at some criticism which he had uttered, said with a touch of bitterness: "If I were six feet tall instead of five feet six and had never made a joke I should be in that chair (pointing to the Speaker's place) and not on the floor. The people like those who make them laugh, but they will never give the highest places to anyone whom they do not think serious." John Allen, of Mississippi, who was in the House with me, was a man of great humor and drollery. Whenever he arose the House prepared to laugh, and generally with good reason. But when he tried to make a serious speech—and he could make a very good one, and held serious opinions on many subjects—the House would not listen to him, of which I have heard him complain.

This Nemesis of the jester, the humorist, and the wit hung over Dr. Holmes, I think. Indeed, he says himself:

> "While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's Lords
> My heart within was tuned to deeper chords."

People listened with delight to the occasional verses which flowed so readily whenever asked, and which sparkled and glittered with a never-failing freshness, and they forgot too often that the same hand had written "The Chambered Nautilus." They rejoiced in the good things, the repartees, the quick jests which he gave out with utter profusion to any one he met, and they did not remember that he was also a great writer, a creator of characters, of fine imagination, with a large seriousness of purpose and full of tender and beautiful thoughts. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a great as well as a brilliant book, and so, too, in perhaps a slightly less degree, are its successors. It is brimming over with wit and wisdom, with sentiment and feeling. It is full of curious learning and of passages which strike deep, of reflections upon the meaning of life and of the universe marked by anticipations of those Eastern philosophies with which the world has grown more familiar during the last fifty years. The "Autocrat" is far better reading than the "Anatomy of Melancholy," of which the Doctor himself was so fond. It is quite worthy to stand on the same table by the bedside with Montaigne and Tristram Shandy. As Dogberry says, "comparisons are odorous," but I know one reader who loves all three and prefers the "Autocrat" to either the French gentleman or the English parson, brilliant as they both were. In due time the "Autocrat" will come to its own as one of the world's best books in that small, rare class of which Montaigne may now be taken as the accepted exemplar.

Dr. Holmes is one of my earliest and strongest memories. Mrs. Holmes was a cousin of my mother, and I heard the Doctor quoted and spoken about from the days when I first "took notice." To me, as a boy, he was one of the most familiar figures in the town, as indeed he was to every one in Boston. Short, erect, alert in every fibre, he passed along the streets, the embodiment of vivid existence; the long, capacious head with its intellectual forehead, the keen, kindly eyes, the mouth drawn down in a quizzical way at the corners, would all impress the most careless with a sense of power, intelligence, and humor, if one took the trouble to look twice. Carlyle pored over portraits as among the most important documents for history, and I think any one who studied Dr. Holmes's face and expression would have found them a book in which could be read not only strange but many other interesting matters. When I try to recall him to my mind, in his habit as he lived, I always think of him first on the occasion of the breakfast given to him by the publishers of the *Atlantic* to celebrate his seventieth birthday. The company consisted in the main of the contributors to the *Atlantic,* and included many well-known writers and distinguished men. When Dr. Holmes rose to respond to the heartfelt felicitations and expressions of admiration and affection which had poured in upon all sides, the applause was followed by a hush of the kind which implies a deeper feeling than any shouts or plaudits can manifest. Then it is that he stands before me again as I think of him. The short, alert figure, the face so full of the keenest and highest intelligence, the humorous look, not there at that instant but in its stead the evidence of restrained emotion. He then read his poem, "The Iron Gate." His voice, slightly veiled, always had a peculiar quality which was very effective, and never more so than on that day. There are many very beautiful lines in that poem, but then it was all suffused with a feeling which was more affecting than any verse. When he concluded, he had moved his audience so much that no one felt ready to speak because there was something the matter with his throat, and no one saw very clearly because his eyes seemed a little dim. There could have been no greater tribute of affection, no clearer confession of the power of the orator or of the art of the poet. I see him again very vividly at the annual meeting of the Historical Society, April 17, 1882, when he delivered an address on Longfellow. "He closed by reading a poem, the last written by the dead poet, and also one of his own. The address was very interesting and often brilliant, showing very strongly his wonderful preservation of freshness." So runs the mechanical entry in the diary, but the commonplace words do not picture the central figure of that day as I see it in the procession of the ghosts of thirty years ago. The abundant hair had turned white, but age had not withered him; the fire, the charm, the tenderness awakened by the thoughts of his departed friend, were all there, unfaded and undimmed.

As the years passed by, and after I had left college, I came much nearer to him than merely repeating his verses or looking at him with admiration. I came to know him well, and I shared in the affection which all who knew him well felt for him. He dined with us frequently in Boston, and came often to our house at Nahant, especially when Admiral and Mrs. Davis, to whom he was a devoted friend, were with us. There are one or two places or one or two views indelibly associated with him in my mind. Standing in the hall of my house and looking north one sees Egg Rock with its lonely lighthouse just framed in by the glass set in the upper half of the door. Coming one day to luncheon, the Doctor paused and looked at the rock, remarking on its picturesqueness. I said, "Yes, it is very picturesque, but it is not always a pleasant place to live in winter. Last winter the weather was so severe, and there was so much floating ice, that the keeper could not get ashore for six weeks. During that time his wife died, and he placed the body in the outhouse where it froze stiff. When the weather broke he took the body ashore in his dory, buried it, and brought off another wife the same night, in the same dory." The Doctor laughed, and then said: "But there is the subject for a poem in that story. It would begin something in this way:

"Her corpse begemmed with frozen tears,
I now to earth restore."

Another day we were strolling about the place and stopped on an abrupt headland to look out over the ocean. It was a lovely summer afternoon with a light air just ruffling the smooth surface of the water. The Doctor looked down, and then quoted Tennyson's beautiful line:

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls."

"The wrinkled sea," he repeated; "how perfect! Why didn't I think of that; I might have." It was on another occasion, of which this little story reminds me, that he said to me what I have often quoted: "Every man who writes or speaks with any success will once, or perhaps twice or three times, do a little better than he knows how. You will some day. I did when I wrote 'The Chambered Nautilus.'" It was profoundly true, but I suppose some people might say that it was vain in him to refer to his own poem. I thought his doing so in that connection the reverse of vain. He was accused of vanity, but if he had that quality it was joined with a most generous admiration of others. It was a vanity which went hand in hand with an intense interest in the experiences, the opinions, and the thoughts of other people, no matter how young or how obscure. It was a vanity which never grated on any one else's feelings. He undoubtedly took a delight in his own success and achievements. But his pleasure was as frank and simple as that of a child. He was far too clever not to appreciate his own cleverness, and why should he not have shown that appreciation? When Thackeray was writing the great scene in which Rawdon Crawley discovers Becky alone with Lord Steyne, as he wrote the words: "Even at that moment, she admired her husband, strong, victorious, triumphant," he flung down his pen, as we are told, and cried out: "By God, that's genius!" A stroke of genius it certainly was, and I always loved him for saying so. It was so much more human and more real to cry out the truth and rejoice in it. Only the petty soul would call it vanity and try to pick a flaw in a man who was creating lives and characters more real perhaps, certainly more lasting, than those among which our waking days are spent. No one could have been kinder or more generous in appreciation of others, or more sympathetic with them, especially with young men, than Dr. Holmes. I know from my own experience how more than kindly he always was. After I had entered Congress he would write to me about my speeches, and in a way which showed that he had read something which I had said, a not over-common mark of interest, especially from an old and very distinguished man to a young and quite undistinguished one. For my own satisfaction I will give two of his notes to me which bring out this very attractive trait in his character:

296 Beacon Street
March 14, 1893

MY DEAR CABOT

I have just finished reading your speeches which you have kindly sent me and for which I return you my sincere thanks. I do not often read the pamphlets and books sent me, but I could not sit down and thank you, as we all have to in many cases, without opening the leaves of the gift we have received. I could not do that because you, Cabot Lodge, whose course I have watched with pride and interest, were its author. And having once begun reading I could not help keeping on. The patriotism, the manly sense and eloquent enthusiasm of these truly American addresses were like the injection of pure blood from a young man's arteries into my old veins. Every sentiment is generous, every aspiration is that of one who loves his country and is proud of it.

I hope the way will be clear before you, that your influence may find full scope for action and that the whole country may reap a full harvest from your fast ripening talents.

Believe me
Faithfully and affectionately
Yours
Oliver Wendell Holmes

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296 Beacon Street
April 9th 1892

DEAR MR. LODGE

I write you a few words which only ask for one word in reply.

Where does your quotation about the "fringy edges of battle" come from?

Always faithfully
Yours
O. W. Holmes

In the last he shows not only that he had read the speech, but he could not be easy until he knew the author of the lines I had quoted, although it seems odd that he should not have recognized them as coming from Clough's "Dipsychus."[1] But the eager curiosity in the largest sense, the desire to know and learn, went with him to the end. He said more than once that he should like to live on because he was anxious to know what was going to happen. He lived to a ripe age, keeping always his alertness of mind as well as his quick sympathy, writing now and again verses full of tenderness and feeling, and with the old wit flashing up almost to the very last. After his death it seemed as if a part of the city itself had gone, when the voice which had charmed it for so many years and so long spoken for it to the world at large suddenly fell silent.

Mr. Lowell, the youngest of the famous group, was, of course, a familiar figure to me in Cambridge, and a very fine and strong figure he was as we students saw him striding along with a stout stick in his hand, usually in a rough, short jacket and no overcoat, with a very slouch hat on his head. But what a noble head it was, with the big beard just turning gray, the handsome features, the deep, penetrating eyes, and the leonine look, a thought terrifying or, rather, awe-inspiring to heedless youth fondly supposed to be in pursuit of a liberal education. As I have said, I had enough sense to take his course in English literature but not sufficient to take also his course on Dante, which I have bitterly regretted ever since, all the more because those who were wise enough to do so were asked to his house, and there he would discourse to them of the great poet who covered all Italy with his hood. In later years I came to know him quite well. I recall him and Mrs. Lowell at my sister's house, and remember hearing him one summer day after a luncheon, at which Dr. Holmes was also present, discourse upon the Jews. He was possessed with that subject at the time, and he insisted that the Jewish blood was everywhere; that it ran in all our veins; that Lowell was a corruption of Löwe, a Jewish name of the days when the chosen people were forced to take the names of animals. He was most brilliant and entertaining, if not scientifically sound, and, I think, took much satisfaction in his own extravagances. Here is the dry contemporary record of that day by the sea which dwells so happily in my memory:

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[1] The lines were:

> "For high deeds haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
> But the pell-mell of men."

> Aug. 30—1876.
>
> Lunched yesterday at G. A. J.'s with Lowell and Holmes. Had much talk with the former. He has a mania about Jews, believes they are absorbing the power of the world; have possession of the money and the European press etc. The number of prominent names of Jewish origin which he cited was astonishing.
>
> He said Leigh Hunt told him that Shelley looked like a spirit just descended from Heaven and about to reascend.
>
> He said that the first time he ever met Landor, the conversation turning on Italy, he remarked that he had visited Landor's villa at Fiesole. "Ah," said Landor, "a lovely place from which that intolerable woman keeps me out." The "intolerable woman" was his wife. Lowell said the "Gebir" was more Miltonic than anything in modern literature.
>
> Asked Lowell and Holmes who Photius was of whom Macaulay speaks. Neither knew. Looked it up and found to my horror that the author of the Myriobiblion was *the* Photius of history, the Photius of the Schism. Here was a nice piece cf ignorance not to have connected the two as one and the same person.

The allusion to Photius occurs in the "History of England," when Macaulay, writing of learning at Oxford, speaks of "Greek Literature from Homer to Photius." I fear that I should not now regard with "horror" a failure to connect the author of the "Myriobiblion" with the famous Photius of the ninth century, who led in the schism of the Eastern and Western churches, or regard it as such a "piece of ignorance" as I did at twenty-six. It seems to me in these days, when studies in the history of the dark ages lie so far behind me, a venial forgetfulness.

For many years while Lowell was in Spain and England I saw nothing of him, but after his return I met him frequently. He dined with us more than once when we lived in Mount Vernon Street, and most delightful he was. He resembled Dr. Johnson, I think, in liking to have his talk out, and there was never better talk than his. He told us much of his experiences, and although years, and still more sorrow, had aged him and he often seemed sad, yet when he was roused and interested there was no abatement in his brilliancy and charm. Of all that talk so enjoyed at the moment, one little anecdote which he told has always remained in my memory. He said that when he had just arrived in England, Lord Coleridge, who was reputed to be the best after-dinner speaker in London, said to him: "You will be asked very often to make an after-dinner speech and I wish to tell you how such a speech should be made. Select your anecdote beforehand. When you are called upon, lead up to your anecdote, tell it, go gently away from it and your speech is made." It was excellent advice, as sound as it was witty, but I felt that the greatest humor in the story lay in Lord Coleridge telling Lowell how to make an after-dinner speech, for Lowell was a past-master in that art, and I have never heard any one on such occasions who even approached him. He seemed to combine every quality that a speaker should possess. His voice was singularly fine and his enunciation, which is rare, was quite perfect, with an intonation that cannot be described but which was singularly attractive. Many men make clever speeches, full of good points and very telling. Lowell not only had wit and humor in abounding measure, but he had also the imagination of the poet, the literary touch, a finished style, and a knowledge of all literature such as very few men, indeed, ever possess. I have heard him often in serious addresses as well as in the lighter moments of an after-dinner speech, and I always listened to him with envious delight. Even his slightest words seemed to have a peculiar charm. I can see him now on our Commencement day, when he spoke of some of the early benefactors of the college of whom nothing was known and who have become mere names to a grateful posterity. I seem to hear again the beautiful voice as he said: "There is William Pennoyer of whom we know nothing, except that he comes down to us in that most graceful of attitudes with his hand in his pocket."

The wit which shone and the epigram that sparkled through all his writings were generously given out in conversation. He was not a miser and did not hoard up his humor, his learning, or his wit. They are also in his letters with much more that is profoundly serious. It is to be hoped that some day all his letters, in their entirety, will be given to the world without being arranged and selected to suit the tastes or prejudices of an editor. He was one of the best of letter-writers and at a time when that delightful art had begun to decline. We should have them all, for we desire to know the writer and not the editor. We wish to read the letters for their own sake and learn Lowell's real thoughts and opinions from year to year and not what some one else believed those thoughts and opinions ought to have been.

There was one other poet who belonged also, in his way, to the human-rights statesmen in the middle of the century whom I knew only slightly, but none the less personally, toward the end of his career. In 1884 the defection from the Republican ranks caused by the nomination of Mr. Blaine drew Whittier from his retirement to the defence of the party in whose traditions and principles he profoundly believed. When that party found itself in real danger of defeat he came at once to its support and gave his name as vice-president at some of our large meetings and exerted his influence in every way in behalf of Mr. Blaine. This brought me, as chairman of the Republican State Committee, in contact with him, for Whittier was an ally who in those days was a tower of strength. He wrote me occasionally about political conditions in Essex County and I met him frequently. Very plain and simple in person and dress, rather silent, and most gentle, he had about him an atmosphere of purity and at the same time of power which one felt at once. Beneath the quiet look, the gentle speech, the silent manner were the courage and fortitude so characteristic of the people called "Quakers." He had all the qualities of his ancestry, the dauntless spirit obedient only to the inner voice, the fearless nature, and the utter indifference alike to the physical danger of mob violence and to the hostile opinion of fashionable society or of those who were fond of describing themselves as the "better element." This is not the place for literary criticism or for an analysis of Whittier's poetry, because I am writing only of the man as I remember him. But he was like his poetry, and there were many of his poems which I knew by heart and had recited at school as many another New England boy had done. There was much tenderness and sweetness as well as much righteous indignation against wrong in all his verse. Although in that as in all else he was simple and without pretence, he was a genuine poet. The verse, like the man, always rang true. It has seemed to me that he came nearer to the popular heart and was more the poet of the people than any one else in our literature. Having for a long time held this opinion, I was interested to find a wholly disinterested critic, Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "History of English Literature," published only a year ago, writing as follows: "If we insist that a very young literature must produce for inspection her national poet (and Mr. Lowell says that foreign critics made this demand very early indeed) the poet cannot be Poe and Whitman is hardly eligible. Whittier seems so far to be the best candidate for the bays."

"Many admirers of Burns will be eager to confess that Whittier's 'Snow-Bound' has merits superior to the Ayrshire ploughman's companion piece, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.'"

Certain it is that the simple, often artless, verse, frequently full of vigor or tenderness, touched the hearts of those who never saw Whittier, just as the plain, quiet, rather austere man, looking like a New England farmer, won without effort the affection of those who had the happiness to know him. One reason for this, of course, was the quick sympathy of the poet's nature. Some years after the Blaine campaign, when I was a young congressman in the receipt of more kicks than halfpence, Whittier, whom I had not seen for a long time, wrote me the following note:

AMESBURY, MASS.,
February 17, 1891

DEAR FRIEND,

Let me thank thee for thy manly speech. It has the ring and is worthy of the best days of Massachusetts—of Webster and Sumner and John Quincy Adams. I am truly thy friend.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I was not misled at the moment by the generous overpraise of a now quite forgotten speech any more than I am to-day. It never occurred to me that I deserved to be classed with the three men he mentioned. If such an idea had crossed my mind at any time I should not print the note here, but then as now those kind words, so helpful as they were to me, touched my heart when I read them, and in their warm sympathy they show why, like so many others to whom that firm and gentle voice has spoken, whether from the written paper or the printed page, I hold Whittier in affectionate remembrance.

So the remarkable literary group of the middle of the nineteenth century in New England ends. But there were two others much younger than these but older than I, with whom I was thrown in the days of which I am writing, whom I may venture to call my friends, and to whose friendship and kindness I look back with many thoughts of happy days and pleasant intercourse. One is William D. Howells, in regard to whom it is a happiness to be able to use the present tense. The other was Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who died prematurely at the age of the Psalmist, still, as it seemed, with that flush of youth upon him which it was his happy fortune always to retain.

I met them both at the outset of my career in literature, to use a large term, simply because it is most convenient, for a very small and modest performance. They were in succession editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and they were good enough in that capacity to accept some writings of mine for publication. In this way I came to know them well, I think, and with much affectionate regard on one side at least. Mr. Howells I knew first. He lived for many years in Cambridge and Boston, and, after I had made his acquaintance, editorially, I saw much of him in other ways. Then as now he was a most accomplished man. He had a very quiet and gentle manner, coupled with a great deal of dry humor, and very strong and definite opinions upon many subjects outside of literature. He was a thorough

Republican in politics; but in politics as well as in literature, he had marked radical tendencies which I found most interesting and suggestive. In the one case he leaned toward what is usually called socialism; in the other he was a champion of realism, just then very much pressed as the one true theory of art, and advocated on the basis of being a revolt against romanticism. A reaction against the romanticism which had driven out the formalism and conventional methods of the eighteenth century was sure to come, especially when the romantic movement had run to extremes and had degenerated very often into sentimentality as is apt to happen in all great movements in literature and art. But the realism so fashionable and so much lauded during the latter half of the last century was not infrequently quite as unreasoning and violent as the theory and practice which it sought to overthrow. Its most conspicuous professors, in Europe at least, in their revolt from the unreal, rushed to the other extreme, and apparently would have us suppose that a true picture of life is to be found only in the gutter, the brothel, or the jail. They mistook a part for the whole quite as completely as the worst of those whom they aimed to overthrow. The truth is that the greatest romanticists have also been the greatest realists. The imagination of the highest genius goes hand in hand with the most complete realism. Homer and Dante, and Shakespeare, greatest of poets, have a realism, that is a truth to the eternal qualities of human nature, which no professed and exclusive realist has ever approached. And no realist of genuine literary worth ever existed who had not in him a strong imagination and a touch of romance. Mr. Howells schooled himself to write in the most realistic vein, and to depict the various commonplaces of daily life with the utmost truth, and with great success, as he amply proved by such books as "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Lady of the Aroostook," and many others. But he had abundant imagination as well as the touch of the poet, without which he could not have succeeded in such ample measure. One summer he passed at Nahant, where he occupied an old place with gardens fallen to decay and a "belvedere," a remnant of the romantic times, which, half ruinous, still overhung the sea, and watched the waves sweep back and forth and the tides crawl in and out across a wide expanse of shining sand. When I went to see him we talked about the old garden and the "belvedere" and presently a book came forth which was born of his imagination, to which the forsaken garden by the sea and the old summer-house had appealed. It was a charming story, one of his best, I thought, and it seemed to me pure romance of the finest kind. He talked of it in a half-apologetic way, as I thought, but "c'etait plus fort que lui" —the imagination when once awakened could not be curbed by any theory of realism. I have, however, no intention of discussing the somewhat large question of realism and romanticism in literature, which in its essence has a good deal about it of the conventional shield with two sides, and yet always the same shield. Still less do I mean to analyze the delightful art and writings of Mr. Howells, although I have read all his books and criticisms with much pleasure and instruction. My thought here is of Mr. Howells himself; the scholar, the man of letters, the author already distinguished; who was so helpful and sympathetic to the quite undistinguished and unknown young man who wished to publish an occasional article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The debt of gratitude for his goodness to me in encouraging my attempts to write, and for his admitting me to his friendship, is what I wish to record here, however imperfect and inadequate the expression may be.

Of Mr. Aldrich, his successor in the *Atlantic* editorship, as it happened, I saw much more, for he never deserted Boston for New York, as was the case with Mr. Howells. He was equally kind to me in my capacity as a contributor, and in addition we became very warm friends. His official sanctum was in a little outlying room at the back of the old houses on Park Street, which had been converted into offices for Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the owners and publishers of the *Atlantic*. Through a circuitous path and up a winding staircase this room was reached by those who were permitted to enter it. It looked out over the old Granary Burying Ground, lying peacefully among the great buildings which surrounded it on three sides, and with the crowd and traffic of Tremont Street passing it on the other. One might say that this was not a particularly cheerful prospect. Yet it was none the less a very pleasant one. It was an ancient burial-place, to use the words of the statute, and was no longer, or only very rarely, used for interment. The gravestones were of the plain gray slate preferred by our ancestors, the few more stately memorials were those known as table tombs, and the only monument at all conspicuous was the simple granite shaft in commemoration of the parents of Benjamin Franklin. Many of the fathers of the hamlet, many of the eminent men of past times, were there buried. It was as utterly different as could well be imagined from the sprawling stone-cutters' yards, glaring with white marble and polished granite, accentuated by monuments and figures of every variety of tasteless ugliness, which now serve for cemeteries. The sunlight fell warmly through the tall elms upon the quiet graves, and when the window was open the city's voice came to us in a subdued murmur as if it was lowered and hushed out of reverence to the dead, who lay between.

I fell into the habit of pausing at this agreeable room in the morning when I had occasion to go down-town, and there I used to sit and chat with Mr. Aldrich. He was an active, efficient, and most successful editor, but he always seemed to have time to spare, and he never made me feel that I was interfering with his work. Realizing very fully that he was a busy man, I was, I think, careful never to take advantage of his good-nature, although it was difficult to tear one's self away from that charming companionship. We talked about everything: "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses," "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax and Cabbages and Kings," everything in the heavens above and on the earth beneath. There was never a more delightful talker. He had wit and humor in high degree, remarkable power of epigrammatic statement, a whimsical fancy, an intense love of mere fun and jest, and behind it all deep seriousness and profound conviction in regard to all things which were really important. His criticisms on literature, his love of art and beauty in every form, were as remarkable as his inexhaustible cleverness and his skill in narration no matter how slight the subject. He told me much of his earlier days in New York, and I remember especially an account he gave me of his narrow escape from the mob of the draft riot, where the pervasive humor and light touch seem to enhance rather than disguise the peril he had been in and the black doings of those evil days. Of our talks at that time, as is the case with so many others, I have kept, alas, no record. They passed like the joys of a midsummer day spent by the ocean's edge and left only the memory of a time filled with sunshine and light, with warmth and happiness.

One example of his quickness in repartee comes up to me out of the past. He gave a dinner to Matthew Arnold when the latter was in this country. Mr. Arnold sat on his right hand, Dr. Holmes on his left. The conversation turned on savages and cannibals, and Arnold said that he often wondered what he should do under such disagreeable circumstances if he happened to find himself among them.

"Why, pick an acquaintance," said Aldrich. The reply was so like one of his own that it is said to have depressed Dr. Holmes with regret that he had not thought of it himself. Some one, I suppose, will now arise and point out that the joke was made by Menander, if not earlier, but it struck me at the time as new and good and very characteristic of Aldrich's extreme readiness.

To Aldrich I also owed the opportunity of knowing Edwin Booth, who was one of his most intimate friends. Booth had settled in Boston and had taken an attractive old house on Chestnut Street, with the end to the street and the front door on the side, opening upon a pleasant grass-plot adorned then with a little fountain and a small conservatory at the back. I went there to breakfast one morning with Aldrich and Laurence Hutton. For years Booth had been one of my great admirations on the stage, and I was eager to know him. He did not disappoint me. He was still very handsome and romantic-looking, but with an expression of ineffaceable sadness, for his life had been filled with sorrows. He had charming manners, very quiet and gentle. Although he talked but little he was very sympathetic and was a most attractive host. I breakfasted there again with Edmund Gosse, who had brought me letters and had dined with me the night before. Mr. Gosse I found most delightful, and many years afterwards I had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance in London when I dined with him one Sunday at his house.

Aldrich was also an admirable critic and I learned much from him, but he was prone to criticise his own works, and he was so fastidious that, unlike most writers, after his place was made and his success and fame attained he wrote less and less. He found it much harder to satisfy himself than to gratify the public. He has left poems so charming that one always is disposed to complain that there are not more of them. He always reminded me of Gray, whose standard was so high and who was so hard to please that he would never go beyond two or three masterpieces, and even about those he had doubts.

Mr. Aldrich always seemed the very embodiment of life, both physical and intellectual, and I little thought that the day was ever to come when I should be one of those who were chosen to bear his pall. I saw him constantly as long as I lived in Boston, where for a time we had adjoining houses. When I went to Congress we were of necessity separated in winter and our summer homes were far apart. But whenever we met he was always the same, always cheerful, abounding in wit, kind, sympathetic, with the same capacity for indignation, breaking out in winged words against everything that was mean, wrong, or unworthy. So that, little as I saw him in the later years, he remained one of the potentialities which are often so much to us, and my affection and admiration went with him always, undimmed until the end came all too soon.

Thus far, in speaking of the men whom I knew, I have, with few exceptions, written only of those known to a larger world than that which was bounded by the limits of Boston or of Massachusetts. But there are many other figures that rise up before me as I recall those happy years which stretch from the closing gates of Harvard to the opening doors of public life. "Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past," and I wish I could interest others in them all as they interested me, to whose happiness and enjoyment they so largely contributed. That I cannot is wholly my own fault and misfortune. "Had I the pen of a G. P. R. James or a Sir Archibald Alison," to borrow Thackeray's phrase, no doubt I could do it. The character and life of any man, however obscure, is of profound interest could we but know it aright and display it to the world;

but it requires the hand of a master to tell the story and paint the picture. Without the touch of the humorist, the poet, the creator, one's own memories of those whom the reader does not know cannot be communicated, and the effort fades into a catalogue unillumined by the light of fancy or imagination. It seems to me that the friends with whom I lived my daily life in those years, whose thoughts and interests I shared, were not only delightful companions but clever men of much accomplishment, lovers of books, active in mind and body, living eagerly the life of their time. I am sure that I have never met any men who formed a more agreeable society or one better and pleasanter to live with. I must pass them over for the most part in silence, although they formed a large part of my life and had a deep influence upon me. Some were the friends of school and college who have found inadequate allusion in these pages. Some were older men with whom I came in contact, perhaps more than some of my contemporaries, for I always liked to meet and know my seniors. But here I must reluctantly pause where early memories begin to merge in those of a later time. In entering public life I came upon a broader field and into relations with many men of whom there is no mention made in this volume, men who played a large part and had in their degree an influence upon the history which they helped to make. But all that is another story which at some future day, if time and strength permit, I shall perhaps try to tell.

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